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ENGLISH LITERATURE

AN INTRODUCTION AND GUIDE
TO THE BEST ENGLISH BOOKS

A HANDBOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND READERS

BY

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PREFACE

ALL my life I have loved, owned, collected and read books. The motive back of these activities has not, however, been any desire on my part to improve my mind. Being satisfied with my mind as it is, I have read in the spirit in which boys play ball, girls dress their dolls, men attend prize fights, and women gossip about their neighbors. I have read, in other words, for fun; and I have found in the collection, the ownership, and the perusal of books a source of pleasure which, unlike most pleasures, is not only inexpensive and harmless but has grown deeper with time.

My object in writing this book has been, if possible, to convey to others the secret of the location of the source of this fountain of perpetual refreshment. I wish to show people how to extract from books the same kind and degree of satisfaction that they get from games, movies, and automobiles. I hope, therefore, that these pages will be read, not because they are instructive, but because they are entertaining. Of course, like the pages of Mark Twain's "Roughing It," they do have information in them. "Try as I will," he says, "information appears to stew out of me like the sweet ottar of roses out of the otter." It is so with me. I cannot help it. Judging, however, by what I know of the average person, I am inclined to believe that he will not absorb enough learning from this book to impair either his health or his character.

Seriously speaking, however, I trust that the following pages will be pleasant to read; that they will arouse curiosity about books and authors; that they will incite people to read books; and that they will inoculate some of those who read them with the altogether proper, harmless and desirable mania for owning them. The last assertion I make boldly, though I know that some persons of low character will probably charge me with being in league with those natural enemies of society who are commonly known as printers. To forestall their

criticism, I will add that, in my opinion, the most meritorious act ever performed by Napoleon was to order one of them shot. Though I perceive that the last sentence is a trifle ambiguous, I purposely leave it so.

The reader will note that some authors, who, in the encyclopedia of literature, should be treated at length, are scarcely mentioned, while others receive a relatively large amount of attention. This circumstance is due to the fact that my purpose is to stimulate the interest in beginners in literature rather than to convey information to experts. Thus there is a good deal about Pope and Macaulay and not much on the subject of Arnold and De Quincy. I am guided, in other words, in my choice of bait, not by my own taste, but by what I conceive to be the taste of the fish.

It is my belief that, of all the chapters in the book, the reader will find most satisfaction in those on Milton, Bunyan and Dryden. This need occasion no surprise, for I did not write them myself. They are from the pen of Miss Helen M. Hard.

EDWIN L. MILLER.

DETROIT, JULY 14, 1917.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

A DEFINITION OF LITERATURE

"Literary men are a perpetual priesthood."

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

WHAT is literature? Before we begin the study of English literature, let us ask ourselves in what sense we are to use the word. Dr. Johnson described it as something designed to make familiar things new and new things familiar. Matthew Arnold called it a criticism of life. Shelley considered one branch of it, poetry, as a record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best lives. Milton said that a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. To Carlyle it was the thought of thinking souls.

Though these sayings are all suggestive and inspiring, none of them, strictly speaking, is a definition, because none of them tells the two things which a definition of literature should tell: (1) all that it is; (2) all that it is not. Everybody remembers how Plato defined man as a featherless biped, and how Diogenes the next day brought to his lecture room a plucked fowl, which he exhibited to the assembled students with the ill-natured remark: "Behold Plato's man!" These definitions of literature are open to the same objection. If you analyze them carefully you will perceive that they all apply with practically equal exactness to other things as well as to literature. Pictures, statues, travel, often make familiar things new and new things familiar. Music, sculpture, and painting are criticisms of life. The steam-engine and the telephone are records of the best and happiest moments of great and happy lives. Milton's definition of a good book is equally applicable to a fine statue. An

automobile is just as surely as a poem the thought of a thinking soul.

Between the steam-engine, the telephone, and the automobile on the one hand, and the picture, the statue, and the song on the other, there is, however, a difference. The first three are designed primarily to promote our physical comfort and convenience; the latter three minister to our spiritual requirements. To which class do books belong?

Some books belong obviously in the first class: cook-books, algebras, scientific treatises, books on law and medicine, guide books. Others, such as poems, novels, plays, sermons, belong as clearly in the second class. To books of this class, to sculpture, to music, to certain forms of architecture, and to landscape gardening it is customary to apply the name Art. Literature, then, is an art, but not all writing is literature. But what is art?

There are two worlds. The one is of the senses, the other of the spirit. The one is of things seen, heard, tasted, smelled, and touched; the other of things understood, felt, imagined, and willed. The one is physical, the other spiritual. Between these worlds there is just the difference that there is between noise and music, a pile of bricks and a cathedral, a dictionary and a poem. The artist turns noise into music, paint into pictures, words into novels and plays. He accomplishes this by expressing in concrete form ideas that are abstract. Instead of writing a poem on wisdom, he carves a statue of Minerva; instead of composing a treatise on the sin of procrastination, he produces the play of "Hamlet." Priests and philosophers discuss the infinite and abstract in terms of the infinite and abstract; scientists discuss the concrete in terms of the concrete; artists express the infinite and the abstract in terms that are finite and concrete, giving to the finite the grace and dignity of the infinite, bestowing upon the abstract the precision, the color, and the interest of the concrete.

This is equally true of all the arts. They differ because they deal in different materials. The architect uses brick, the sculptor marble, the painter canvas, the writer words.

Literature therefore includes all writing which expresses spiritual truth by means of concrete imagery. For this reason, in common with other arts, it is often characterized as imaginative; that is, it

accomplishes its end by producing concrete images. It will be seen, then, that a piece of writing, in order to be classed in the strict sense as literature, must fulfil two conditions: first, it must have what is called local color; that is, it must be vivid, concrete, picturesque; second, it must present ideas that are interesting and intelligible in distant lands and times. A treatise on algebra, for instance, is perfectly intelligible to anybody of reasonable intelligence, but it is not in the strict sense of the word literature, because it has no local color. The "Merchant of Venice," on the other hand, gives us a picture of certain men and women of Shakespeare's generation, a picture that is as readily understood to-day as it was three hundred years ago, a picture that is as intelligible in San Francisco or Sydney as in London or Liverpool. It presents passions and ideas that are interesting always and everywhere, but it presents them in the guise of a story about particular people. This is what we call literature.

In its narrow sense, then, literature is that one of the arts which finds its expression in language. In common with painting, sculpture, architecture, and landscape gardening, it embodies abstract and universal ideas in concrete form, giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. It differs from other arts in that its medium of expression is language.

In a broader sense, the literature of a nation is the entire body of its thoughts, discoveries, memories, fancies, imaginations, reasonings, and aspirations as these find permanent expression in letters. The word "literature," it should be noted here, comes from the Latin word *litera*, which means "letter." The French term *belles lettres* (literally "beautiful letters") is used sometimes to designate literature so far as it is an art.

In this book, English literature is treated in its broad sense. Many of the works noticed do not belong in the realm of *belles lettres*. Many of the important works belonging in the realm of *belles lettres* are left unnoticed. The aim has been to exclude all those books which have no direct or immediate interest for the beginner and to omit nothing which has been proved to contain a real message for him.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Who were Dr. Johnson, Matthew Arnold, Shelley, Milton, and Carlyle?
For answers consult the index of this volume.
2. How did each define literature?
3. In what respect is the definition of each faulty?
4. What two things must a definition do?
5. How did Plato get into trouble through carelessness in defining?
6. Who were Plato and Diogenes?
7. What is the fundamental difference between a steam-engine and a song?
8. Are all books art? If not, what books?
9. What is art?
10. What is the fundamental difference between literature and sculpture?



MEDIEVAL SCRIBE

CHAPTER II

THE ROOTS OF ENGLISH

“He who is acquainted with no foreign tongue knows nothing of his own.”
—Goethe.

As language is the material in which the literary artist works, it seems proper at this point to say a word about the English language as the medium of English literature. Whence came it and what are its relations with other languages?

To anybody who has studied a little Latin, French, or German it is clear that English in some ways is related to all three. The English words “father,” “mother,” “brother,” and “sister,” for example, are obviously like the Latin words *pater*, *mater*, *frater*, and *soror*; the French words *pere*, *mere*, *frère*, and *soeur*; and the German words *Vater*, *Mutter*, *Brüder*, and *Schwester*. Everybody has known this for a long time, but it is only since 1783 that its fuller meaning has become clear.

In that year the British government sent out to India as a judge a young man named Sir William Jones. Being a student of languages he became familiar, while there, with Sanskrit; and, to his great surprise, discovered that, instead of being closely related, as he had expected, to the languages of the East, it bore every mark of being a cousin, so to speak, to the languages of Europe. The German scholar, Franz Bopp (1791–1867), by a scientific comparison of Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, Gothic, and German, in his “Comparative Grammar,” 1833–1852, proved Jones’s guess to have been right, founded the science of comparative philology, and gave the world a vision of our ancestors that extends back many ages before the dawn of authentic history. His conclusions and those of his immediate successors amount to what follows:

Perhaps 6000, perhaps 60,000 years ago, there lived in the highlands of central Asia a sturdy, warlike, and progressive race. Their lands being too small for their needs, they took territory away from

their neighbors until they had overrun India, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Kurdistan, Armenia, and all of Europe except Finland and that small portion of northern Spain which is occupied by the Basques. Upon the lands thus conquered they imposed their language and their civilization. At the dawn of history, that is, in 776 B.C., they were in possession of all Europe.

These movements must have taken ages. They took so much time that the memory of them was lost and the original Aryan lan-

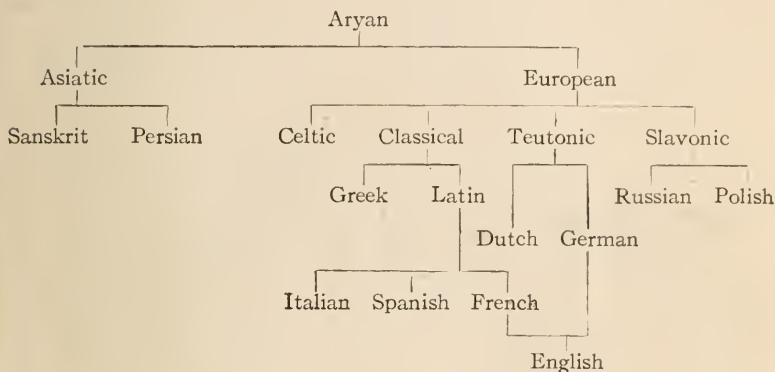


The British Museum, London, The Repository of English Learning

guage became so changed that the different branches of the race could no longer understand one another. The result was that, at the dawn of history, Europe was occupied by five related Aryan races who were quite unconscious of the fact that they had all sprung from the same stock. These five races were the Greeks, who held much the same land which they possess to-day; the Romans, who were probably an offshot from the Greeks; the Celts, who were in possession of Spain, France, and the British Isles; the Teutons, who held Belgium and western Germany; and the Slavs, who, in the time of Julius Cæsar (55 B.C.), had possession of eastern Europe, including

the land on which both Berlin and Vienna stand to-day. These all carried on a constant struggle with one another for the possession of the continent, a struggle which, by the way, still bursts out every few years with undiminished fury.

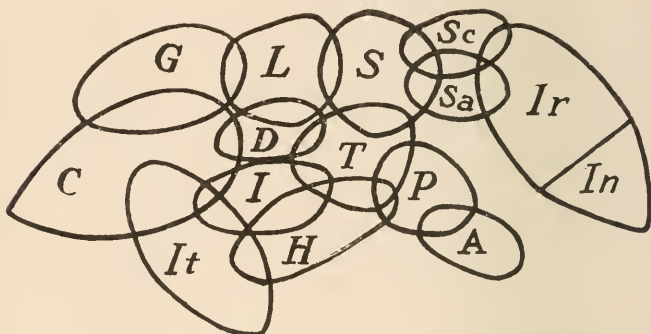
All this will be made a little clearer by the following table, which is designed to show the genealogy, or family history, of the Aryan languages.



About 1860, however, the Asiatic origin of the Aryans began to be doubted. Owing to the fact that there are no words for "camel," "lion," "tiger," "ass," or "cat" common to all Aryan languages, it was argued that the original Aryans did not know these animals and hence did not live in a warm climate. The words "wolf," "bear," and "birch" being common, on the other hand, to all of the Aryan languages, it was inferred that they did live in a cold climate. All Europe is named with words of Aryan origin. Asia is not so named. The theory of the Asiatic origin of the race was therefore seriously shaken.

It was shaken still further by a series of discoveries which began to be made about 1865. These comprised, among other things, prehistoric burial mounds in the British Isles, prehistoric human remains in the region of Dordogne in France, prehistoric villages built on piles in the lakes of Switzerland, and huge prehistoric piles of bones

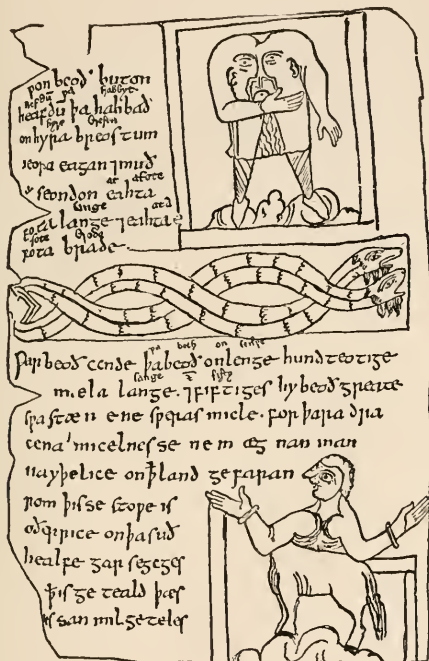
known as kitchen middens in Denmark. From the geological strata in which the earliest of these relics were found it was concluded that Europe had been inhabited for a much longer period than had been supposed; and from the comparative study of the skulls unearthed it was seen that, instead of one race, at least four still existing races have held Europe since the ice age. Only one of these, of course, could have been the original Aryan stock. German scholars mostly hold that this was Teutonic, while French maintain it to have been Celtic. The fact that the Celtic skulls have a larger capacity than the Teutonic makes it appear probable that the latter inference is



C = Celtic; G = Germanic; L = Lettic; S = Slavonic; Sc = Scythian; Sa = Sarmatian; D = Dacian; T = Thraccian; I = Illyrian; It = Italic; H = Hellenic; P = Phrygian; A = Armenian; Ir = Iranian; In = Indian.

right. The evidence now available seems to indicate that the Celts conquered the races of Illyria, Italy, Dacia, and Germany, and imposed on them their culture and language. Then, after a time, the conquerors died out, became merged in the conquered, or were in turn themselves subdued. Their language, however, though changed in details, remained in its fundamental structure and vocabulary intact. The new races which had thus acquired the Aryan languages in turn communicated them to other races and so on until they had spread as far east as India. Exactly this same thing has continued into historic times. Thus the Romans, themselves a non-Aryan race, imposed their Aryan language on the Spaniards, a second non-

Aryan race; and they in turn carried it to South America, Mexico, and the Philippines, where it is now spoken by millions of Indians and Malays. English in the same fashion has spread over North America, South Africa, and Australasia, and is making some progress in India, China, and Japan. At the present time, therefore, it is



Facsimile taken from an eleventh century manuscript containing descriptions of the wonders of the East. Probably such manuscripts inspired Sir John Mandeville

believed that the relationship of the Aryan languages can be more accurately represented by the diagram on Page 16 than by the genealogical table on Page 15.

This diagram represents the situation when Rome was founded, 753 B.C. The Romans spoke Latin, which is a dialect of Italic. In course of time, that is to say, about 150 B.C., they subdued Spain and

imposed their language upon its inhabitants. A hundred years later, under Julius Cæsar, they also conquered Gaul. Here, too, Latin gradually supplanted Celtic. When the Roman empire went to pieces about 400 A.D., the Latin language, however, remained in both Spain and Gaul the language of the people. But it was modernized and simplified in course of time until it ceased to be called Latin and became what we now call Spanish and French. Italian is also a modern dialect of Latin. Celtic survives in Welsh, Highland Scotch, and Irish. Dutch, German, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian are similarly modern dialects of Germanic or Teutonic. Russian is a survival of Slavonic and Persian of Iranian, while in India there are no less than fourteen modern Aryan languages derived from Sanskrit.

Modern English is a curious and interesting mixture of French and German. How this union came about is to be told in the next three chapters.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Find and copy into your note-book ten words which are common to English and either French, German, or Latin.
2. With what does the science of comparative philology deal?
3. Make a two-minute speech about Sir William Jones.
4. Explain the exact nature of his contribution to comparative philology.
5. Discuss briefly the relationship of Sanskrit to Latin, French, and German.
6. In what nation and by what men was the science of comparative philology developed?
7. Who were the Aryans?
8. Where did they originate?
9. Are all Aryan-speaking races Aryan?
10. Cite some modern examples of the transference of language from race to race.

Suggested Readings.—(a) Henry Morley's "English Writers," vol. i, Book I; (b) "From the Beginnings Till After the Norman Conquest," by Stopford A. Brooke, vol. i, p. 1, of Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature; (c) "A School History of England," by C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, Chapter I; (d) "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," a story by Rudyard Kipling; (e) "Ab, the Cave Man," by Stanley Waterloo; (f) "The Origin of the Aryans," by Isaac Taylor; (g) "The Story of Ung," a poem, by Rudyard Kipling; (h) "How the First Letter Was Written" and "How the Alphabet Was Made," two stories, by Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER III

THE SAXONS (55 B.C. TO 1100 A.D.)

"An overwhelming proportion of the words which make up our daily speech is drawn from Anglo-Saxon roots, and our syntax is as distinctly and as generally to be traced to the same source."

—*George P. Marsh.*

THE year 55 B.C. is the 1492 of England. The British Isles in that year emerged from the mists of tradition into the clear sunlight of authentic history. For this event we are indebted to the adventurous spirit of that Julius Cæsar whose fate has been immortalized by Shakespeare and in whose Commentaries those who are fortunate enough to study Latin may still read how he with his Roman legions crossed the British Channel. Julius Cæsar may therefore in a sense be called the Christopher Columbus of England. In this connection it is worth noting that both of the great homes of the Anglo-Saxon race were revealed, as it were, by natives of the Italian peninsula.

Cæsar, however, did not find any Anglo-Saxons in Britain. It was peopled in his time by the same Celtic race which inhabited Gaul and Spain. These Celts, while by no means savages, were still barbarians. They had no property but arms and cattle. War was their favorite business. Their favorite pastime was a game played with balls made of a mixture of lime and the brains of their fallen foes. They buried their dead, as did the Indians of North America, with their weapons by their sides. One of the characteristics of their religion was human sacrifice. Cæsar says that they used innocent persons for this purpose when the supply of criminals ran short. On the other hand, there was in their natures, as there is in that of their descendants, the Welsh and Irish of to-day, much to admire and to love. As a race they were tender, vivacious, and melancholy; they held poets and poetry in high esteem; and they thought it infamous for a chieftain to close the door of his house at all, lest a stranger come and behold his contracting soul. This indisposition to close the door may still be noted in their descendants. A few years ago, when a reform administration in Chicago undertook to enforce an ordinance requiring all saloons to be locked up at certain hours, it

was found that one proprietor of unmistakably Celtic origin had lost his key; his hospitable door had stood open day, night, and Sunday for twenty years.

Cæsar did not subdue these fierce islanders. It is probable that he left their shores in some haste. At all events, it was not until almost a century more had elapsed (43 A.D.) that the Romans effected a permanent lodgement in Britain, and it was not until 81 A.D. that they can be said to have conquered the country. Even then their subjugation of the islands appears to have been incomplete. The remains of a great wall which they built, 140 A.D., from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth bear mute but eloquent testimony to the limits of their power.

Under Roman rule the characteristics of the Celts were softened by humane laws and a milder worship. Roads were built, schools established, fine buildings arose, and agriculture flourished to such an extent that, in the fourth century, warehouses were built in Rome for the storage of British corn. Along with the rest of the Roman world, Britain toward the end of this period was gradually Christianized. The student who wishes to obtain a vivid conception of the island under Roman rule should read in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" the fascinating stories entitled "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," "On the Wall," and the "White Hats." In these tales, as Dr. Johnson with great felicity says of another book, are illustrated two of the most agreeable functions of literature: familiar things are made new and new things familiar.

The story of our literature begins with the Celts. As Henry Morley says, it cannot be dissociated from the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. Without this element England could never have produced a Shakespeare. Its fantastic but fascinating nature may be inferred from the story of the slanga-pig, which had the magical power of being alive again and in good condition after it had been killed and eaten. The story of the banquet of Dun na n-Gedh, which led to the battle of Magh Rath, shows likewise in every line the effervescent spirit of these early inhabitants of Britain. It is, in brief, as follows:

“There were no eggs for that banquet, and eggs were scarce. Those sent in search of them carried off a tub of goose-eggs belonging to a holy man, whose custom was to spend the day in the Boyne up to his arm-pits praying from his Psalter open on the shore before him and then go home and dine on an egg and a half and three cresses. When this saint found his eggs gone he cursed the banquet as powerfully as he could. Unfortunately one of the guests cracked an egg without waiting for grace to be said. Thence came a great crack in the peace of Ireland, though the king summoned the twelve apostles of Erin to bless and consecrate it. They came and each brought a hundred saints and they said grace powerfully but they could not avert the curse because one greedy guest had tasted of the feast before it had been blest.

“At the banquet there were two remarkable guests, a woman and a man. Each limb of their limbs was larger than the summit of a rock on a mountain, sharper than a shaving-knife each edge of their shins. Their heels and hams were in front of them. Had a sackful of apples been thrown on their heads not one of them would have fallen to the ground, for they would have stuck on the points of their strong bristly hair. A lock of the lower beard went up over the head and a lock of the upper beard went down over the knees; the woman had whiskers and the man had none. They carried a basket of goose-eggs and informed the king that they brought them as their share of the banquet. Meat and ale for three hundred was then set before them. When they had consumed it, they said, ‘Give us food.’ ‘You can have no more,’ said the steward, ‘till the men of Erin join in the feast.’ ‘It shall be an evil feast for them,’ they answered and vanished.

“A goose-egg was then set on a silver dish before every king in the house, but when the dish and egg were placed before Congal, who was the greedy one who had broken his fast before grace, the silver dish changed to a wooden dish and the goose-egg to the egg of a red-feathered hen. And one of Congal’s followers urged him to resent the insult, until his bird of valor fluttered over him and he struck at friend and foe.”

The nature of the Roman influence on British life may be to some extent inferred from the words which they brought into the country. "Street," "wine," "butter," "pepper," "cheese," "silk," "alum," "pound," "inch," "mile," and "mint" are all of Latin origin and probably found their way into British speech during the Roman occupation. In Chester and Manchester we still possess the Roman word *castra*, which means camp. To this same class of words belong likewise a number of church terms—"bishop," "candle," "creed," "font," "mass," "monk," and "priest." The names of the months are all Roman. "January" comes from *Januarius*, which is derived from *janua*, "door," and has obviously given us the word "janitor"; "February" from *februare*, "to purify"; "March" from "Mars"; "April" from "Aphrodite"; "May" from "Maia"; "June" from "Juno"; "July" from "Julius" Cæsar; "August" from his successor "Augustus"; "September" from *septem*, "seven"; "October" from *octo*, "eight"; "November" from *novem*, "nine"; and "December" from *decem*, "ten." In all about 400 Latin words became fixed in the British Isles during the first thousand years of the Christian era.

On the other hand, very few Celtic words have passed over into English. Up to the twelfth century probably not more than twenty of these in all had become a part of our ancestors' speech. Among our common words of Celtic origin are "brag," "brat," "brawl," "bump," "dad," "dagger," "fun," "gridiron," "jag," "job," "lad," "lass," "mug," "nap," and "pet."

Early in the fifth century, that is to say, in 410 A.D., the Romans, hard pressed on the continent by the Goths, withdrew their last legion from Britain. The Celts who had submitted to their domination were almost immediately attacked and finally well nigh overwhelmed by their more warlike kinsmen, the Scots of Ireland and the Picts who lived beyond the Roman wall. To these were soon added a swarm of pirates belonging to three Teutonic tribes who dwelt in that district of southern Denmark which is now called Schleswig. These tribes, all closely related in manner, blood, and speech, were then known as Jutes, Angles, and Saxons.

In an unhappy moment for themselves the British leaders decided to try to save their country by inviting these freebooters to join with them against the Picts and Scots. Accordingly, in 449 A.D., there landed at Ebbsfleet, in the Island of Thanet, a band of warriors from Jutland, with their leaders, Hengist and Horsa, at their head. With this event begins English history. "No spot of English ground," says John Richard Green, "should be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the print of English feet."

The race which was thus introduced into the British Isles must have appeared to the Celts to be singularly undesirable. They belonged to the same Low German family as the modern Dutch. In their continental home they seem to have been plain farmers until poverty, the aggressions of their neighbors, growth in population, or love of adventure led them to adopt the vocation of piracy. In this gentle art their success had been rapid and complete. Huge in bulk, of matchless strength, pitiless, and daring beyond measure, they speedily became the scourge and terror of the sea. Their capacity for food and drink excited the wonder and disgust of strangers. In religion they were pagans. The main features of their crude theology are preserved in the names by which we designate the days of the week. As "Sunday" and "Monday" signify, they must at some time have worshipped the sun and moon. In "Tuesday" is preserved the name of Tiw, the dark God, to meet whom was death. "Wednesday" is the day of Wodin, the Teutonic Mars; "Thursday" of Thor, the God of Thunder; "Friday" of Frea, the northern Venus, the goddess of peace and joy and fruitfulness; "Saturday" of Saetere, a water deity to whom it was natural that these primitive people, dwelling as they did in a land surrounded by the sea and saturated by almost constant mist and rain, should pay marked homage.

Rough as they were, however, these Anglo-Saxons possessed certain virtues which were destined to make them in many respects the most remarkable and most powerful race in the world. For courage and solidity they have never been surpassed. No other race has equalled their genius for practical affairs. As colonizers, as seamen, as warriors, and as farmers they have outstripped all of their rivals.

Though often characterized as slow of thought and dull of fancy, the Saxon's leading mental feature, says James Russell Lowell, is common sense, understanding. "His genius is his solidity. . . . He is healthy, in no danger of liver-complaint, with digestive apparatus of amazing force and precision. He is the best farmer and best grazier among men, raises the biggest crops and the fattest cattle, and consumes proportionate quantities of both. He settles and sticks like a diluvial deposit on the warm, low-lying levels, physical and moral. He has a prodigious talent, to use our Yankee phrase, of staying put. You cannot move him; he and rich earth have a natural sympathy of cohesion. Not quarrelsome, but with indefatigable durability of fight in him, sound of stomach, and not too refined in nervous texture, he is capable of indefinitely prolonged punishment, with a singularly obtuse sense of propriety in acknowledging himself beaten. Among all races perhaps none has shown so acute a sense of the side on which his bread is buttered, and so great a repugnance for having fine phrases take the place of the butyraceous principle. They invented the words 'hum-bug,' 'cant,' 'sham,' 'gag,' 'soft-sodder,' 'flap-doodle,' and other disenchanting formulas whereby the devil of falsehood and unreality gets his *apage Santana!*"

This Saxon genius for the practical rather than the ideal led Washington Irving to satirize the American devotion to the Almighty Dollar and Napoleon to sneer at the English as a nation of shopkeepers; but it has also proved the salvation on more than one occasion of English and American liberty both at home and abroad, because it has created wealth and because it has made the citizens of both nations unwilling to allow anybody but their own representatives to spend that wealth. It was apparent in some of the provisions inserted in 1216 at Runnymede in the Great Charter. It appeared again in the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776. It enabled William III to defy Louis XIV. It broke the power of France in America and in India. It overthrew Napoleon. Nor is its operation yet at an end. Within the memory of many men and women who are still young the world has seen these irresistible Saxon traits add the Philippines and Porto Rico to the domains of the

United States and annex to the British crown vast territories in Africa.

The Saxon's idea of government was all his own. The theory on which every other modern commonwealth up to the nineteenth century rested was that all authority flowed downward from the king. The Saxon believed, on the other hand, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. When he came to England he had no king. Though, in the course of time, he was forced to submit to many masters, he did not give up this conception. In 1688 he saw its complete triumph in England. In 1776 it freed America. In 1793 it freed France. In 1848 it triumphed in Germany. In 1906 it broke down the barriers of despotism in Russia. It has regenerated Japan, Turkey, and Persia. And it bids fair to go on making headway until the little seed of liberty that, previous to 449 A.D., grew only among the mists of Denmark shall have revolutionized all the governments of the earth.

The language which the Saxons brought to England, though in all essentials the language which we speak to-day, to a superficial observer is likely to seem more closely allied to German than to English. It was, indeed, a dialect of German. To master it is for us as difficult as it is to learn German. Like German, and unlike English, it is inflectional; that is, it has all of the cumbersome declensions, gender distinctions, and conjugations which characterize German, but from which English is free. A reasonably clear idea of what it was like may be obtained from an inspection of the following version of the Lord's Prayer, which was probably written about 700 A.D.:

Thu ure Fader, the eart on heofenum,
 Si thin noman gehalgod.
 Cume thin rice.
 Si thin Willa on earthan twa on heofenum;
 Syle us todag orne daegwanlican hlaf,
 And forgif us ure gylter
 Swa we forgifath tham the with us agylthat;
 And ne laed thu na us on kostnunge;
 Ac alys us fromn yfele. Si bit swa.

In 1915, in the "Phonographic Word Book," there appeared the statement that the 25 words that follow constitute one-quarter of all the English that is spoken or written:

- | | | |
|---------|----------|----------|
| 1. The | 10. It | 19. Not |
| 2. And | 11. He | 20. Or |
| 3. Of | 12. With | 21. As |
| 4. To | 13. Be | 22. They |
| 5. In | 14. Are | 23. From |
| 6. A | 15. But | 24. Have |
| 7. That | 16. I | 25. At |
| 8. Is | 17. All | |
| 9. For | 18. By | |

If to these be added the 41 words listed below, these two lists, 66 words in all, will constitute one-third of all the words we use:

- | | | | | |
|----------|-----------|------------|-----------|----------|
| 1. They | 10. On | 19. Me | 28. Great | 37. Full |
| 2. Our | 11. Shall | 20. No | 29. Other | 38. Into |
| 3. We | 12. You | 21. Lord | 30. Were | 39. Out |
| 4. God | 13. Will | 22. Us | 31. Been | 40. Unto |
| 5. More | 14. Thou | 23. When | 32. O | 41. Thee |
| 6. Their | 15. Upon | 24. An | 33. Part | |
| 7. Them | 16. Word | 25. Go | 34. Truth | |
| 8. There | 17. Ye | 26. Heaven | 35. Any | |
| 9. My | 18. Had | 27. See | 36. Ever | |

If to these two lists we add the 33 words that appear below, the three lists will contain one-half of all the words that we use:

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. His | 12. Can | 23. Every |
| 2. Which | 13. Would | 24. World |
| 3. Your | 14. Love | 25. Do |
| 4. This | 15. Man | 26. One |
| 5. How | 16. Than | 27. After |
| 6. Has | 17. May | 28. Now |
| 7. What | 18. Those | 29. Where |
| 8. At | 19. Most | 30. Time |
| 9. If | 20. First | 31. Give |
| 10. Who | 21. Under | 32. Him |
| 11. Like | 22. Work | 33. Life |

It should be added that the words are arranged in the order of their frequency; that is, "the" occurs most often and "life" least.

While these statements may not be entirely accurate, they are no doubt substantially correct. For our present purpose, their significance lies in the fact that, of these 99 words, all, with the single exception of "part," are of Saxon origin. In addition, the grammar of English is almost exclusively Saxon.

The fact that the English have clung so tenaciously to their orig-

inal language is a result of the solidity of which Lowell speaks. They will not, perhaps cannot, learn foreign languages except under the spur of sharp necessity. The foreigner who wishes to communicate with them must learn English.

When they landed at Ebbsfleet, they already possessed a literature, if that can be called a literature which was not written but transmitted by word of mouth. From the fragments of this literature which still exist, Henry Morley has re-created for us a picture of the life of an early Saxon Scop, or Poet. He wanders from land to land. He sees cities and men. He feels the same pangs of jealousy that annoy more modern bards. To him, as to them, fame is the last infirmity of a noble mind. The best and happiest moments of his life are experienced when, harp in hand, he chants in the mead hall before an audience of warlike chiefs, who listen greedily to his songs and reward him with applause and ale.

We can imagine the hall in which these triumphs took place as being 200 feet by 40 in area, with a high roof and curved gables. At the front is a porch, at the rear a structure that forms cellar and pantry. The hall itself consists of a wide nave with narrow side-aisles. Pillars divide aisles from nave and support the central roof. Down the middle of the nave run stone hearths, upon which blaze great timber fires. At the upper end, at a cross-bench, is the raised seat of the king and his chief retainers. On each side of the long hearth there is a table, at which sit the warriors. Back of the rows of pillars are spaces for sleeping and storing the gilded vats of liquor into which are dipped the pails of the cup-bearers. In such a hall were enacted the chief scenes and in such a hall were chanted the stirring verses of "Beowulf," the greatest of the Saxon poems that have come down to our day.

Beowulf is an epic of 3178 lines. It may have originated in part before the landing at Ebbsfleet, though in its present form it contains references to events that happened as late as 520 A.D. and Christian passages which could hardly have been written prior to 600 A.D. For many centuries it was forgotten until, in 1705, a single copy was discovered in the British Museum. Finally, in 1815, a Danish scholar

named Thorkelin printed it and made it one of the most prized of English poems.

The story of Beowulf is as follows:

O say, have you heard of the Spear-Danes' dominion?
How Scyld Scefing reft from his foes their mead-benches?
That was a good king, that lord of the whale-road.

Hrothgar, the son of his grandson, was likewise
A great giver of rings. He made him a mead-hall,
Which he hight Heorot, which meaneth the hart's house.
Here there was joy; here the song of the glee-man,
Till a demon named Grendel, who came in the night-time,
After the beer-drinking, from the mists of the marshland,
Took thirty *thanes* and devoured them exulting.

[nobles]

For twelve years thereafter the great hall stood idle;
So long in the land raged the merciless monster;
So long did the heart of the king ache with anguish.

Then Beowulf, thane of the Geats, heard of Grendel,
And straight on the swan-road with fifteen companions
Embarked in a foamy-necked floater, a sea-wood,
That flew like a fowl for a day on the billows,
Till it came to the shores where languished good Hrothgar.

In Heorot then the helm of the Scyldings
Unlocked his word-hoard and welcomed the warriors
With mead and with melody, pleased at the proffer
That Beowulf brought to demolish the demon.

When the feasting was finished, the Spear-Danes departed,
And Beowulf bound in the shackles of slumber,
Grendel came groping, brake open the hall-mouth,
Seized hold of a sleeper, bit into his bone-case,
Drank the blood from his veins, and bolted the body.
Then, as Beowulf slept, he laid hold of the hero,
But he found his claw clutched by a hand-grip gigantic,
For Beowulf's strength was as thirty stout spear-men's.
The lofty hall rocked, though with iron-bands builded;
A fearful wound showed in the shoulder of Grendel;
Apart sprang the sinews; burst was his bone-frame;
Back to his bogs fled the fiend death-stricken,
While Beowulf laid down the hand, arm, and shoulder
Of Grendel the grim in the midst of the mead-hall.

Then Hrothgar rewarded with gold and with horses
The deed of the hero; the bard touched the glee-wood,
And the hall joy arose along the mead-benches.
Wealthow, the queen, brought beer to the hero,
And all for a day of *W'yrð* were regardless.

[Fate]

But with night came revengeful the mother of Grendel,
Slew in her sorrow Hrothgar's friend Aeschere,
And fled to the fens with the claw of her Grendel.

Then Beowulf spake in this wise to wise Hrothgar:
"Revenging a wrong is more goodly than grieving;
Let us follow." They went to a sea dark with dragons,
Pursuing the path of the perilous monster

There Beowulf bound on his back his *war-burnie*, [armor]
 And, taking in hand his hafted sword Hrunting,
 He dropped for a day through the wash of the waters.
 The water-wife saw and seized at the bottom
 The hero's *war-sark*, but the ring-bedecked Hrunting [armor]
 Sang loud on her head his greedy war-music.
 But Beowulf stumbled and straightway had perished
 Had not God sustained and found him fresh footing.
 He was dragged *nathelless* to her home in the hollows, [nevertheless]
 Where his hope of return waxed wan as they struggled,
 Until he espied an old sword of *eotens* [giants]
 And seized it and smote on her neck through the bone-rings.
 Thus died the demon; then his gaze fell on Grendel
 And he hewed off the head from the limbs that lay lifeless,
 But so hot was the blood that the sword-blade was melted
 Likest to snow when the Father unbindeth
 The fetters of frost that the winter has welded.
 Thereafter the hero had honor unstinted,
 For fifty years ruling the people of Jutland,
 Till evil arrived in the form of a *fire-drake*, [dragon]
 Fearsome, unfriendly, an old twilight-spoiler.
 One of Beowulf's slaves stole a cup from his gold-hoard,
 And the dragon, revengeful, harried his people,
 Till *the king* rich in honor came to his cavern. [Beowulf]
 Forth from its arch blew the breath of the monster,
 The coiling-one came, and fled from his fury
 All the king's comrades except only Wiglaf.
 Burned to the boss was the shield of young Wiglaf;
Neigling was broken; old and gray-headed, [big sword]
 Beowulf found in his sword no salvation.
 The fangs of the worm seized the throat of the hero;
 And welled forth in waves Beowulf's life-blood.
 But Wiglaf was worthy; his sword smote the dragon
 And Beowulf's dagger divided the demon.
 Kinsmen and *athelings*, they cast forth his spirit. [princes]
 Thus Beowulf perished, undaunted, unvanquished.

The metre of Beowulf is based on alliteration, instead of rhyme. Each line has four accented syllables and one alliterative letter. This verse-form persisted until Chaucer's day as the standard of English poetry and it has been revived in our own by Tennyson in "Merlin and the Gleam" and in the "Battle of Brunanburgh."

Several attempts have been made to interpret the story of Beowulf. Professor Skeat argues that Grendel was a bear. His name means grinder of bones. He never uses weapons, but trusts to his grip, the bear's hug. He is solitary and an excellent swimmer, as are bears. Like them, he seeks his food at night and always returns to his lair. Beowulf's dive to reach Grendel's mother was his swim across to the

bear's cave. Neither Grendel nor his mother speaks. Beowulf (bee-wolf) means bear, the hero being so named because he slew bears.

Henry Morley says that Professor Skeat's etymology is sound and his arguments ingenious but that he does not believe Grendel was a beast except in his behavior. He thinks that a chief's power in battle is poetically typified by putting the power of thirty men into his hand-grip. Hrothgar is attacked by a foreign foe from overseas, who is lost under the image of a superhuman monster, Grendel. The drop of a day into the sea is plainly a journey of a day to the other shore for the purpose of carrying the war into the enemy's territory.

Some German critics suggest that Grendel is a mist that causes malaria, in which case Beowulf may be a wind that drives the mist away. Morley says of this idea: "Here let us pause. Enough of rain and mist. One more of these ingenious turns of the mythologic screw might convert Beowulf into the myth of a mining engineer if not of a drainpipe."

At all events, Beowulf is an excellent story and as it stands gives us a noble picture of the Saxons who came to England in 449 A.D. They were not slow to pick a quarrel with their Celtic allies. Then began a struggle for the control of the island which, so far as the low and fertile portions are concerned, resulted practically in the extermination of the Celtic population. The survivors were pushed back into the mountains of Wales and Scotland. But it was a slow process. It lasted on and off for over 200 years. Traces of its bitterness still exist in the cordial hatred which certain Scotch, Welsh, and Irish gentlemen to this day entertain for the English.

Among the misty figures of that fierce struggle, itself a mist and a myth, moves the form of the Welsh king, Arthur, the hero of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." This series of poems is fairly entitled to be called the great national epic of the English people. No student of English literature can afford to omit reading it. It is best to read it at this point in the story, as familiarity with it will in some measure give life and definite color to the study of this period.

In 597 A.D. occurred an event which did much, no doubt, to soften the ferocity of this struggle. A Roman monk named Augustine

began the process of converting the Saxons to Christianity and, once begun, the work was pushed with fervor and success. The student who wishes to gain a vivid idea of some of the experiences of these early missionaries should read Rudyard Kipling's charming story, the "Conversion of St. Wilfrid."

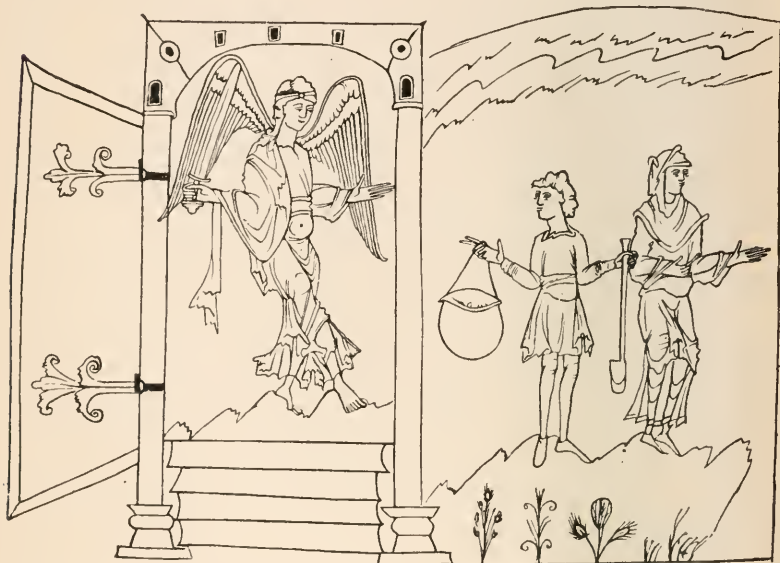
By 664 their work had progressed so far that we find at Whitby a great monastery and a great English poet named Caedmon devoting his genius to the teaching of Christian doctrine. How he came to write is told by the Venerable Bede in a passage which perhaps has been quoted as often as any that an English historian has written:

"His power of song was the gift of God. He could never compose any idle or false song. Up to an advanced age he had never composed any poetry. As he often attended feasts where all of the guests in turn were expected to take the harp and sing, whenever he saw the harp come near him he arose out of shame and went home. On one of these occasions, he retired to the stables, as he had charge of the horses for that night. When after a time he slept, a man appeared to him in a dream and said: 'Caedmon, sing me something.' 'I cannot,' replied Caedmon. 'You are mistaken,' said the man. 'You can sing.' 'What shall I sing?' 'Sing to me the beginnings of all things!' On receiving this answer, Caedmon began to sing, in praise of God the Creator, verses and words which he had never heard. When he arose from his sleep he had firmly fixed in his memory all that he had sung while asleep."

Thus Caedmon discovered his poetic gift. The rest of his life apparently was devoted solely to its exercise in the cause of religion. His chief works are paraphrases of the books of Genesis, Exodus, and Daniel, written in the same metrical form as Beowulf and evidently designed, like Beowulf, to be chanted at feasts. Their value as a means of familiarizing the people with the gospels in that unlettered age must have been immense. A more artfully sugar-coated literary pill has seldom been administered to a nation in need of spiritual regeneration. Caedmon did on a large scale indeed for his age exactly what Lew Wallace with his "Ben-Hur" has done for ours. He put the stories of the Bible into the literary form which was fitted to

impress, entertain, and instruct the largest number of his contemporaries.

His success was unquestionable. We have the testimony of Bede that it was so great as to produce a host of imitators. Though it is not to be inferred that he was as great a genius as the masters of English verse who wrote in later ages, he must be regarded as a genuine poet of no mean power. It is possible that, a thousand years



Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise

From the Caedmon MS (Tenth Century). The courtesy of the Macmillan Company, from "English Literature, An Illustrated Record"

hence, when our language has become obsolete, his name will stand as high in the temple of fame as those of Longfellow or Lowell. His subject in some respects resembles that of "Paradise Lost". First printed in 1655, his book probably was familiar to a reader who published his great epic in 1667. Probably no higher praise has ever been paid to Caedmon than the charge made by certain critics that in "Paradise Lost" the Puritan poet was guilty of stealing some

passages from the old Saxon. There are certainly enough resemblances to justify the title which has been given Caedmon of the "Anglo-Saxon Milton." As Henry Morley finely says: "We have seen in Caedmon one green shoot from the tree that is mounting Miltonward."

In his biographer Bede we see a worthy forerunner of Gibbon and Carlyle. He was born about 673 at Jarrow; at seven years of age was given to Abbot Benedict to be educated in the monastery there; and there spent all the rest of his life in studying and in writing Latin prose.

Though Bede wrote in Latin, his motives and ideas are as English as Caedmon's. As we have seen, the common people in his day could be reached only by oral means. Verse being easier to remember than prose, we find our oldest English literature in verse. But the number of educated people who could read English was small and the number of complicated ideas that could be preserved orally was not great. The same situation existed at this time throughout Europe. At the same time throughout Europe the monks, who were the only educated class, were all able to write and read Latin. It was, therefore, a kind of accident, but a perfectly natural accident, that Bede, English as was his temper, should choose Latin as his vehicle of expression. In no other way could he get an audience for his prose.

It must be remembered also that, though the greatest, he was by no means the only writer of Latin in his age. There was a host of others. Fashion doubtless had some influence in his choice of a language.

His works form a nearly complete encyclopædia of the knowledge of his day. His style is clear and simple, his object being to teach. Among his subjects are grammar, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, lives of saints, Scriptural commentary. His best-known work is, however, the "Ecclesiastical History of England." It is really a political history of the nation during the period when the chief interest of its best men lay in the diffusion of Christianity. Its chief merit is its accuracy. Bede was one of the most careful of historians. He himself says to his reader: "If you shall in this that we have

written find anything not delivered according to the truth, we beg that you will not impute the same to us, who, as the true rule of history requires, have labored sincerely to commit to writing such things as we could gather from common report for the instruction of posterity."

Bede died in 735 and was buried at Jarrow. Thence Elfred, a priest of Durham, in an excess of hero-worship, stole his bones. In the cathedral of Durham, during the twelfth century, there was built over them a beautiful shrine of gold, silver, and jewels. In the days of Henry VIII this was destroyed and the bones scattered by a mob. The mob could not, however, destroy the reputation of the old monk or the beautiful legend connected with the title by which he is best known. A pupil, who had been chosen to write the master's epitaph, labored in vain to complete the Latin hexameter in which he was to say: "In this grave are the bones of Bede." He fell asleep over the unfinished line—

"Hac sunt in fossa, Bedæ ossa."

But as he slept an angel came with a pen of light and, bending over the youth, completed the line. The youth awoke and read:

"Hac sunt in fossa, Bedæ Venerabilis ossa."

"England," says Henry Morley, "has ratified the title; and to the end of time his countrymen will look back with affectionate honor to the sinless student life of the Venerable Bede."

The work begun by Caedmon was carried on by another excellent poet, Cynewulf. Of him we know nothing with certainty except that he must be the author of four poems, since he marked them as his own by the insertion of his name in the old Saxon letters, or runes. This fact is a good indication of his half-pagan character, for, though his subjects are Christian and his object was to diffuse Christianity, he was obviously at heart a fierce viking, as fond of the sea as is Rudyard Kipling, and, like Theodore Roosevelt, an advocate of the strenuous life.

The titles of his four poems are "Crist," "Juliana," "The Fates of the Apostles," and "Elene." "Crist" is in three parts: the advent of Christ on earth, his ascension, and his second advent. The

author's half-pagan attitude is seen in the fact that he says that one of the chief joys of heaven will be derived from witnessing the sufferings of the damned. "Juliana" is the story of a Christian martyr, who overcomes many temptations, including an offer of marriage with a pagan, and, finally, having routed the devil in person, endures martyrdom by the sword. In "Elene," which is his best poem, Cynewulf tells how Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, discovered the true cross. Its style is simple, yet dramatic, and it contains passages of great beauty. The pomp of war, the gleam of jewels, and ships dancing on the waters give life and color to a narrative permeated with a deep and serious purpose. Several other poems which may have been written by Cynewulf have come down to us. Of these "Andreas," which deals with St. Andrew, may be said to represent Christ as a viking, and the "Dream of the Rood" has been described by M. Bentinck Smith as the choicest blossom of Old-English Christian poetry. "Religious feeling," she says, "has never been more exquisitely clothed than in these 140 lines of alliterative verse."

Cynewulf belongs to a later school than Caedmon. Both are Christian and both monkish; both in many respects are still full of the pagan spirit of Beowulf. But Cynewulf is more self-conscious and open to foreign influence. In a restricted sense Caedmon may be called the poet of the Old Testament, Cynewulf of the New.

For our knowledge of Cynewulf's poetry we are indebted to two recently discovered books. One was found in 1822 in a monastery at Vercelli in Italy and is called the "Vercelli Book"; the other, known as the "Exeter Book," is preserved in Exeter Cathedral. The poems of the Vercelli book were published in 1840, those of the "Exeter Book" in 1842.

A rude interruption came about 787 to the pious labors which we have been describing. In that year there landed on the east coast of England a party of Danes. Letters, arts, and religion disappeared before these Northmen as before the Northmen of an earlier day. It was not until 871, when Alfred the Great became King of Wessex, that the country was rescued from their ravages. Then, however, land, government, and people reappeared unchanged. "The Danes

were really Englishmen bringing back to an England that had forgotten its origin," says John Richard Green, "the barbaric England of its pirate forefathers." For this reason the fusion of the two people was easy and complete. To this struggle there are some interesting allusions in Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; and two capital modern novels, "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky" and "The Ward of King Canute," by Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz, picture the period in a fashion that makes it live for modern readers.

In order to repair the intellectual and moral ruin wrought by the Danes, King Alfred became a writer of English prose. When already a man and a king, he taught himself to write under the instruction of a priest named Asser. Of his works, only one, a collection of notes concerning English history, is original; the rest are translations. He has the distinction, indeed, of being the earliest of English translators. Among the books which he thus gave to his people are Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," the masterpiece of the last man of genius produced by Rome and one of the noblest treatises on right living which the world possesses; "The Universal History of Orosius, from the Creation to the year of our Lord 416"; Bede's "Ecclesiastical History"; Pope Gregory's "Book on the Care of the Soul"; and an abridgment of St. Augustine's "Soliloquies." These are not literal translations. Alfred rendered them freely, omitted much, and occasionally added matter of his own.

Beside these writings of Alfred, there is a collection of Anglo-Saxon laws which is not without interest. From a few of them, the amiable character of our ancestors may be inferred:

"These are the laws King Ethelbert established in Augustine's day:

8. If in the king's town any one a man slay, 50 shillings shall be paid.

19. If a highway robbery be committed, 3 shillings shall be paid.

57. If a man beat another with the fist on the nose, 3 shillings."

We may also congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are not dependent upon their doctors for the cure of our wounds or upon their agricultural knowledge for our food. To cure a broken head, according to a Saxon herbarium published in 1864-6 by the Rev.

Oswald Cockayne, they were advised to swallow two drachms of powdered betony in hot beer. Baldness was cured by putting juice of watercress upon the nose. A hare's brain in wine was a remedy against oversleeping. Those who were much troubled by ghosts could get relief by eating lion's flesh. To insure good crops the Saxon farmer had to proceed as follows: (1) Before dawn cut four sods from the corners of his land; (2) put in each hole thus made oil, honey, barm, the milk of every kind of beast and the leaves of every kind of tree and shrub on the land; (3) drop holy water thrice on the mixture; (4) say in Latin, "Grow—multiply—replenish the earth"; (5) say his Paternoster; (6) carry the four sods to church and have four masses said over them; (7) carry them back before sunset to the places whence they had been taken; (8) lay them again in their places; (9) set up four crosses inscribed with the names of the four evangelists; (10) say "Grow—multiply—replenish the earth" nine times; (11) say the Paternoster nine times; (12) bow nine times to the earth; (13) repeat a charm 26 lines long; (14) turn himself round three times in the direction of the sun; (15) recite the names of the saints; (16) recite the Magnificat; (17) recite three more Paternosters; (18) recite another charm; (19) take strange seed from a priest, giving him twice as much in return; (20) bore a hole in his plough-beam; (21) put in the hole incense, fennel, consecrated soap, and consecrated salt; (22) put the seed from the priest on the body of the plough; (23) say another charm 30 lines long; (24) say a shorter charm while the plough cut its first furrow; (25) bake a loaf as big as his two hands would hold, having put into it flour of all grain on the land, with milk and holy water; (26) lay the loaf under the furrow; (27) say another charm of twelve lines; (28) say three more Crescites; (29) say three more Paternosters.

From these curious documents we can infer why it was that Alfred's attempts to educate his subjects were only in part successful. After his death in 900 the Danes also returned and for a century blood flowed, the sky was black with the smoke of monastery and farm, and literature languished. Practically nothing of value was written during that time except portions of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." This work, which is a crude record of the history of the island

from 55 B.C. to 1154 A.D., was written by various priests in various monasteries in various generations. It is of immense historical importance and no small literary interest. A few extracts will give a better idea of its style than much description and will also afford a convenient review of this chapter:

A. 47. This year Claudius conquered the greater part of the island.

A. 188. This year Severus built a rampart of turf and a broad wall thereon from sea to sea.

A. 381. This year Maximus, the emperor, obtained the empire; he was born in Britain and went thence into Gaul. And he there slew the Emperor Gratian. And Valentinian afterwards gathered an army and slew Maximus. (See Kipling's stories, already cited, P. 20.)

A. 409. This year the Goths took the city of Rome by storm and after this the Romans never ruled in Britain.

A. 449. This year Hengist and Horsa, invited by Vortigern, king of the Britons, landed in Britain. Then they fought against the Picts and had the victory wheresoever they came. They then sent to the Angles and desired a larger force to be sent, describing to them the worthlessness of the Britons and the excellence of the land. At that time there came men from the Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes. From the Jutes came the Kentish men. From the Saxons came the men of Essex, Sussex, and Wessex. From Anglia came the men of East Anglia, Middle Anglia, Mercia, and all North-Humbria.

A. 597. This year Augustine and his companions came to the land of the Angles.

A. 773. This year a fiery crucifix appeared in the heavens after sunset; and the same year the Mercians and the Kentishmen fought at Oxford; and wondrous adders were seen in the land of the South-Saxons.

A. 787. This year first came three ships of Northmen out of Hæretha land (Denmark).

A. 962. This year the great fever was in London and Paul's minster was burnt, and that same year was again built up.

A. 995. In this year King Edward came to Westminster, at mid-winter, and there caused to be consecrated the minster which himself had built to the glory of God and of St. Peter and of all God's saints.

A. 1087. He (King William) was mild to those good men who loved God, but stark to those who withstood him. In his days the great monastery at Canterbury was built. Among other things, the good peace he made in the land must not be forgotten; it was such that any man with a bosom full of gold might travel over the kingdom unmolested. He surveyed the kingdom so thoroughly that there was not a single hide of land of which he knew not the possessor and the value. . . . He made large forests for the deer and enacted laws therewith, so that whoever killed a hart or a hind should be blinded. . . . He loved the tall stags as if he were their father.

A. 1093. This year, in Lent, King William was very sick; and he made many good promises in his illness.

A. 1094. This year the Scots conspired against their king, Duncan, and slew him, and they afterward took his uncle, Dufenal, a second time,

for their king, through whose instructions and instigation Duncan had been betrayed to his death. (See Shakespeare's "Macbeth.")

A. 1100. This year King William was shot with an arrow by his own men as he was hunting. . . . All that was abominable to God and oppressive to men was common in this island in William's time.

With the last entry in the Chronicle in 1154 the history of Anglo-Saxon or, as it is sometimes called, First-English literature comes to an end. For a period of over a hundred years previous to that time a new and powerful influence had been moulding the intellectual life of the nation.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What sort of people did Cæsar find upon his arrival in Britain? Who are their present descendants?
2. What has English literature derived from the Celtic element?
3. From where and under what circumstances came the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles?
4. What do we know of the early Saxon's idea of government?
5. Describe the life of an early Saxon scop.
6. Who was King Arthur?
7. In outline tell the class the story of Beowulf.
8. What words do we use that are directly derived from the religion of the Norsemen?
9. What did Caedmon do for the English people?
10. Who was the first English historian? How did the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle originate?

Suggested Readings.—Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War," Book iv, 23-38, and Book v, 8-23; Henry Morley's "English Writers," vol. i; Green's "Shorter History of the English People," Chapter I: "Beowulf"; Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"; selections from Bede's "Ecclesiastical History" and "The Saxon Chronicle" in the Bohn Edition.

CHAPTER IV

THE NORMANS (876-1216)

"There are two languages which must take precedence, the one as having contributed most largely to our vocabulary and built up the framework of our speech, the other both as having influenced somewhat the structure of English and as being in itself a sort of embodiment of universal grammar. These are the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin tongue."

—George P. Marsh.

UNDER the year 876 we find in the "Saxon Chronicle" this entry: "This year Rollo overran Normandy with his army and he reigned fifty years." This, it will be noted, was in King Alfred's reign, when the tide of northern piracy was temporarily diverted from England. Rollo and his followers were Norwegians and belonged to the same Teutonic stock as the Danes and English. Indeed, the only recorded scrap of Rollo's conversation sounds more like English than like Norwegian. When the King of France required him to kiss his foot in token of submission, he indignantly exclaimed, "Ne se by God," while one of his followers seized the royal foot so roughly that his majesty was overset.

Unlike the Saxons, however, these Northmen had a quick wit and a powerful fancy. Their mythology is exceeded in these qualities only by that of the Greeks. Their ancient beliefs are preserved and at the same time half ridiculed in two invaluable books, called the "Eddas." From these we get a picture of the warrior's heaven, or Valhalla, which throws much light on their character. No one could enter this paradise unless he fell in battle. Those who died a straw death (*i.e.*, in bed) had another place. In Valhalla the warriors fight every morning with one another. That is their play. When they are weary of hewing and chopping, they gather their fragments up and ride home to eat and drink. Their drink is mead, their meat the boiled flesh of the boar Saerimmir, who is sodden every day and eaten, and whole every night ready to be boiled again.

Some of their stories about the gods and giants have rare dramatic and humorous qualities. Such is that of Thor and Thrym. Thor woke up one morning and found his hammer gone. It was evident

that it had been stolen by Thrym, chief of the Eotens, or stupid giants. In order to recover it, Thor made Loki array himself in Freya's feather dress and go down to the land of the giants. Here sat Thrym. "How are the gods?" asked he. "And what brings you to Eotensham?" "It is not well with the gods," said Loki. "Have you hidden the Thunderer's hammer?" "I have hidden the Thunderer's hammer eight baiting stages deep under the earth," said Thrym, "and no one shall get it again unless he bring me Freya for a bride." When Freya was told this, she stormed until she shook the whole hall of the gods. Then Heimdall, the cleverest of the gods, suggested that Thor himself be disguised as Freya in bridal raiment. Thor demurred, but Loki said: "The giants will be in Asgard if we do not get your hammer back." So they dressed Thor as a bride and Loki as her maid, and set out for Eotensham. On their arrival, Thrym made a bridal feast and the giants drank much ale, while Thor ate an ox, eight salmon, and all the sweets provided for the women. This excited Thrym's suspicion. "I never saw brides swallow so greedily," said he, "nor a maid drink so much beer." But Loki was ready with an answer: "Freya loves you so much that she has not eaten for eight days." When Thrym raised Freya's veil in search of a kiss, he recoiled in terror the whole length of the hall, crying: "How terrible the eyes of Freya blaze!" But Loki said: "Freya loves you so much that she has not slept for eight nights." Then the sister of Thrym begged a ring from the bride and Thrym called: "Bring me the hammer of Thor to hallow the bride. Lay Mjölnir in the maiden's bosom and give us to each other worthily." Then the Thunderer's heart laughed within him as he felt the hard heart of the hammer, and he smote Thrym and all the other giants, not omitting the old sister who had had the effrontery to ask for a gift.

On another occasion Thor and two friends undertake an expedition to Eoten-land. At nightfall in a trackless forest they find a house, whose door is the whole breadth of one end. Here, in one large hall altogether empty, they lodge. At dead of night there is a terrible uproar. Thor seizes his hammer and stands in the door prepared to fight, while his friends hide in a little closet. In the morning it turns out that the uproar was only the snoring of the giant Skrymer,

who lay peacefully sleeping near by. The house was his mitten, the door its wrist, and the closet its thumb.

One of the causes of the quick wit of these Norwegians was unquestionably the character of their first home. Norway is practically one huge rock, cracked in countless places along the edges by volcanic action. These cracks, into which the sea flows, often for many miles, are called fjords. The interior of the country is barren and cold. Existence there is possible only through a constant intelligent struggle with nature. In many localities the only source of food is the sea. It is no wonder that the Northmen were quick, self-reliant, adaptable, and bold.

Once settled in France, they forgot their native land and their native language, married French women, adopted French manners, embraced Christianity, and speedily became the foremost race in Europe. "They raised their new language," says Macaulay, "to a dignity and importance which it had never before possessed. . . . They renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great Germanic family were too much inclined. The polite luxury of the Norman presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbors. He loved to display his magnificence, not in huge piles of food and hogsheads of strong drink, but in large and stately edifices, rich armor, gallant horses, choice falcons, banquets delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite flavor than for their intoxicating power. That chivalrous spirit which has exercised so powerful an influence on the politics, manners, and morals of all the European nations, was found in its highest exaltation among the Norman nobles. Those nobles were distinguished by their graceful bearing and insinuating address. They were distinguished also by their skill in negotiation and by a natural eloquence which they assiduously cultivated. . . . But their chief fame was derived from their military exploits. Every country from the Atlantic Ocean to the Dead Sea witnessed the prodigies of their discipline and valor. One Norman knight, at the head of a handful of warriors, scattered the Celts of Connaught. Another founded the monarchy of the Two Sicilies, and saw the emperors both of the East and of the West fly

before his arms. A third, the Ulysses of the First Crusade, was invested by his fellow soldiers with the sovereignty of Antioch; and a fourth, the Tancred whose name lives in the great poem of 'Tasso,' was celebrated through Christendom as the bravest and most generous of the deliverers of the Holy Sepulchre."

The vicinity of this remarkable people early began to produce an effect on the intellectual life of England. English princes received their education in Normandy. Norman French was spoken in the palace of the English king.

In 1066 the battle of Hastings placed Duke William of Normandy on the English throne and gave up the whole population of England to the tyranny of the Norman race. The country was portioned out among the captains of the invaders. A cruel penal code guarded the privileges and even the sports of the alien tyrants. Yet the subject race, though beaten down, still made its sting felt. Some bold men betook themselves to the woods and there waged a predatory war against their oppressors. Among these the most famous was that Robin Hood who is the favorite hero of the oldest English ballads and who appears in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" as Locksley. Any one who wishes, by a most agreeable process, to burn into his memory a vivid and ineffaceable impression of the conditions that prevailed in England throughout this period, can do so by reading the books listed below:

Reign	Dates	Books
William the Conqueror	1066-1087	Tennyson's "Harold," a tragedy. Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," a novel. Kipling's "Young Men at the Manor," a story. Kipling's "Weland's Sword," a story.
William Rufus	1087-1100	Robin Hood Ballads.
Henry I	1100-1135	Kipling's "The Joyous Venture," a story. Kipling's "Old Men at Pevensy," a story. Kipling's "The Tree of Justice," a story.
Stephen	1135-1154	"Geoffrey of Monmouth."
Henry II	1154-1189	Tennyson's "Becket," a tragedy.
Richard I	1189-1199	Scott's "Ivanhoe," a novel. Scott's "Talisman," a novel.

During this period there was, to speak strictly, no English history. Though these Norman kings conquered Ireland, overawed Scotland, attained more power on the Continent than their liege lords the kings of France, dazzled Asia by their glory, and seemed in a fair way to build up a single great monarchy stretching from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees, they continued to speak French, to live in France, to fill the chief offices of state with Frenchmen, and to regard the people of England much as the people of England now regard the East Indians. The princes, the lords, and the prelates differed in race and in language from the artisans and farmers. The revenues of the rich were spent in Paris. No man of English extraction rose to eminence except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman. The language of Cynewulf and Alfred became a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and was contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors.

The only writing of note that was done in England during this century and a half was, accordingly, not in English but in Latin. The first six Norman kings were strong men. They not only gave the chroniclers something to write about but they gave them substantial encouragement. Of them the best was a monk named William of Malmesbury, whose histories cover the period from 449 to 1142. He was followed by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who in the reign of Stephen produced a book which he called the "History of the Kings of Britain." Though in form a sober history, it is really a masterpiece of fiction. Myth, legend, traditions, pedantry, the Welsh dreams of future triumph over the Saxon, memories of the crusades, and stories of Charlemagne were mingled in Geoffrey's book in such a fashion that it became immensely popular with everybody except the other chroniclers, one of whom, William of Newburgh, characterized it as a tissue of impudent and shameless lies and complained that Geoffrey had made the little finger of Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great. Out of his creation finally grew the legend of the Round Table, a fact of immense importance in the development not only of English literature but also of the English national spirit. Arthur was a hero in whom Celt, Saxon, Dane, and Norman could all feel a common pride and interest. But Geoffrey's service to English

literature does not stop here. He preserved, if he did not invent, the stories of "Lear" and "Cymbeline" and to him Milton owed certain important parts of "Comus." And he has had a large reward in the form of praise from the poets. Among his eulogists have been Chaucer, Spenser, Drayton, Dryden, and Wordsworth. Altogether he is the most important literary figure of the twelfth century in England. So popular did his work become, indeed, among his contemporaries that to confess ignorance of its stories was the mark of a clown. Its influence is attested by the fact that the British Museum alone has thirty-five and the Bodleian Library sixteen copies of it in mediæval manuscripts.

The fact, already alluded to, that throughout this period English ceased or nearly ceased to be written, was really a blessing in disguise. One can easily imagine what happened, if one will think for a moment of the difficulties which uneducated or half-educated people have even now with our very simple modern inflections. If the vulgar in this age of books and schools still persist in saying, "Me and him ain't got no show," and even high school principals are occasionally guilty of such solecisms as "Give the book to John or I," it is no wonder that the complicated conjugations and declensions of Saxon, when abandoned to people who could neither read nor write, were soon lost. Every unessential element of the language, as a matter of fact, was swept away. It became the simplest of human dialects, and in becoming the simplest it acquired a power of appropriating new words which has made its vocabulary the largest and richest in the world. Saxon was pared down, so to speak, as a dentist pares down a damaged tooth in order to crown it with gold. The result is that modern English already has a hoard of words about six times as great as German, French, Italian, or Spanish, and the process still goes on. Like a whirlpool or a magnet, the English language continues to suck in philological rubbish and attract linguistic metal from the four quarters of the globe. The result was a language less musical indeed, as Macaulay finely says, than the languages of the South, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone.

From its position of subserviency the English language was

rescued by an event which historians have generally represented as a disaster. Richard the Lion-hearted was succeeded by John (1199–1216), who was a trifler and a coward. He was driven from Normandy. Shut up with the people whom they had hitherto oppressed and despised, the Norman nobles began to regard England as their country and the English as their countrymen. The two races found that they had common interests and common enemies. Both were alike disgusted by the tyranny and incapacity of John. The first pledge of their reconciliation was the Great Charter, won by their united exertions and framed for their common benefit. The student who wishes to obtain a vivid picture of these important transactions will read Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Treasure and the Law," and the first, in chronological order, of Shakespeare's incomparable historical plays, "King John."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Under whose rule did the English first hear of the Normans' activity upon the Continent?
2. Where was Valhalla? Describe the life lived there.
3. Who were the characters in Norse mythology?
4. Considering the influence of the climate, why is it to be expected that the Normans should be bright, quick, and self-reliant, while the Angles and Saxons were heavy, solid, and unimaginative?
5. Who were the founders of the chivalric ideal in Europe?
6. Where is Robin Hood's place in history?
7. For what are we indebted to Geoffrey of Monmouth?
8. How do you account for the existence of the following pairs of words: "Calf" and "veal"; "swine" and "pork"; "sheep" and "mutton"?
9. Under whose reign did the English lose Normandy?
10. Up until the Thirteenth Century, how many language currents had joined on English soil to form our present language?

Suggested Readings.—In addition to the novels, stories, and plays indicated in the text, "The Cambridge History of English Literature" and Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature" should always be within reach of the pupil. Marsh's "Lectures on the English Language" and Welsh's "Development of the English Language and Literature" are also good books to have around.

CHAPTER V

THE ENGLISH (1216-1400)

"Another will say that English wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise that it wants not grammar, for grammar it might have, but needs it not, being so easie in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which I think was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the minde, which is the need of speech, that it hath equally with any other tongue in the world."

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

WITH the signing of the Charter at Runnymede (1216) really begins the history of the English nation. During the century that followed the English people began to show those peculiarities which they have ever since retained. Then first appeared the outlines of the English constitution, the House of Commons, and the common law. Then it was that the courage of English sailors first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then were founded the most ancient of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Then, too, appeared the first faint dawn of modern English literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Even before John was expelled from the Continent, that is to say, about 1200, there was in the land a priest named Layamon. "He was son," he tells us, "of Leovenath; may the Lord be gracious to him! He dwelt at Earnley, a noble church on the banks of Severn (good it seemed to him!) near Radstone, where he read books. It came in mind to him that he would tell the noble deeds of England." So he travelled up and down in the land, and in his travels he found Bede's history and a translation which a Frenchman named Wace had made of the book of Geoffrey of Monmouth. "Layamon laid down these books and turned the leaves; he beheld them lovingly (may the Lord be merciful to him!). Pen he took in hand and wrote a book-skin." What he wrote on his book-skin was a poem of 32,000 lines, which he called "Brut," after a Trojan who, according to the imaginative Geoffrey, after the Trojan war had settled in Britain as Æneas settled in Italy. The real hero of the "Brut," however,

like the real hero of Geoffrey's Chronicle, is Arthur. But Layamon is not to be regarded as a mere translator. His Arthur is more generous, knightly, and sympathetic than Geoffrey's. He is courteous; he loves law and order; he defends Christianity. Layamon also uses some material not found in Geoffrey, including the stories of Merlin and Lancelot, which originated in France. As history his book is worthless, as poetry fair, as a monument of English priceless. It is surprisingly free from Norman words, containing in all less than 100 of them. In versification it is a compromise between the old and the new; its general scheme is the same alliterative measure as that of Beowulf, but in places this is modified by rhyme. The really interesting thing about Layamon is, however, that with his poem begins the history of modern English literature; in his "Brut" we see as a shallow and narrow brook the beginnings of the stream that grew wide in Chaucer's day, in Shakespeare's broadened into a mighty river, and that has not in any generation since become wholly dry.

The Arthurian legends which Layamon thus collected and introduced into English had their origin in Wales. Arthur's name is so extensively preserved in the place-names of Wales that one writer declares that only the devil is more often mentioned in local association than Arthur. Old English literature does not mention him. About 800 a Welshman named Nennius, in a book called the "*Historia Brittonum*," says that, some time after the death of Hengist, Arthur fought against the English in twelve battles. In "*Kulwch and Olwen*," an early and charming Welsh poem, he appears, however, as a fairy king. Indeed, the whole poem breathes the very spirit of fairy-land. Olwen, the heroine, had a skin whiter than the foam of the wave; fairer were her hands than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain; and four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod. The men in the poem were even more wonderful. One of them, Sol, could stand all day on one foot; another, Gwevel, when he was sad would let one of his lips drop below his waist, while he turned up the other like a cap over his head; a third, Clust, though buried seven cubits beneath the earth, could hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her bed in the morning, while Kai, the seneschal of Tennyson's "*Idylls*," could hold his breath

nine days and nights under water and exist nine days and nights without sleep. "Very subtle was Kai," says the old poem; "he could make himself as tall as the highest tree in the forest." In Geoffrey of Monmouth Arthur has his sword Caliburn (Excalibur), against which armor might not avail. Wace is the first author to mention the Round Table, which was made to settle all disputes about precedence among Arthur's knights. Layamon adds the information that, though it would seat 1600 men, it could be carried by Arthur wherever he rode. From all this it can be seen that when, in later generations, Sir Thomas Malory wrote his "Morte d' Arthur" and Tennyson produced the "Idylls of the King," they were dealing with old materials. As Matthew Arnold says, they were like peasants building on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; they built, but what they built was full of stones of an earlier building. And through the whole history of the great legend we can hear a sound that is not Saxon, or Welsh, or Norman—a sound that is new, which is English—

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

The lyric poetry of England also had its beginning in the thirteenth century. To the Saxon, nature had been a source of terror; he had regarded with dread the beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep. The feeling of the modern dweller in cities is diametrically opposite; he believes that God made the country and man made the town; he loves the sea and the sky. One of the earliest and finest illustrations of this change of attitude toward nature is seen in the following song, which was written about 1250:

"Sumer is i-cumen in,
 Lhude sing cuccu!
 Groweth sed and bloweth med,
 And springeth the wde nu.
 Sing cuccu!
 Awe bleth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu:
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth.
 Murie sing cuccu!"

Summer is coming in;
 Sing loud, cuckoo!
 Groweth seed and bloweth mede,
 And springeth the wood now.
 Sing, cuckoo!
 Ewe bleateth after lamb;
 Loweth after calf cow.
 Bullock starteth; buck darteth.
 Merrily sing, cuckoo!

"If summer had not yet 'come in,' " says A. R. Waller, "spring at any rate was well on the way when verses like these became possible."

Contemporaneous with the development of the Arthurian legend we find another phenomenon which strikes one as equally modern and equally characteristic of modern English-speaking peoples—that fondness for silly stories which is so pronounced a trait of the English and Americans of to-day. From 1200 to 1500 a great number of bad metrical romances were written and read by our forefathers. Of these “Sir Bevis” reminds one most of the best-sellers of to-day. It contains all of the elements that characterize the worst and best tales of its class. The hero’s father is murdered; the hero is disinherited; a Paynim princess woos him; he carries a treacherous letter, bearing with him his own death; he is separated from his wife and children; he is exiled. There are also a giant and a dragon, which were as necessary in those days as are to-day a hero with a future and a heroine with a past. In another of these tales, “Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,” Gawain strikes off the head of the Green Knight, whereupon the trunk picks up the head and challenges Gawain to meet him a year hence. In a third, Richard Cœur de Lion feasts on Saracens and provides the same dish for Saracen ambassadors. The plots in several of these tales are quite as good, too, as those of many popular modern novels. Their like can be found in the legends of France and Germany; indeed, the best way to get a clear idea of their intrinsic foolishness is to read Mark Twain’s delicious modernization of one of the silliest of the latter, the legend of the “Spectacular Ruin,” which, in brief, is as follows:

“A dragon lived in that region and made more trouble than a tax-collector. He was as long as a railway train and had the customary green scales all over him. He ate men and cattle impartially and was exceedingly unpopular. The German emperor had a surplusage of daughters and it was customary for dragon-killers to take a daughter for pay, so he offered one of them as a reward to anyone who would destroy the monster. The most renowned knights came therefore from the four quarters of the earth and retired one by one down the dragon’s throat. At last Sir Wissenschaft arrived to do battle with the pestilence. Like most heroes in the early chapters of romances, he was unprepossessing. His armor hung in rags about him and instead of a sword he carried a knapsack. He was received

with tolerance but not enthusiasm, and given a bed in the servants' quarters. Next day he met the dragon, who breathed forth volumes of sulphurous smoke and lurid blasts of flame, whereupon the ragged knight unslung his knapsack, which was simply the common fire-extinguisher known to modern times, and turned the hose square into the middle of his enemy's cavernous mouth. Out went the fires and the dragon curled up and died. Instead of a daughter, however, the victor demanded a monopoly of the spectacle trade of Germany and an imperial decree that all Germans wear spectacles, whether they needed them or not. Thus originated the legend of the monopolist's once stately castle, the 'Spectacular Ruin.' "

From this charge of silliness, however, must be excepted one work of fiction that belongs to this period, the "Travels of Sir John Mandeville." It was long supposed that Sir John was a real man, like Christopher Columbus; but modern scholars have discovered that, like Robinson Crusoe or David Copperfield, he is only a skilfully depicted character in what is really one of the great romances of all time. The story of the composition of this work has not yet been entirely deciphered; perhaps it never will be; this much, however, is fairly well established: About 1356 a Frenchman named Jean d'Outremeuse wrote at Liège a French version of Sir John's Travels. In the preface he said that Sir John Mandeville, Knight, of St. Albans, had left England in 1322, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; had travelled until 1343 in sundry lands; on his return home had been laid up at Liège with gout; had been attended in his illness by a local physician; and at the latter's suggestion had written an account of his travels to solace his enforced idleness. The local physician is probably a myth; the rest of this story almost surely is. The work thus given to the public is not a book of travels at all, but a work of fiction. The author never travelled farther than the local library. He takes no account of time. Some of his observations on Palestine are wrong by three centuries. A note he gives on Ceylon was made by Cæsar on the Britons; some of his science comes from Pliny; he even steals from Homer. The important fact is that the author, whoever he was, succeeded in producing one of the most agreeable volumes ever written, a volume that for five centuries has been a

household word in eleven languages and that is still easy and pleasant reading. Though the English version is only a translation, it is one of the most important books in the language.

Of its 34 chapters, the first twenty, roughly speaking, are grouped around the idea of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The rest deal with Java, Cathay, the Tartarians, Persia, and India. Among the topics treated are: the Way out of England to Constantinople; Ypocras's Daughter, transformed from a Woman to a Dragon; how Roses came first into the World; three ways to Jerusalem—by land and sea, mostly by land, and all by land; how the Soldan reasoned me; the land where women dwell without company of men; three manner of growing pepper upon one tree; the Well that changeth his odour every hour, and that is marvel; how the earth and the sea be of round form and shape, by proof of the star that is clept Antarctic; wherefore the Emperor of Ind is clept Prester John.

The only way to get an adequate idea of the book is to read it, and this is neither a hard nor unpleasant task. Some slight notion of its character may, however, be obtained from a few quotations:

"This river of Danube is a full great river, and it goeth into Almayne under the hills of Lombardy, and it receiveth into him forty other rivers, and it runneth through Hungary and through Greece and through Thrace, and it entereth into the sea so rudely and sharply that the water of the sea is fresh and holdeth his sweetness twenty mile within the sea."

"At Constantinople is the cross of our Lord Jesu Christ and his coat without seams, that is *clept* (called) *Tunica inconsutilis* (coat unsewed), and the sponge, and the reed, of the which the Jews gave our Lord eysell and gall, in the cross. And there is one of the nails, that Christ was nailed with on the cross."

"The tree of the cross, that we call cypress, was of that tree that Adam ate the apple off."

"Babylon sitteth upon the river of Gyson, sometimes clept Nile, that cometh out of Paradise terrestrial. . . . And forasmuch as it ne raineth not in that country, therefore in that country be the good astronomers, for they find there no clouds to letten them. . . . At

Cairo is a house that is all full of small furnaces, and thither bring women of the town their *eyren* (eggs) of hens, of geese, and of ducks for to be put into those furnaces. And at the end of three weeks or of a month they come again and take their chickens. . . . Also in that country men find long apples and men clepe them apples of Paradise; and they be right sweet and of good savour. And though ye cut them in never so many gobbets, everymore ye shall find in the midst the figure of the Holy Cross of our Lord Jesu. . . . And men find there also the apple tree of Adam, that have a bite at one of the sides."

"In Ethiopia be many diverse folk; and Ethiopia is clept Cusis. In that country be folk that have but one foot, and they go so blyve that it is marvel. And the foot is so large that it shadoweth all the body against the sun, when they will lie and rest them."

"The earth is full large and full great, and holds in roundness and about environ, by above and beneath, after the opinion of old wise astronomers, 20425 miles; and their sayings I reprove nought. But, after my little wit, it seemeth me, saving their reverence, that it is more."

"In that country and by all Ind be great plenty of cockodrills, that is a manner of a long serpent. These serpents slay men and they eat them weeping; and when they eat they move the upper jaw, and not the nether jaw, and they have no tongue."

"Of Paradise I cannot speak properly. For I was not there."

"And ye shall understand, if it like you, that at mine homecoming I came to Rome and shewed my life to our holy father the pope, and was assoiled of all that lay in my conscience, of many a diverse grievous point. . . . And I, John Mandeville, knight, abovesaid, although I be unworthy, that departed from our countries and passed the sea, the year of grace a thousand three hundred and twenty-two, now I am come home, maugre myself, to rest, for gouts artetykes that me distraign, that define the end of my labour; against my will (God knoweth)."

Still more characteristically English and modern, however, are several books of this period that deal with moral and religious topics.

Among these the "Ormulum," the "Ancren Riwe," "Handlyng Sinne," and "The Vision of Piers Plowman" deserve mention.

In the "Ormulum" we have an effort to turn into English verse all the gospels for the year as arranged in the mass-book. The work as planned comprised the treatment of 243 passages of scripture with an exposition of each. Though of these only 30 are extant, the poem is as long as "Paradise Lost," prodigiously uninteresting in matter, and monotonous to the last degree in movement, the metre being a perfectly regular iambic septenarius without rhyme or alliteration. For example:

"This book is nenned Ormulum,
Forthi that Orm it wrohte."

Although devoid of originality in his ideas, Orm has one distinction. He is the first of our spelling reformers, being the inventor of that plan of doubling consonants after short vowels which we still find exemplified in such words as "diner" and "dinner." Orm was an Augustine monk and probably wrote during the first decade of the thirteenth century.

The "Ancren Riwe," or "Rules for Anchoresses," written probably in the first quarter of the thirteenth century, was designed for the guidance of three women who desired to live a secluded and religious life. It is distinguished by learning, tenderness of feeling, and much vivacity of style. Its best qualities are seen in the following extract:

"Eve held in Paradise long talk with the adder, and told him all the lesson that God had taught her and Adam concerning the apple, and so the fiend, through her loquacity, found the way to her destruction. Our Lady, Saint Mary, did far otherwise. She told not the angel any tale, but asked him of that which she did not know. Do you, my dear sisters, follow our lady and not the cackling Eve. Let not an anchoress have a hen's nature. The hen, when she has laid, cannot but cackle. And what buys she thereof? Comes at once the chough and bereaves her of her eggs. Right so the wicked chough, the devil, beareth away from cackling anchoresses. The poor peddler makes more noise to cry his soap than a rich merchant to sell his precious wares."

Robert Manning of Brunne, in addition to being a moralist, was the most skilled story-teller of his time. About 1303 he translated into good English a poem written in bad French by William of Wadlington and called the "Manuel des Pechiez," or "Manual of Sins," which Manning translates by the quaint phrase, "Handlyng Sinne." He discusses in order the Ten Commandments, the seven deadly sins, sacrilege, and the sacraments, compressing Wadlington here and adding to him there, but always writing in a readable style and not infrequently laying down rules that are not yet obsolete. Throughout he illustrates his points by well-told stories; of these the total number is 65. Among the things that he condemns are tournaments, mystery plays, usury, gluttony, the use of church-yards for pastures and trysting places, the lax morals of the clergy, women's costly and absurd costumes, carols, wrestlings, and summer games. He loves to paint grim pictures of hell and is skilful in the use of metaphor; thus he says "Tavern is the devil's knyfe" and "Kerchief is the devil's sail."

More remarkable than any of the religious works just discussed is the group of poems known under the general title of "The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman." They were very popular during the latter half of the fourteenth century, retained their hold on the people until 1600, were regarded by the leaders of the Reformation as an inspiration and a prophecy, and have been quoted by every modern historian of the fourteenth century as a vivid and trustworthy picture of that time. As we have it, the work exists in three forms, which are known as the Vernon, Crowley, and Whitaker versions, or the A-text, the B-text, and the C-text. The metre in all essentials is like that of Beowulf; the language is the same as Chaucer's.

The A-text consists of three visions which came to the author as he slept among the Malvern hills. In the first of these, which occupies the Prologue and Passus (Chapters) I-IV, he sees a field full of folk, which is symbolical of the world; in the second, which comprises Passus V-VIII, Piers the Plowman leads a host of penitents in search of Saint Truth; in the third, which is related in Passus IX-XII, the dreamer goes in search of Do-Well, Do-Better, and Do-Best, but, being attacked by hunger and fever, dies ere he finds them. The

B-text and the C-text are enlarged and modified variations of the A-text.

In the A-text the Prologue and Passus I–VIII are distinguished by unity of structure, directness of movement, and a style remarkable on account of its force and picturesqueness. The plan of Passus IX–XII, on the other hand, is confused; its diction is lacking in precision; and the power to paint word-pictures which forms so noteworthy a feature of the earlier visions is noticeable on account of its absence. Instead of a lively story, as in I–VIII, we have in IX–XII a rather confusing theological discussion. The hero is no longer the honest rustic, Piers the Plowman, but a dutiful priest.

In the B-text, there are numerous interpolations in Passus I–XI; Passus XII is omitted; and seven visions are added, two and a fraction devoted to Do-Well, a like number to Do-Better, and two to Do-Best. The form of this text, if form it can be said to have that form has none, is so confused that it defies analysis; but in sincerity and emotional power the new matter found in this vision is very great. It was written about 1376.

The C-text was probably made 1398. It differs from A and B in many details. The changes are full of piety, patriotism, and pedantry, but not poetry.

Concerning the production of this poem, or series of poems, there are two theories. The first is that they were written by William Langland, who was born about 1331 at Cleobury Mortimer, was educated at Malvern for the church, failing to rise therein moved to London about 1362, and soon thereafter won a great success by publishing the Prologue and Passus I–VIII of the A-text. Encouraged by the favor with which his work was received, he soon added Passus IX–XII. In 1377, impelled by his poem's continued popularity and what he conceived to be the growing wickedness of the world, he expanded the work from 2567 to 7242 lines, thus producing the B-text. The C-text, which contains 7357 lines, was the result of a third revision, made, probably, about 1398. The second theory is that no less than five authors were concerned in the production of the work as we have it, their shares being as follows:

1. Prologue and Passus I–VIII in the A-text.

2. Passus IX–XII in the A-text.
3. About 19 lines at the end of Passus XII in the A-text.
4. The B-text.
5. The C-text.

The chief argument in favor of one author is the improbability that, in one and the same generation, there should live several unknown writers of sufficient ability to produce poems at once so good and so alike. Those who take the opposite view hold that the mental qualities shown by the different versions indicate authors of varying mental powers, that their methods were not the same, that their diction and versification display marked divergences, and that they sometimes have misunderstood one another. Such controversies are likely to arise concerning the authorship of works written prior to the invention of printing. In those days, indeed, every author was more or less at the mercy of copyists, and those who, like the author of *Piers Plowman*, dealt with theological subjects, were particularly in danger of alteration at the hands of pious scribes. Even Chaucer suffered at their hands, as he good-humoredly tells us in the following stanza:

“ Adam Scrivener, if ever it thee befall
Boece or Troilus to write new,
Under thy long locks maist thou have the scall,
But after my making thou write more trew,
So oft a day I mote they werke renew,
It to correct and eke to rub and scrape,
And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.”

Whatever be the facts in regard to the authorship of “*Piers the Plowman*,” the poem is full of good matter. Intensely in earnest, the author speaks with that white-hot sincerity which never fails to win attention. Perhaps his most conspicuous quality is hard common sense. His solution of the labor problem, for example, is to give able-bodied beggars nothing to eat but horse-bread, dog-bread, and bones, but to comfort with alms the naked and needy. He is not a reformer, unless the desire to see each man do the duty that belongs to his own rank in life is to be a reformer. “When all treasure is tried, Truth is the best,” says he. Among his significant sayings are: “Even the righteous sin seven times a day”; “Study is

Wit's wife"; "Thing that is secret, publish it never; neither laud it for love nor blame it for envy." Some critics say that he has no humor; if this is so, he at least displays a kind of savage substitute for it when he says that Liar found no refuge until Pardoners had pity on him and made him one of themselves; when he represents Glutton as being so drunk that he walks like a gleeman's dog, sometimes aside and sometimes backward; and when he says that Sloth is not sudden, even in his confession, because he is too lazy to do anything suddenly. The highest point in his moral teaching is reached in the dictum, "Disce, Doce, Dilige (Learn, Teach, Love)," which may perhaps be regarded as the author's or authors' final conclusion regarding Do-Well, Do-Better, and Do-Best.

John Wickliffe (1320-1384) has often been spoken of as the "Morning Star of the Reformation" and the "Father of English Prose." The former title is due to the fact that he began by fighting boldly against the corruption of the Catholic clergy and ended by proclaiming a rebellion against the chief doctrines of the church. The latter rests on a supposition long current but now exploded that he himself wrote the first complete translation into English of the Bible. His Protestantism stirred all classes in his day, from old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster, down to the poor priests, or Lollards, whom he organized to preach his doctrines. If he did not himself write the translation of the Bible which was completed in his day, it is altogether likely that it was made under his guidance and inspiration. At all events, his influence was so powerful that, in spite of the hatred he inspired, he was left undisturbed until his death; but that hatred was so great that, after his death, his body was burned and the ashes thrown into the River Avon, a fact which has enriched English verse with at least one immortal stanza:

"The Avon to the Severn flows,
The Severn to the sea:
And scattered wide as Wickliffe's words
Shall Wickliffe's ashes be."

As a means of setting in a clear historical light the literature of the period just reviewed, the following table may be of value:

King	Years	Events	Contemporary Literature	Modern Literature
Henry III...	1216-1273	1221 Friars land in England 1246 Welsh rebel	1210 "Ormulum" 1225 "Ancren Riwe"	
Edward I...	1273-1307	1277 Welsh conquered 1298 Scotch conquered	1303 "Handlyng Sinne"	
Edward II..	1307-1327	1314 Bannock- burn		Marlowe's "Edward II."
Edward III..	1327-1377	1346 France and Scotland conquered 1349 Black Death 1356 Poitiers 1368 Wickliffe's Heresy	1356 Mandeville's Travels 1362 Piers Plowman	
Richard II..	1377-1399	1381 Peasant Revolt		Shakes- peare's "Richard II."

Great as it is, however, the value of the writings of Mandeville, Langland, and Wickliffe is slight in comparison with that of another writer of this period. Among the names of English literature only those of Shakespeare and Milton stand distinctly higher than that of Geoffrey Chaucer. The first of our great poets, his works are so important that he must have a chapter to himself.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Who was Layamon?
2. What is the significance of the poem beginning: "Sumer is i-cumen in"?
3. In what literary form were Sir Gawain and the Green Knight written?
4. What was the subject of the "Travels of Sir John Maundeville"?
5. The Monks were the only class with much education in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. How is this reflected in the literature?
6. What do you know of the "Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman"?
7. Who is known as "The Morning Star of the Reformation"? What was his work?
8. From an English history obtain an outline of England's relations to the Continent between 1216 and 1400.
9. Write a three-hundred-word composition on the influences that came to bear upon English literature before 1400.
10. Have we found anything definitely English up to this time?

Suggested Readings.—Sir John Mandeville's "Travels" are easy and entertaining from cover to cover.

CHAPTER VI

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1332-1400)

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed."

—*Spenser.*

"Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still."

—*Tennyson.*

"He is a perpetual fountain of good sense."

—*Dryden.*

PERIODS of great literary activity are commonly associated, either as cause or effect, or both, with periods of great political activity and great material progress. Homer and Hesiod are thus, in all probability, associated with the Trojan war and the new sense of national pride which, in consequence of that war, must have sprung into being among the Greeks. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle stand in a similar relation to the Grecian triumph over Persia. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Livy, and Nepos did their work just after the Romans had conquered Gaul, Asia Minor, and Egypt. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio lived in an age of remarkable political activity in Italy. Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare belong in the same generation with Queen Elizabeth and the new sense of English nationality that grew from the defeat of the Spanish Armada. John Milton's poetry and Oliver Cromwell's wars are first cousins. Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe stand in a somewhat similar relation to Frederick the Great. The French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had a share in making Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Scott, Tennyson, and Browning what they were. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and Poe carved the ornaments of rhyme, to borrow Longfellow's metaphor, that adorn that great national temple of which the foundation was laid by Washington, the walls built by Marshall, Webster, and Clay, and the roof completed by Lincoln. To the rule that great practical achievements go hand in hand with

supreme poetic achievement, the age of Geoffrey Chaucer, though we are accustomed to look upon it as dark and barbarous, will be found, upon examination, to be no exception.

The fourteenth century, in fact, is one of the most eventful in English history. It was then that the long process of amalgamation between the conquered Saxons and the victorious Normans drew near completion. It was then that our modern English first became the language of the court and cottage alike. It was then, too, that the people of Britain grew aware of the fact that, in spite of their heterogeneous origin, they had interests in common and foes against whom they could fight side by side. Material progress, successful campaigns against a foreign foe, and growing political freedom were followed naturally by investigation into science and philosophy, by vigorous writing and thinking on religious subjects, and by a brilliant summer-time of literature.

When Chaucer was born, Caedmon, the first English poet, had been dead seven hundred years. England had been nearly three hundred years under the sway of her Norman kings. Edward III was just entering upon his long and glorious reign. In Italy Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Rienzi were young men. In France Froissart was writing his chronicles. William Tell had just won independence for Switzerland. The study of Greek had just been carried into Italy by scholars who had fled from Constantinople to escape the Turks. Clocks, cannon, and trial by jury were just coming into existence. Spain was held by the Moors, Germany was as little known as Russia is to-day, and to the men of that day Russia was more of a sealed book than equatorial Africa is to us. More than 120 years were destined to elapse before the invention of printing and more than 150 before the discovery of America.

Before Chaucer was twenty, the battle of Cressy had been fought and won. Before he was thirty, this had been followed by the still more inspiring victory of Poitiers. Before he was thirty-five, Sir John Mandeville had given his fascinating book of travels and William Langland his soul-stirring "Vision" to the world. Before he was fifty, Wicliffe had published the first English Bible. He lived to witness the death of the great Prince who had done so much

for the glory of England, the imbecility of the great King who had added so much to her power, the shameful incapacity of his successor, the loss of vast possessions on the Continent, the rapid and significant



GEOFFREY CHAUCER
1340 (?)—1400 (?)
From a MS. in the British Museum

rise of the power of Parliament, the final deposition of Richard II, and the accession to the throne of Henry IV.

The date of Chaucer's birth was probably 1332; the date of his death was 1400. He was the son, tradition says, of a London vintner. Of his life but little is actually known. That he was well educated;

that he was a man of polished address; that he was a lawyer, a soldier, and a courtier; that he stood high in the favor of John of Gaunt; that he was once taken prisoner by the French; that he went several times as ambassador to foreign courts; that he was arrested and fined two shillings in his younger days for breaking the head of a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street; that at one time the king granted him a yearly pension of twenty marks (equal to 140 pounds at the present time), and at another a pitcher of wine daily; that these gifts were munificently supplemented by his generous patron; that he was an officer of the customs and a member of Parliament; that toward the end of his life he was deprived of nearly all his income, owing to the action of certain investigating and reforming committees appointed by the party opposed to John of Gaunt; that, in consequence, he was often in distress; that one of the first acts of Henry IV, upon his accession, was to relieve him; that he died soon after; and that he was buried in Westminster Abbey, the first of the long line of poets whose remains repose in that stately edifice—these facts are about all that we know with any degree of certainty of his career.

From his own writings we get various glimpses of his character. He himself tells us that he loved books.

“On bookes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem give I feyth and ful credence,”

he says, but he makes haste to add that he loves Nature even more, taking pains to assure us that, though he reverences his books

“So hertely that there is game noon
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But it be seldom on the holy day,
Save certeynly when that the moneth of May
Is comen, and that I here the *foules* singe, [birds]
And that the floures gynnen for to springe,
Farewell my boke and my devocioun.”

It is certain that no one but a genuine lover of Nature could have written the following passage descriptive of a summer morning:

“The busy lark, the messenger of day
Saluteth in her song the morrow gay,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the light!
And with his stremes dryeth in the *greves*, [groves]
The silver dropes, hanging on the leaves.”

It is equally certain that no one but a close and accurate observer of men could have gathered and shaped the abundant wisdom that adorns his pages. Experience alone teaches truths like the following:

"Ther n'is no werkeman, whatever he be,
Than can both werken wel and hastilie.
This wol be done at leisure parfaityl."

"The gretest clerks ben not the wisest men."

"For of fortunes, sharp adversitie
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperitie
And hit remember when it passed is."

"For out of the olde fieldes, as men saith,
Cometh al this newe corn fro yere to yere,
And out of olde bokes, in good faithe
Cometh al this newe science that men lere."

His gentle blood is often evident. He bids us remember that

"He is gentil that doth gentil dedes";

and one who could define a gentleman as well as he must have been worthy of the name himself:

"Loke who that is most vertuous alway
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay [*discreet and open*]
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the greatest gentilman."

He is moral and high-minded, too. Few of our poets have risen to a higher ethical plane than he in the line:

"Truth is the highest thing that man may keep."

We learn from the "Canterbury Tales" that he was modest, and, like various other bards of earlier and later days, inclined to be fat. Like other portly people, he was blessed with a charitable heart, a fondness for good eating and drinking, and an inexhaustible fund of witty stories and pungent epigrams. He dwells with peculiar relish on the description "of mighty ale a large quart," on the Wyf of Bath "with her jolie whistle wel ywette," and on the need of a man to have a long "spone, if he wold eat with a fend." His simple and joyous nature

is shown by his cordial love of flowers. He is especially fond of the daisy.

“Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun,”

he says, and adds, on reflection,

“That well by reason men it callen may
The daisie, or els the eye of day.”

Indeed, after all, he is glad to return to Nature, and gives, in a truly devout spirit, a reason that may perhaps account for his devotion to her when he characterizes her as

“Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord.”

Chaucer's works may be divided into three bundles corresponding roughly with three periods in his life. In his youth and early manhood he was much in France, in early middle life not a little in Italy, and so far as we know during the whole of his later days in England. The first bundle will contain “The Romaunt of the Rose,” “The Complaint to Pity,” “The Book of the Duchess,” and some minor poems, which are all directly or closely translated or imitated from the French and are French in form. In the second will be “Troilus and Criseyde,” “The Knight's Tale,” and “The Legend of Good Women,” for which Chaucer was indebted more or less to the Italian Boccaccio. The third will include “The Prologue” to the “Canterbury Tales” and a large share of the tales themselves, which are intensely English.

Throughout the French period Chaucer appears as an imitator; he was teaching himself to write, as James Russell Lowell finely says, as a child learns to speak, by watching the lips of those who can speak better than he. In the Italian period, to adopt the words of George Saintsbury, though his themes are still borrowed and though he still embroiders rather than weaves, he has become an individual, if not yet a consummate, poet. In the third or English period he is original both in matter and in manner. “Here,” as Dryden said, “is God's plenty.”

Chief among the works of this final period is that unrivalled collection of stories known as “The Canterbury Tales”; and it is on

these tales and the matchless narrative that connects them that Chaucer's reputation chiefly rests. They entitle him to be considered not only the first but perhaps the best of English writers of short stories. The best of them are the product of a mind prepared by long familiarity with men and things for its work, a mind mellowed and ripened by life but not yet soured or impaired by age. The versification, as Matthew Arnold says, is divinely liquid. The sly humor, the sympathy with common things, the easy style, and the frequent flashes of perfect poetry grow more fascinating with each perusal.

The "Canterbury Tales" were evidently left unfinished by the author. Of the plan outlined in the Prologue but little more than a fourth is comprised in the poem as it has come down to us. Even of those tales which we have a part are fragmentary. Links, too, are lacking here and there; verses are gone; and the manuscripts differ on many points. Some entire tales have been lost and some have been inserted.

Though the plan may have been suggested to Chaucer by that of Boccaccio's "Decameron," it had certainly been used by several earlier poets. He himself on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, meets at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, London, as any traveller might, with a mixed company bound upon a similar errand. Their host, Harry Bailey, a jolly fellow, proposes to accompany them to Canterbury; and suggests that it would be well to beguile the tedium of the way with stories, he who shall be adjudged to have told the most amusing tale to be treated on their return to the Tabard to a supper at the expense of the party. Although the shrewd inn-keeper's eye to business is clearly apparent in this proposal, it is accepted with alacrity. Chaucer, in the meantime, has been getting acquainted with the company, and he gives us the results of his observations in the series of portraits that compose the bulk of the "Prologue." It is agreed that each person shall tell four tales, two going and two returning.

In the tales as we have them there are 17,325 lines and 24 stories told by 23 people. The "Iliad" contains about 15,000 lines, "Paradise Lost" about 10,000, the "Æneid" about 10,000. If the full

plan had been carried out there would have been 136 tales, as in the company there are in reality 34 persons. The stories were not composed expressly for the Canterbury pilgrimage; Chaucer composed the pilgrimage to fit the stories. The manuscripts are so incomplete and fragmentary that it is evident the tales did not receive Chaucer's final revision. The characters of the pilgrims are as true to life as Shakespeare's. All say and do exactly what would be expected of



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

An illustration from Caxton's second edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed about 1488.
How many of the pilgrims do you recognize?

real men and women under the same circumstances. This is really the great charm of the tales. Chaucer seems purposely to choose his characters from the middle classes. In the "Canterbury Tales" there are no lords, no beggars, and no ladies. There are three women—the Nonne Prioress, the Attendant Nonne, and the Wyf of Bath. The men fall roughly into five classes. The Knight and his son, the Young Squyer, represent chivalry; the Clerk of Oxenford, the Man of Lawe, and the Doctor of Phisik, learned laymen; the Frankelyn, the Ploughman, and the Reeve, countrymen; the Monk, the Frere,

the three Priests, the Persoun, the Sompnour, and the Pardoner, nine in all, the church; the Schipman, the Coke, and twelve others different mechanical pursuits.

From the Tabard Inn the distance to Canterbury was 56 miles. It is now possible to make the journey in a trifle more than one hour. In Chaucer's day it was necessary to ride four days through morasses and woods. The roads, which were as a rule little more than bridle paths, usually ran along the tops of the ridges in order to avoid as far as possible the quagmires resulting from the total lack of drainage.

The stories told on the first day were those of the Knight, the Miller, the Reeve, and the Coke.

The Knight's Tale, which is 2249 lines long, is in brief as follows:

THE KNIGHT'S TALE

Theseus, Duke of Athens, on his way home after conquering and wedding Ipolita, queen of the Amazons, was met, when almost at the gates of his own city, by a company of ladies, clad all in black, who knelt two by two in the highway and made a great cry and woe. When he enquired why they perturbed so his triumph with crying, the oldest lady of them all informed him that they were the widows of Theban noblemen who had been put to death by the tyrant Creon, who now held sway in that city and refused burial to the bodies of their slain lords. They prayed him therefore to ride forth to Thebes and take suitable vengeance on Creon. Their sorrow so sank into his heart that, without entering Athens or stopping half a day to take his ease, he set out for Thebes, fought and slew Creon, won and razed the city, and restored to the ladies the bones of their husbands that were slain.

After the battle and discomfiture, there were found, in a pile of dead, two young knights of royal blood, Palamon and Arcite. Both were grievously wounded and both were carried prisoners to Athens, where for several years they were confined, Theseus refusing all terms of ransom.

This passeth yeer by yeer and day by day
Til it fell once upon a morn in May
That Emelie, that fairer was to seeene
Than is the lily in her stalkes greene,
And fresher than the May with flowres newe—
For with the rose colour strof her hewe—

came before daybreak into the garden which adjoined the tower where the two noble kinsmen were confined. This Emelie was the sister of Queen Ipolita. It so chanced that, while she gathered flowers and "heavenly song," she was seen from his prison window by Palamon, who therewithal blent and cried "a!" as that he "strongen were unto the herte." When Arcite set his eyes upon her he too fell straightway in love; her beauty hurt him so

"That if that Palamon is wounded sore
Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more."

The result was a long and none too amiable argument between the two young gentlemen, in which Palamon maintained that he saw her first and that Arcite was therefore in honor bound to banish all thought of her from his mind, while Arcite took the ground that love has nothing to do with law or logic and declared that he would win Emelie if he could in spite of Palamon.

The best friend of Duke Theseus was Duke Perotheus, who "loved wel Arcite." At the prayer of Perotheus, Theseus finally released Arcite on condition that, if he were ever caught in Attica, he with "a swerd should lese his heed." Far from being pleased with these arrangements, Arcite, because he could no longer see Emelie, declared that he must henceforth dwelle

"Nought in purgatorie, but in helle."

Palamon, on the other hand, was so fearful that his rival would come back with an army and win Emelie that the "grete tour resowneth of his yolling and clamour."

"Now, loveyeres, axe I this question,
Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon?
That on may se his lady day by day,
But in prisoun he moote dwelle alway;
That other may wher him lust ryde or go,
But seen his lady shal he never mo."

Arcite, indeed, after his return to Thebes, sorrowed to such an extent that he waxed lean and dry as any shaft. When he endured had a year or two this cruel torment, one day he caught a great myrour

"And saugh that changed was al his colour."

He therefore ventured to go back under the name of Philostrate to Athens, where he had the good fortune to obtain service as page of the chamber of Emelie the bright. So well did he acquit himself in this capacity that Theseus made him squire, after a year or two, of his own chamber, and "three year in this wise his life he led."

Palamon meantime had languished seven years in prison. In the seventh year in May, the third night soon after midnight, by help of a friend, however, he broke prison, and before day had hidden himself in a wood near Athens. When morning came,

"The busy larke, messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morne gray,
And fyry Phebus ryseth up so bright
That al the orient laugheth of the light."

Arcite, enchanted by the fairness of the day, rode out to do his observance to May, and loud he sang "against the sone-scheene,"

"May, with al thin floures and thy greene,
Welcom be thou, wel faire freissche May."

But, as your lover is "now up, now down, as boket in a welle," his joy was shortly followed by melancholy. He sat him down, as luck would have it, directly in front of the bushes where Palamon had hidden himself and cried:

"Ye slen me with your eyhen, Emelye!"

This was too much for Palamon, who "quook for ire" and started up as he were mad out of the bushes thick, crying "Arcite, false traitor wikke!" The upshot of the encounter was that they agreed the next day to fight it out there in the wood; and in the meantime, Arcite, like the true knight that he was, brought his foe meat and drink and cloth for his bedding.

When they met Palamon was in his fighting like a mad lion and like a cruel tiger was Arcite; but, as they contended up to their ankles in blood, their contest was interrupted by Duke Theseus, who, with Ipolita and Emelie, had ridden forth to hunt. On being discovered Palamon begged him to give neither of them mercy or refuge, crying "Slay me first, for sacred charity, but slay my fellow, too, as well as me, or slay him first, for this is Arcite." At this Theseus waxed mightily wroth; but the queen, for very womanhood, began to weep, and so did Emelie, whereupon, as pity runneth soon in gentle heart, aslaked was his mood, and he said:

"The god of love, a! *benedicite*,
How mighty and how great a lord is he!
Who may not be a fole, if that he love?

You know yourself that Emelie may not wed two. Therefore this day fifty weeks each of you shall bring a hundred knights to Athens, and the winner of the combat which we shall hold between them shall have Emelie to wife."

Both of the lovers acquiesced joyfully in this decision and set out to enlist knights for the tournament, while Theseus busied himself in building a theatre a mile about, walled of stone, and dyched all about. Eastward above the gate there were an oratory and an altar in worship of Venus, westward such another in mind and memory of Mars, and northward in a turret on the walls a third in honor of Diana.

At the appointed time, for love and for increase of chivalry, there came to Athens with the rivals a great company of noble warriors. Two hours before daybreak, on the morning set for the contest, Palamon repaired to the east gate and prayed to Venus that he might win Emelie; the goddess gave a sign that assured him that his prayer was granted. At the third hour up rose the sun and up rose Emelie, who at once went to the temple of Diana and begged the goddess that she might remain forever unwed, but was assured that she must marry one of her lovers, which the goddess would not tell. At the fourth hour Arcite betook himself to Mars, who assured him that he should be victorious.

Thereupon up rose in heaven such great strife between Venus, the goddess of love, and Mars, the stern god army-potent, that Jupiter was busy it to stent, until Saturn put an end to it by declaring that he knew a way to give Palamon his lady and yet allow Arcite to win the tournament. To make a long story short, though Palamon performed prodigies of valor in the combat, he was finally captured and adjudged loser; but, while Arcite was riding victorious about the lists, Saturn caused a fire infernal to frighten his horse, he was thrown violently, and so injured that, after lingering some days, he expired. Theseus, who loved him dearly, sought to comfort himself with this reflection:

"This world nys but a thurghfare ful of woe,
And we ben pilgrims passyng to and froe:
Deth is an end of every worldly sore."

However, after he had caused the remains to be burned with great pomp, he called Palamon and Emelie to him, and commanded them to wed, just-

fyng his decision on the ground that it is wisdom to "maken vertu of necessite."

"And thus with blys and eek with melodye
Hath Palamon y-wedded Emelie."

The Miller tells a story in which the chief character, a carpenter, plays an unheroic part, at which none of the pilgrims grieves except Osewald the Reeve, who is himself a carpenter. To get even, he follows with a tale about a miller who was made equally ridiculous. The Coke's story has been made familiar to everybody by Shakespeare's "As You Like It," but in all probability it was not written by Chaucer.

The first night was spent at Dartford, 14 miles from London. They slept late, and started again at ten o'clock, Harry Bailey distinguishing himself by swearing at everything. In fact, he rarely opens his mouth at all without letting fall several new oaths.

The first tale of the second day is told by the Man of Lawe, who prefixes his remarks by the declaration that all the good stories have been told already by one Geoffrey Chaucer. His story is the Tale of Constance, only daughter of the Roman Emperor Tiberius Constantine, who converted the people of Barbary and married the Sultan on condition that he become a Christian. Shortly after, the Sultan's mother killed her son at a banquet, and set Constance adrift on the sea. Carried to Britain, she was accused of murder, saved by her piety, and married to the King. The machinations of a second malicious queen-mother caused her, in the absence of her husband, to be set adrift a second time, along with her infant son. Picked up by a Roman fleet, she was restored first to her father, and finally to her husband, who had put his unnatural mother to death on returning home.

The Shipman's Tale, which is borrowed from Boccaccio, comes next; and it, in turn, is followed by that of the Prioress, the legend of Hugh of Lincoln, a little "clergioun," killed by the Jews in Asia. The child when living had loved the Virgin, who appeared to it as it was dying and put a grain under its tongue, so that still, though dead, it kept singing, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater*.

Harry Bailey, upon the completion of this tale, calls upon

Chaucer for something. The poet responds with the "Rime of Sir Thopas" which starts out as a playful burlesque on the endless rhyming romances so popular at that time. Thirty-three stanzas exhaust Harry Bailey's patience to such an extent that he cries out in a rage, "Mine eres aken for thy drasty speche," and demands some-



THE MONK

From an old manuscript in the University Library, Cambridge
The courtesy of the Macmillan Company, from "English Literature, An Illustrated Record"

thing in prose. Chaucer, however, has his revenge. He good-naturedly replies that he will tell a "litel thing in prose." This "litel thing" is the tale of Melibœus, a production 70 pages long and as dry as an old-fashioned country parson's sermon on a bright May morning, when the birds are singing out of doors. As Chaucer finishes they are approaching Rochester, 30 miles from London.

The Monk's tale follows. Harry wants a story of hunting, but he gets an account of various tragedies—Lucifer, Adam, Samson, Nebuchadnezzar, Balthazar, Hercules, Zenobia, Nero, Holofernes, Antiochus, Alexander, Cæsar, Cræsus, and about a dozen more. The knight objects; also the host. The Nonnes Preeste is then called upon to tell something merry. He responds with one of the finest tales in the collection, the story of Chanticleer and Dame Pertelote the Fox. The description of the hero is a careful study in color:

“His comb was redder than the fyn coral
 And batayled as it were a castel wal;
 His bil was blak and as the *geet* it schon. [jet]
 Like asure were his legges and his *ton*; [toes]
 His nayles whiter than the lily flour,
 And like the burnischt gold was his colour.”

The villain's picture is drawn with equal art:

“His colour was bitwixe yelow and reed;
 And tipped was his tail, and both his eeres
 With blak, unlik the remenaunt of his heres.
 His snowt was smal, with glowing *yen* tweye.” [eyes]

Chanticleer, like other husbands, discourses learnedly and somewhat disingenuously to his wife Dame Pertelote, even going so far in the impudence born of superior classical training to say to her:

“For, al so siker as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio;
 Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
 Woman is mannes joy and al his blis.”

For all his learning, however, he and his wives are real barnyard fowls, drawn to the life, as is evident from the following lines:

“And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
 For he had found a corn, lay in the yerd.”
 “He lokith as it were a grim lioun;
 And on his toon he rometh up and doun;
 Him deyneth not to set his foot to grounde.
 He chukkith, whan he hath a corn i-founde,
 And to him renneth then his wives alle.”
 “Faire in the sond, to bathe her merily,
 Lith Pertelote, and alle hir sustres by.
 Agayn the sonne.”

Upon this happy scene, like Satan into Paradise, came Dame Pertelote the Fox. Unlike Satan, however, he chose to beguile the husband rather than the wife, praising his heavenly voice until, ravished

by his flattery, Chanticleere stood high upon his toes, stretched his neck, held his eyes closed, and began to crow, whereupon Daun Russel by the garget (throat) hente Chanticleere and on his back toward the wood him bore. Such cry and lamentation was never made by the ladies of Troy when Pyrrhus hent King Priam by the beard, as made the hens when they beheld this sight. The noise roused the widow who owned the chickens and her daughters two; they cried, "Out! Harrow and welaway!" And after the fox they ran, as did likewise many another man and woman with a distaff in her hand. Ran cow and calf and also the very hogs. The ducks cried. The geese for fear flew over the trees. Out of the hive came the swarm of bees. "If I were you," said Chanticleere to Daun Russel, "I would say to these pursuers:

"Turneth again, ye proude cherles alle;
 A verray pestilence upon you falle.
 Now am I come unto this woodes syde,
Maugre your hede, the cok shal heer abyde; [*Despite*]
 I wol him ete in faith, and that anon."

The fox answered: "In faith it shall be done." As soon, however, as he opened his mouth, the cock broke nimbly away, and high upon a tree he flew at once. The moral, to quote the words of the fox when he perceived that his prey had escaped, is: "God give him mischance that jangleth when he should hold peace."

Harry Bailey applauds this tale, and with it the second day ends.

The third day opens with the story of the Doctor of Phisik. There is no introduction. The story is that of Virginius, which can be read in a modern form in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." It has a deep effect on Harry Bailey.

" 'Harrow!' quod he, 'by nayles and by blood.
 This was a cursed thief, a fals justice.' "

The Pardoner follows, but has to stop for a glass of ale and a cake before beginning. His story tells how riotous persons were undone by their own vice. Three revellers are directed by an old man to a wood in which he tells them they will find death. They go thither intending to slay him. Instead of death they find more than eight bushels of gold florins. One of their number is sent for bread and wine, while the others guard the treasure. While he is gone, they plot his death. He, in turn, poisons two of the three

bottles of wine which he brings. Thus all meet Death, and the prophecy of the beggar is accomplished. At this point the Pardoner begins to try to sell pardons to the company, which nearly causes a riot. After order has been to some extent restored, the Wyf of Bath has her opportunity. She is probably the most remarkable character of the work. She has had five husbands and would like another. She tells all about these unfortunate gentlemen and how she got rid of them. The Pardoner has been flirting with her, but her prologue, which, quite in keeping with her character, is much longer than her story, seems to cool his ardor somewhat.

Her story is of the Knight Florentius, who was condemned to death unless he could, within a certain time, answer the question, "What do all women most desire?" He was returning to his death, when he met a horrible hag in a wood, who offered to save his life if he would marry her. He consented; she told him to answer that what women most desire is sovereignty over man; his life was saved in consequence, and he married her, though with loathing, whereupon she was transformed into a lovely maiden. Asked whether he would have her fair at night or by day, he replied that she might decide; by this proof of perfect obedience, the spell which bound her was completely broken and henceforth she was lovely both day and night.

The Summoner and Friar follow with tales intended to heap ridicule on each other. The pilgrims are now 40 miles from London and they stop for dinner. Meanwhile the Clerk is called upon, and tells the story of Patient Griselda, "The flower of wifely patience," which he professes to have learned from Petrarch. Griselda's husband pretends to kill her children and heaps all sorts of other indignities upon her, all of which she bears without complaint.

The merchant thinks Griselda is too good to be real, so he relates his own experience, and tells a story of an old man married to a young wife. With this the third day ends. They are now 46 miles from London.

In the morning, the Squyer tells the story of Cambuscan (Ghenghis Khan—1227—the terror of China), a most beautiful tale, though

unfinished. It drew from Milton the wish that we might have back Musæus or Orpheus, or

"him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Cambell and of Algarsife
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride."

(*Il Penseroso*, 109-115)

Next a rather uninteresting story from the second nun is interrupted by the appearance of a rascally alchemist and his servant. The former announces to the company that he can make gold; but Harry Bailey shrewdly asks why he doesn't get himself some decent clothes, if that is really the case. Thereupon his servant declares that the alchemist is a fraud, and tells a story of a similar deceit by a similar trickster, while his master for very shame runs away.

Everybody but the parson has now entertained the company, but he refuses to tell an idle tale, and insists on giving a long moral sermon in prose. The subject is penitence. Some critics hold that Chaucer was a Wickliffite, and that his homily was originally in defence of Wickliffe's views, but has failed to come down to us as he wrote it.

Chaucer did not invent these plots. Like Shakespeare, he originated none of them. In common with Virgil, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson, he drew without scruple from every source that he knew and all that he touched he improved. Here, indeed, is the true alchemy. A tale goes into the crucible of his genius base iron or brass; it comes forth pure gold. For those days, he was learned. With Latin, French, and Italian he was familiar. He knew Ovid and Lucan and Virgil. He pillaged from the Seven Sages and the "*Disciplina Clericalis*." He borrowed several tales from Boccaccio. He was indebted also, though not to any great extent, to Petrarch; and he owes to Dante obligations which, though less apparent than his obligations to those already mentioned, are far deeper and greater than they.

Of Chaucer's dialect a word must be said. The difficulties of understanding him have been much exaggerated. Matthew Arnold

says they are no greater than the difficulties of understanding Burns; and like them ought to be unhesitatingly met and overcome. The principal facts that the student should keep in mind are that many of his words still retain the French accent; that the final e is to be pronounced as a separate syllable except when it is followed by a word beginning with a vowel or the letter h; and that the past termination of the verb, "ed," is usually a separate syllable. Some traces of Anglo-Saxon grammar, like the inflections of the personal and possessive pronouns, and a few Teutonic verb forms are still retained. In spite of this, the service which Chaucer performed for the language, by harmonizing its elements and creating a uniform standard for written speech, in place of the chaos that reigned before his day, was incalculable.

Many writers have endeavored to modernize his tales, but without success. Dryden, Pope, and Wordsworth can reproduce the substance of his verse, but its charm is so subtle and evanescent that it vanishes when an attempt is made even by the most skilful and loving hands to transplant it from its quaint mediæval soil into our modern speech. Their attempts to modernize Chaucer remind one, indeed, of Emerson's experience when, charmed by the beauty of the shells on the seashore, he gathered a few of them:

"I fetched my seaborn treasures home,
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the wind and the waves and the wild uproar."

In Chaucer's own day he was very popular. One of his contemporaries called him "the grete translateur." Another hailed him as the "floure of eloquence." A third gave him the epithet of "the noble rethor poete of Britayne." His works were among the first printed by Caxton. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, and James I, to say nothing of scores of inferior writers in the generation immediately following his death, were enthusiastic disciples and at times slavish imitators of his methods. Occleve made our only portrait of him and bewailed his death in lines that ring clear with sincerity:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent,
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
O universal fadir in science."

Posterity has regarded Chaucer with varying favor. Caxton declared him the first of English poets. Dryden called him a perpetual fountain of good sense. Spenser's "well of English undefiled" has become proverbial. Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Howitt, Warton, Waller, Akenside, Thomson, Lowell, Taine, are loud in his praise. Cowley thought he was unmusical. To Byron he seemed contemptible. Johnson grudgingly admitted his merit. But his place in literature is fixed. His fame is secure. Spenser is more richly fanciful than he, Dryden more vigorous, Pope smoother and wittier, Milton more sublime, Byron more fiercely passionate, Swinburne and Tennyson more varied and splendid in technique, Wordsworth higher and purer from a moral standpoint, Shelley and Browning fuller of the essential fire and essence of purely spiritual things—but none of our other poets, except Shakespeare himself, is so natural, so gay, so easy, and so thoroughly at home and in sympathy with the little things that after all go to make up the greater part of the vast majority of lives as Geoffrey Chaucer.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is the historic background that makes the career of Geoffrey Chaucer a plea for the affirmative upon the question, "Are periods of literary activity usually associated with periods of great political and material activity?"
2. From the standpoint of historical importance, what is the radical difference between Chaucer and his contemporaries?
3. What three national points of view played a special part in the shaping of Chaucer's mind?
4. Why is it better to overcome the difficulties of dialect and read Chaucer in the original than to read modernized versions?
5. Is the character of Chaucer revealed in his works?
6. Make a three-minute speech concerning the things that Chaucer would enjoy in our day.
7. Why should an American man or woman read Chaucer?
8. Name three romances of Chaucer other than those found in the "Canterbury Tales."
9. Name eight of the characters who went upon the Canterbury Pilgrimage.
10. Write a five-hundred-word sketch presenting the itinerary, the characters, and the stories told on the Canterbury pilgrimage.

Suggested Readings.—By all means the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," the "Knight's Tale," and the "Nun's Priest's Tale," all in the original, even if it seems a bit hard at first. Lowell's "Essay on Chaucer" is also too good to omit reading.

CHAPTER VII

THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES (1400-1500)

"The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens."—*Coleridge*.

"Robin Hood, the English ballad singer's joy."—*Wordsworth*.

"Malory, who reaches one hand to Chaucer and one to Spenser, escaped the stamp of a particular epoch and bequeathed a prose epic to literature."—*Alice D. Greenwood*.

"William Caxton, our first printer."—*E. Gordon Duff*.

THE century that follows the death of Chaucer is justly considered the most barren in English literature. This is due largely to the fact that it was a period of civil war. The conflicts of the houses of York and Lancaster to secure the throne, which are commonly known as the War of the Roses, kept the land in a state bordering on anarchy. Henry IV (1399-1413) had a struggle to establish his authority; Henry V (1413-1422) gave promise of being a wise, strong, and good king, but unfortunately died young; the first half of the reign of his son, Henry VI (1422-1460), was marked by disaster abroad and the latter half by rebellion at home; though Edward IV (1460-1483) did indeed prove a reasonably strong monarch, his son Edward V was murdered, 1483; and Richard III (1483-1485) waded through slaughter to the throne. It was not until the accession of Henry VII (1485-1509), the first of the Tudor kings, that there was much chance for literature to flourish.

Chaucer's genius, as was natural, produced a horde of imitators both in England and in Scotland. The first of these in time was John Gower (1320-1408), whom Chaucer half mockingly called the "moral Gower," an epithet which has ever since clung to him. Being uncertain whether French, Latin, or English would eventually prove the literary language of England, in order to make his fame secure he composed the "Speculum Meditantis" in French, the "Vox Clamantis" in Latin, and the "Confessio Amantis" in English. These are all intolerably dull. James Russell Lowell says he did not know how to rhyme and Coleridge calls him almost worthless. Thomas Occleve (1370-1454), author of the "Governail of Princes,"

has two titles to our regard: first, he made the only portrait of Chaucer that we have; second, he wrote these lines:

"O master dear and father reverent,
My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
Mirror of fructuous intendement,
O universal father in science!"

John Lydgate (1373–1460) was a voluminous monk of Bury, who wrote the "Story of Thebes," the "Destruction of Troy," etc. He was enormously popular in his own century, "because," says George Saintsbury, "he united all its own worst faults."

In Scotland the imitators of Chaucer were more numerous and more poetical than those in England. Among them were King James I (1394–1437), who wrote the "King's Quhair (Quire)"; Robert Henryson (c. 1425–c. 1500), "Scholemaster of Dunfermeling," and author of "Moral Fabillis of Esope," "Orpheus and Eurydice," and "The Testament of Cresseid"; William Dunbar (c. 1460–c. 1520), a half vagabond friar of noble birth, who produced over a hundred short poems; and Gavin Douglas (c. 1475–1522), Bishop of Dunkeld, who has the distinction of being our first translator of Virgil. The best of these poets was Dunbar, whom Sir Walter Scott thought superior to Burns. The following description of a giant may serve as a sample of his style:

"Eleven mile wide met (measure) was his mouth,
His teeth was ten ell square.
He would upon his toës stand
And take the stars down with his hand
And set them in a gold garland
Above his wyfis hair."

Along with these learned and courtly imitators of Chaucer there flourished in Scotland many popular writers, whose names are now lost but whose poems survive. One interest of these lies in the fact that they are direct poetic ancestors of Burns, redolent of field and kennel. The metre of "Peblis to the Play" and "Cristis Kirk on the Grene" is identical with that of Burns's "Holy Fair" and "Holy Willie's Prayer"; and the "Wowing of Jok and Jynny" begins exactly like his "Duncan Gray."

"Robeyn's Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our first even when we were fou."

Some of them, however, especially those filled with "browneis and

bogilis," have an interest of their own. Such is the story of "Gyre Carling," in which a witch escapes her lover by turning herself into a sow and going "grunting to the Greik Sie," where she marries Mahomet and becomes queen of the Jews, whereat the cocks of Cramond cease to crow and the hens of Haddington will not lay. Such, too, is the yarn of King Berdok, who for seven years wooed the cuckoo of Maryland, and yet "she was but yeiris thre." This



Paper-Making in the Fifteenth Century

From "Stande and Handwerker," by Jobst Amman. Used by the courtesy of the Macmillan Company, from "English Literature, An Illustrated Record"

bonny bird had but one eye. Berdok finally abducted her in a bag on his back, but when he opened it he found it full of gulls. Mercury saved him from the wrath of the faery king by turning him into a bracken bush. Some of these poems have a touch of nature which remains fresh; for example:

"Go walk upon some river fair,
Go take the fresh and wholesome air,
Go look upon the flowery fell.
Go feel the herbē's pleasant smell."

The best English poetry of the period was also popular in character. It consists of songs and ballads. These are not interchangeable terms, though both songs and ballads were designed to be sung. A song is a lyric; that is, it expresses some mood or feeling; in other words, it is subjective. A ballad, on the other hand, is epic; it tells a story: it is objective.

Most of the songs of the period are simple, but some of them perfectly express a state of feeling, which is the precise function of a song. For example:

“Trolly, lolly, loly, lo,
Syng trolly, loly lo.
My love is to the grene wode gone
And after wyll I go;
Sing trolly, loly, lo, lo, ly, lo.”

Others tell a story, as this does:

“Maiden in the moon lay
Seven nights full and a day;
Well, what was her meat?
The primrose and the violet.
Well, what was her dring?
The chill water of the spring.
Well, what was her bower?
The red rose and the lily flower.”

Some still popular student songs, among them the “Gaudeamus Igitur,” are found in the song collections of the fifteenth century.

A ballad is a narrative poem without any known author, meant for singing, and handed down by oral tradition. Conditions favorable to the making of such poetry ceased to exist after the fifteenth century. Bishop Percy in 1765 printed a collection of ballads under the title of “Reliques of Ancient England Poetry,” which restored them to their rightful place in our literature; and F. J. Child between 1892 and 1898 published in Boston in five volumes a collection of “English and Scottish Popular Ballads,” which practically exhausts the subject. This work contains 305 ballads and 1300 versions, as many of them have come down to us in several forms. These poems deal with border warfare, as is seen in “Chevy Chace” and the “Battle of Otterburn;” with the sea, like the grand old ballad of “Sir Patrick Spens;” with life under the greenwood tree, especially as exemplified in the life and deeds of Robin Hood; with tragedy, comedy, and

love. At their best they tell a good story and are fresh with the open air, with wind, and with sunshine. Take them all in all, they are among the most attractive of English poems. Several writers in the last two centuries have imitated them with success, especially Longfellow in his "Skeleton in Armor" and Coleridge in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Still, the old ballads have a flavor which no modern writer has been able entirely to reproduce. ♪

English prose, on the other hand, was hardly written between 1400 and 1500, though parliamentary and legal business began to be transacted in the vernacular instead of in Latin or French. Three generations of the Pastons, a well-to-do Norfolk family, however, preserved their letters and business documents, and these afford a good picture of the times. They show a state of anarchy which must have made life quite as exciting as that depicted in Parkman's histories or Cooper's novels. Children had a hard time. Dame Agnes Paston, for example, after one of her sons had been graduated from college and had begun the study of law in London, writes to his tutor praying him, if the boy fails to get his lessons, to "trewely belassch hym tyl he will amend, and so did the last mayster and the best that evir he had, att Caumbrege." Daughters were regarded as expensive encumbrances. Dame Agnes taunted hers constantly, forbade her to speak to anyone, and beat her sometimes twice a day. The only sign of parental affection in the letters is in the anxiety of one John about his "lytell Jak"; he writes, "Modyr I beseche yow that ye wolbe good mastras to my lytell man and to se that he go to scole." Books were supplied by professional scribes, and were so expensive that students rented rather than bought them. A cheap Bible cost two marks, nearly seven dollars, the equivalent of \$70.00 to-day, and a handsome folio about twice as much.

Better times, however, were at hand. About 1450 the first printing press was set up at Mainz in Germany. The art was carried in 1465 to Italy, in 1470 to France, in 1471 to Holland, in 1473 to Belgium and Austria, in 1474 to Spain, and finally in 1476 by William Caxton to England. He had previously owned a press at Bruges, whence in 1475 he had issued the "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy," the first book printed in the English language, and the "Game

and playe of the Chesse." The first two large books which he printed in England were Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and the "History of Jason." Thenceforward, until his death in 1491, Caxton must have been a very busy man. He printed in all over 50 books, of which at least a third were translations which he made himself. For these and many of the others he wrote prologues and epilogues. The list includes history, romance, poetry, books of devotion, and school books. Aside from his position as the father of English printing, Caxton has two great claims to our gratitude. He was such an ardent admirer of Chaucer that he set up a tablet in Westminster Abbey to his memory; and he labored to unify the English language, which worried him, as it worries some people of to-day, because it altered so rapidly. "Certaynly," he wrote, "our langage now used varyeth ferre from that whiche was used and spoken when I was borne." The fact that changes went on at different paces in different places made dialects that it was hard to understand; for instance, when a merchant asked a woman for "eggs," she thought he was speaking French, so he had to demand "eyren." "And thus," writes the old printer, "between playn, rude, and curious I stand abashed, but in my judgemente the comyn that be dayli used ben lyghter to be understonde than the olde and auntyent englysshe."

One of the most interesting and important phenomena that resulted from the introduction of printing was the impetus it gave to the writing of prose. So long as books were scarce and dear, oral transmission of literary material retained an importance which it is now hard to comprehend. So long as such oral transmission retained its importance, metrical composition remained supreme. The mediæval romances are almost without exception in verse. When Caxton began to print, however, he found that the reading public bought prose more readily than poetry. In his effort to satisfy this preference he himself made a compilation of stories known as the "Golden Legend" and he printed a compilation of the stories of King Arthur under the title of the "Morte d' Arthur."

The latter is on the whole the most important book of the fifteenth century. Its author, Sir Thomas Malory, was probably a Lancas-

trian knight who perished as a result of the triumph of the House of York. It was completed about 1461.

Malory modernized, unified, and humanized the Arthurian



From the *Metrical Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion* (1528). The courtesy of the Macmillan Company from "English Literature, An Illustrated Record"

legends, and did his work so well that even Tennyson with his "Idylls of the King" cannot be said entirely to have supplanted it. As Caxton in his preface quaintly and truly says, "Herein may be

seen noble chivalrye, curtosye, humanyte, friendynesse, hardynesse, love, friendship, cowardyce, murdre, hate, vertue, and synne."

Throughout the century, however, the intellectual life of the nation was centred mostly in Oxford and Cambridge. The former had been at least since 1200 the seat of a great university. King John in 1209 had frightened 3000 students away from its cloisters by hanging three of their number for a crime which somebody else had committed. Cambridge University was in existence in 1229. The early history of both institutions was marked by brawls between town and gown, the history of which sounds strangely familiar to an American who has as *Alma Mater* one of our newer colleges. The shifts to which impecunious students were put in order to continue their education also smack strangely of the United States. They handled shovels, carried earth and bricks, waited at table, begged on the highway, and sang from door to door. Here, however, the resemblance ends. The faculties were composed exclusively of members of the clergy. The course of study for the undergraduate consisted of the *trivium*, which comprised grammar, logic, and rhetoric; when these had been mastered he was proclaimed *Artium Baccalaureus*, "Bachelor of Arts," and passed to the study of the *quadrivium*—arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy—his conquest of which was rewarded by the degree of *Artium Magister*, "Master of Arts." Instead of passing written examinations, the student was compelled to debate in public and to deliver lectures. When he completed his course he knew about as much grammar, geography, and arithmetic as a boy now does when he enters the high school, enough music to sing a mass, and enough astronomy to determine the date of Easter. He could argue skilfully about questions that are not worth arguing about, but he knew next to nothing about literature and nothing about science. If by chance he showed a taste for the latter, he was suspected of an alliance with the Saracens or the devil. From this state of darkness England was rescued in the sixteenth century by those two great world movements which are known as the Renaissance and the Reformation.

The following table may serve at once as a historical review of the fifteenth century and a guide to illustrative reading:

Kings	Events	Contemporary Literature	Modern Literature
Henry IV.... 1399-1413	Welsh and Civil Wars.	1408 Death of Gower.	Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Parts 1 and 2.
Henry V.... 1413-1422	English defeat French at Agincourt 1415.	1420 Caxton born. 1424 Paston letters begin.	Shakespeare's "Henry V."
Henry VI.... 1422-1461	Joan of Arc d. 1431; Cade's Rebellion. War of Roses.	1425 Henryson born. 1437 Death of James I of Scotland. 1450 Printing invented. 1454 Death of Occleve. 1460 Death of Lydgate. Birth of Dunbar. Birth of Skelton. 1461 "Morte d' Arthur" written.	Shakespeare's "Henry VI," Parts 1, 2, and 3.
Edward IV.. 1461-1484	Battle of Towton, 1461.	1475 Birth of Gavin Douglas. 1476 Caxton sets up press.	Bulwer Lytton's "Last of the Barons."
Edward V... 1483	E. murdered.		
Richard III.. 1483-1485	Battle of Bosworth, 1485.	1499 Erasmus and Colet settle in Oxford.	Shakespeare's "Richard III."
Henry VII.... 1485-1509		1506 Paston letters end.	Kipling's "The Wrong Thing."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Describe the political conditions that crushed literary activity during the fifteenth century.
2. Gower wrote in three languages. What were they and why were they those which they were?
3. What is the difference between a song and a ballad?
4. What were the themes of some of the fifteenth century ballads?
5. How would you describe Chaucer's influence upon this century?
6. Is there a connection between the invention of printing and the end of the ballad era: if so, what?
7. Before printing was invented, how were books made?
8. What prose work of this century has had the most influence on modern literature?
9. Compare the studies of the life of a student at Oxford in the fifteenth century with those of a student at some American college in the twentieth.
10. By reference to an encyclopædia, write an outline of the development of the mechanics of printing from Caxton's time to our own.

Suggested Readings.—Dip into Malory for an hour or so, and read the ballads contained in Ward's "English Poets."

CHAPTER VIII

A CENTURY OF EXPANSION (1500-1600)

"Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame."—*Pope*.

"'Utopia,' the one work by More which still lives in all the freshness of youth."—*T. M. Lindsay*.

"The best features of the translation of 1611 are derived from the version of Tyndale."—*Marsh*.

"I had rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost my Ascham."—*Queen Elizabeth*.

"Sonnets are of fouretene lynes, every line conteyning tenne syllables. The first twelve do ryme in staves of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole."—*George Gascoigne*.

"Mr. Chetwind fell commending of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity' as the best book and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly."—*Samuel Pepys*.

"Sidney was a refinement upon nobility."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"The most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman."—*Hume*.

IN the sixteenth century the world became bigger physically, intellectually, and morally. This phenomenon was due to three circumstances—the progress of discovery, the Renascence, and the Reformation. Under Henry VII (1485-1509) the Renascence, or Revival of Learning, made a good beginning; under Henry VIII (1509-1547), Edward VI (1547-1553), and Mary (1553-1559) the war of English religious independence was fought; and in the reign of Elizabeth (1559-1603), as the ripe fruit of all three forces, there came a period of literary achievement unequalled in the annals of mankind. In this result that great work of geographical expansion which began with the discovery of America had no small share in kindling men's imaginations.

In 1453 the Turks captured Constantinople and brought to an end the Roman Empire of the East. This event had been long foreseen and in anticipation of it many Greek scholars had fled to Italy. Here they established themselves as teachers of those literary masterpieces of Greece which had been forgotten for ten centuries in western Europe. The discovery of America was probably received with less enthusiasm than the rediscovery, thus made, of the "Iliad"

and the "Odyssey," of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, of Pindar and Theocritus, of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Plato and Xenophon, and above all of the Greek Testament. The movement thus inaugurated is known as the Renaissance, or New Birth. It spread until it became the mark of all well-educated men and women to read, write, and speak Latin, and to know something of Greek. It revolutionized literary style. It hastened the translation of the Scriptures and thus afforded powerful aid to the Reformation. Finally, it broke up the system of mediæval education that prevailed in the universities.

The pioneers of the movement in England were John Colet, William Grocyn, Thomas Linacre, and Thomas More. All of them had much Greek and more Latin. Colet founded St. Paul's School. Linacre wrote a Latin grammar which, revised by William Lily and others, became and still is the "Eton Latin Grammar." Sir Thomas More wrote in Latin a book on sociology which remains one of the world's classics. Probably modelled on Plato's "Republic," it presents the author's idea of an ideal state and is therefore with quaint propriety called "Utopia," which means, "No Place." The teacher and leader of all of these humanists, as they came to be called, was the great Dutch scholar Erasmus, who resided for several years in England. In 1520 one-ninth of all the books sold by a certain Oxford bookseller were from his pen. Before 1545 his "Enrichirion," a small religious treatise, had passed through 75 editions; before 1546 his "Colloquia," a Latin book for beginners, had been reprinted no less than 98 times.

The result of all this was a revolution in educational methods and ideals. In his "Booke of the Governour" (1531), Sir Thomas Elyot (1490-1546) lays down a course of study for a boy who is destined to be a ruler. Up to seven he is to be in charge of a nurse; from seven to fourteen he must learn music, painting, carving, Æsop's "Fables," Lucian's "Dialogues," and Homer. Physical training is amply provided for. He is to wrestle, swim, dance, shoot with the crossbow, and play tennis. Football, however, is forbidden, because "there is nothing therein but beastly furie and external violence, whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice do

remain with them that be wounded." The student should contrast this curriculum with that of the preceding century.

That deep dissatisfaction with the corruption of the mediæval church which is foreshadowed by Chaucer's satire and Wickliffe's sermonizing enabled Martin Luther in Germany, 1513, to denounce indulgences and in 1520 to burn a papal bull without alienating popular or princely favor. The result was that great religious movement which is known as the Reformation. In England it culminated



The High Street, Oxford

in 1531 in a proclamation which declared Henry VIII the sole head of the English church and in 1539 in the suppression of the abbeys. Among its causes was a new translation of the Bible by William Tyndale.

His life, which was largely devoted to the accomplishment of this great task, was probably quite as full of excitement and danger as that of Kit Carson or Jesse James. He was born in Gloucestershire about 1484, took his M.A. degree at Oxford 1515, became a tutor and preacher at Sodbury, and about 1520, in consequence of his difficulties in reaching the minds and hearts of his parishioners,

decided that a new translation of the Bible was needed. In 1523, in order to carry out this design, he went up to London, where he encountered such opposition from those high in church authority that he found it necessary to flee to Hamburg. Thence he was pursued to Cologne and to Worms, but succeeded, 1525, in sending to England two editions of the New Testament, one in quarto and one in octavo. The king, Henry VIII, decided, 1527, that it should be "brenned." Prohibition, however, proved a failure. New editions



The Dining Hall at Christ Church College, Oxford

were multiplied. Meanwhile Tyndale, pursued from place to place, was busy upon the translation of the Old Testament. Finally, in May, 1535, he was seized at Antwerp, and on October 6, 1536, was put to death at Vilvorde. But his work was done. The New Testament was already common in England, and he had finished the "Pentateuch" and "Jonah" of the Old. Miles Coverdale, afterward Bishop of Exeter, took up the task where Tyndale left it. Times had now changed; his work was approved both by Archbishop Cranmer and the king, and in 1540 the Great Bible, as it came to

be called, was finally set up in churches. The translation which was thus completed remains essentially the Bible of to-day.

The effect of the Reformation was in one respect disastrous. In 1539 Henry VIII suppressed the religious houses that had previously been the only seats of learning in the nation. The destruction of books that followed was enormous. Libraries that had been collected through centuries vanished in a moment. Precious manuscripts were used by grocers as wrapping paper. The leaves of the old theologians were blown about by the wind even in the courts of Oxford. Tons of priceless tomes were shipped to the Continent. It is certain that many of the treasures of early English literature thus disappeared forever. The number of students who were graduated from Oxford fell from 108 in 1535 to an average of 57 in Henry's reign and 33 in Edward's. Another class also suffered by the closing of the religious houses. The monasteries had kept their doors open to beggars. Thomas Harmon, who calls himself a "poore gentleman," tried to supply their place by keeping open house for all sorts of paupers, but gradually discovered that the objects of his charity were mostly professional impostors; analyzed their "depe dissimulation and detestable dealyng"; and gave his discoveries to the world in "A Caveat or Warning for Common Corsetors, vulgarely called Vagabondes."

The destruction of the old learning, however, was by no means an unmitigated evil. It was like the ploughing of an old field. The havoc it created was only the prelude to a richer life. The crop that resulted was unequalled in the annals of literature. Before the end of the century England had produced, beside a horde of lesser writers, the prince of all poets and the prince of all philosophers.

Among the earliest poets to feel the new impulses was a clergyman and courtier named John Skelton (1460-1529), who has been called the father of English doggerel. Nobody was safe against his satire, his victims ranging from two of his parishioners who refused to attend church to Cardinal Wolsey, whom he called a "malyncoly mastyf" and "mangye curre dog," with a "wolyus hede; wanne, bloo as lede." He himself describes his verse as "ragged, tattered, and jagged," yet he was proclaimed poet-laureate at Oxford, became tutor

to Henry VIII, was praised by Erasmus, was an honored assistant of William Caxton, and is the author of at least one immortal poem, the following lines to "Maystres Margaret Hussey: "

" Mirry Margaret,	Her demenyng
As mydsomer flowre,	In everythyng,
Jentill as fawcoun	Far, far, passyng
On hawke of the towre :	That I can endyght
With solace and gladness,	Or suffyce to wryght
Moche mirthe and no madnes,	Of mirry Margaret,
All good and no badnes,	As mydsomer flowre
So joyously,	Jentyll as fawcoun
So maydenly,	Or hawke of the towre."
So womanly,	

In Scotland two writers of the period deserve notice. The first, Sir David Lindsay (1490–1555), the personal attendant of James V, was a skilful poet and an ardent reformer. His wit is shown in his "Complaint," in which he asks the king for a loan, which he promises to repay when kirkmen cease to crave dignities, when wives no longer desire sovereignty over their husbands, or when a winter passes without snow, wind, frost, or rain. His serious zeal is seen in his "Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaites," a play of such impressive dimensions that its representation lasted from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M.

The other writer was John Knox (1505–1572), the leader of the Scottish Reformation and its chief literary exponent. His most picturesque work, his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," was written because his desire to preach in England and Scotland was thwarted by the two Catholic queens who, in 1558, occupied their thrones. In this book he seeks, by citing the classical writers, the Roman law, the Bible, and the fathers, to prove that "to promote a woman to beare rule, superiorite, dominion, or empire above any Realme, Nation, or Citie is repugnant to nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance." His "Historie of the Reformation in Scotland" has the honor of being the first and one of the best prose works of that nation. Written to justify the reformers, it aroused bitter hatred as well as warm approbation. His foes called him a fanatical incendiary, his friends the light of Scotland. Right or wrong, he was a man—keen, vigorous, fearless. He has one claim

to the gratitude of the Scotch the value of which cannot be disputed: he founded a system of free public schools in his native land three centuries before one was established in England. The result can best be stated in the words of Macaulay: "An improvement such as the world has never seen took place in the moral and religious character of the people. Soon, in spite of the rigor of the climate, in spite of the sterility of the earth, Scotland became a country which had no reason to envy the fairest portions of the globe. Wherever the Scotchman went—and there were few parts of the world to which he did not go—he carried his superiority with him."

In his educational work Knox was powerfully assisted by George Buchanan (1506–1582), who was at once a great poet and a great teacher. His life was consecrated to the study of the classical writers and their interpretation. His most famous work was a translation into Latin of the Psalms, which, until recent years, was read in every Scotch school where Latin was taught. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who despised most Scotchmen, was an enthusiastic admirer of Buchanan. When somebody asked him what he would have said of Buchanan if he had been an Englishman, Johnson replied: "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines written in iambic pentameters and divided into two stanzas, one of eight and one of six lines. In the following sonnet Wordsworth at once shows its form, tells its history, and explains its power:

"Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief.
The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

When the Renaissance turned the attention of cultured Englishmen to Italy, Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503–1542) discovered the sonnets of Petrarch and introduced the form into English literature. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1516–1547), likewise a child of the Renaissance, made an even more important contribution to English literature, by importing iambic pentameter blank verse, the measure in which are written Shakespeare's plays, Milton's "Paradise Lost," Wordsworth's "Excursion," and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Nor does their interest end here. In Wyatt we find what has been called the personal note, a characteristic hitherto absent from English poetry. Surrey translated Virgil, was arrested for eating meat in Lent and breaking windows with a cross-bow, was a soldier and a lover, and was beheaded because Henry VIII feared that he might aspire to the throne. Their joint work formed a sort of handbook for the poets who followed.

Those poets were so numerous and so excellent that the England of Elizabeth has been likened to a nest of singing birds. Only a few can be mentioned here. Thomas Sackville (1536–1608) planned the "Mirror for Magistrates," a huge work in which are depicted the follies and mistakes of past as a warning to future rulers; and wrote "The Induction," or preface, which challenges comparison with Virgil's picture of Tartarus and Dante's "Inferno." Thomas Tusser (1524–1580) wrote on agriculture. In his poem on the "Properties of Wind," he says:

"Except wind stands as never it stood
It is an ill wind turns none to good."

In the Farmer's "Daily Diet":

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

In "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry":

"Such master, such man;
Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing;"

"'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all."

"Naught venture, naught have."

Sir Edward Dyer (1545–1607) wrote “My Mind to me a Kingdom Is,” a magnificent didactic poem. John Lyly’s lyric, beginning

“Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid,”

is one of the most attractive in the language. “Content,” “Sephestia’s Song to her Child,” and the “Shepherd’s Wife’s Song,” by Robert Green (1560–1592) are filled with sweetness and light. Christopher Marlowe’s (1564–1593) “Hero and Leander” in melody is a not unworthy predecessor of Keats’s “Endymion,” and his “Passionate Shepherd to his Love” is a perfect lyric. The latter was answered by Sir Walter Raleigh (1552–1618) in “The Nymph’s Reply,” which is quite its equal. Sir Walter’s other poems—“The Silent Lover,” “The Lie,” “The Sonnet to Spenser,” and the lines he wrote the night before his execution—are classics. Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) is the author of a number of the best sonnets in the English language. All of these poets, however, sink into insignificance when compared with Edmund Spenser. Spenser, indeed, is so important that he must have a chapter to himself.

The English prose of this period was also rich and varied. It owes its inspiration partly to the Renaissance, partly to the Reformation, and partly to the new spirit of English nationality; and comprises literary criticism, history, fiction, and theology.

The first faint beginnings of English literary criticisms are discoverable in those passages of the “Canterbury Tales” in which the pilgrims object to the “Rime of Sir Thopas” and the “Monk’s Tale.” In his prefaces Caxton in an uncritical but sensible fashion added something to the beginning thus made. Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheke, and Thomas Wilson in the early part of Elizabeth’s reign went further still. Of these men Ascham was the most noteworthy, the chief idea for which he stood being the use of plain English, a sound morality in art, and the imitation of the writers of antiquity. In 1597 Stephen Gosson, who had been converted to puritanism in religion, published under the title of the “School of Abuse” an attack on poetry, which was answered by Sir Philip Sidney in his “Apologie

for Poetrie" or "Defence of Poesie," in which he defends poetry in general, pays tribute to the old English ballads, and, like Ascham, recommends the imitation of the classical poets and playwrights.

The history of the period is a kind of cross between real history and journalism, the chief desire of the writers, like the chief desire of the modern reporter, being to find and tell good stories. Among them the most important were Camden, whose "Britannia" is a priceless mine of antiquarian lore; Holinshed, whose chronicles furnished Shakespeare with the plots of his historical plays; Harrison, who thought the English were being corrupted by luxury; Stow, who lamented deforestation and high prices; and Sir John Hayward, who aimed to be the Tacitus of England with such success that Queen Elizabeth kept him several years in jail. When she asked Francis Bacon if he could find any passages in Hayward's book which savored of treason, he replied, "For treason surely I find none, but for felony very many." And when the queen asked him wherein, he told her that the author had stolen most of his sentences from Cornelius Tacitus.

The Reformation, as was natural, produced much theological writing. Of this the most exciting is found in John Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," published 1559. This work, which abounds in blood and fire, though it is as big as an encyclopædia, was as popular as a dime novel. Scarcely less delectable are a series of pamphlets by an unknown Puritan who called himself Martin Marprelate, which appeared 1583-1589 as a part of the battle waged by the Presbyterians in their efforts to get control of the English church. The pamphlets themselves are so clever that they have found a permanent place in literature, while the story of the way in which their writer was tracked from place to place by the agents of his exasperated foes until his presses were destroyed and he himself put to silence reads like a chapter of Sherlock Holmes. Before this end was achieved, several men were arrested, and one was hanged, though it is probable that he was not the real culprit. The style of the Marprelate pamphlets has been aptly compared to that of a monologue artist in a vaudeville show. Perhaps the smartest of them is the one directed against Bishop Cooper. Its title, "Hay any work for Cooper," is the

cry of the coopers who went from house to house soliciting employment; and its atmosphere, as somebody says, is thick with tubs, barrels, and hoops. Richard Hooker (1553–1600) in 1594 published the first four volumes and in 1597 the fifth of a work of an entirely different character, entitled “Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,” which is at once a defence of the established church of England and a noble plea for religious freedom, charity, and reason.

The most original prose of this period, however, is found in the field of fiction. It was in the latter half of the sixteenth century that the word “novel” first appeared in the English language and that the first crude examples of this type of literature were written. In 1578 John Lyly published “Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit,” and in 1580 “Euphues and his England.” In the former Euphues, a young Athenian, appears in Naples; forms a friendship with Philautus; falls in love with Philautus’s betrothed, Lucilla; and is jilted by her. In the latter, Euphues and Philautus go to England, where Philautus falls in love, is jilted, and consoles himself by falling in love again, this time successfully, whereupon Euphues praises England and leaves it. Lyly intended to write a moral treatise but accidentally invented the novel. His style, which has been called a “cunning courtship of fair words,” is dainty and artificial, but it pleased his contemporaries, and Shakespeare did him the honor of imitating it in some passages and of ridiculing it in others. Lyly was particularly popular with the ladies; indeed, he himself says “‘Euphues’ would rather lie shut in a ladye’s casket than open in a Scholler’s studie.” He really did a good deal to improve the variety and smoothness of English prose.

In 1590, four years after its author was killed in battle at Zutphen, Holland, there appeared “Arcadia,” a romance by Sir Philip Sidney, which has been called “The Faerie Queene” in prose, being full of fierce wars and faithful loves. Sidney was regarded by his contemporaries as the flower of chivalry; Spenser called him “that most heroick spirit, the heaven’s pride, the glory of our days”; and to writers of a later day he has been a refinement upon nobility, the perfect model of a gentleman, Mæcenas and Marcellus united. In the “Arcadia” these qualities are reflected and it is therefore

superior in dignity and simplicity to "Euphues." Sidney's work was highly popular and much imitated by later writers. It supplied Shakespeare with the underplot of Gloster and his sons in "King Lear."



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554-1586

Four other novelists of this period deserve a passing word. These were Robert Greene (1560-1592), Thomas Lodge (1558-1625), Thomas Nashe (1567-1601), and Thomas Deloney (1543-1600?). In his life Greene was the opposite of Sidney, being a dissipated Bohemian; three early romances of his belong, however, in the same

class with the "Arcadia." They are "Pandosto" (1588), "Perimedes the Blacksmith" (1588), and "Menaphon" (1589). From the first of these Shakespeare took the plot of "A Winter's Tale." Lodge's best story, "Rosalynde," has a similar distinction, as it furnished the basis of "As You Like It." In his later stories, Greene turned from Arcadia to London, and gave numerous realistic pictures of low life, as did Thomas Nashe, who, like Greene, "lived hard, wrote fiercely, and died young." Nashe's chief work, "The Unfortunate Traveller or the life of Jack Wilton," is what is known as a picaresque novel, the hero being an English page whose chief characteristic is "a malignant and insatiable love of mischief." The picaresque novel originated in Spain, but Nashe did more than imitate his Spanish originals. By introducing Jack Wilton into the society of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and Martin Luther, he really invented the historical novel. While Lyly, Sidney, Greene, and Lodge in their romances dealt mainly with gallants, and Greene and Nashe in their realistic novels with rogues, Thomas Deloney has the distinction of discovering and painting the humor and romance of the prosaic citizen. His "Thomas of Reading" is written in the honor of the clothiers; his "Jack of Newberry" perpetuates the fame of a wealthy weaver; and "The Gentle Craft," a series of tales, is dedicated to the shoemaking cult. In one of these, "Master Peachey and his Men," there is a minstrel, Anthony Now-Now, from whose lips comes a lyric which shows how the topical song of to-day has an origin venerable by reason of its antiquity:

"When should a man show himself gentle and kind?

When should a man comfort the sorrowful mind?

O Anthony, now, now, now.

What is the best time to drink with a friend?

When is it meetest my money to spend?

O Anthony, now, now, now."

The English colleges, schools, and teachers of the period from 1560 to 1600, like all of the other intellectual forces of the nation,

felt the influence of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the new sense of national greatness. There is something agreeably modern in the discussions that were then current about the Oxford professors who never read, the insufficient preparation of undergraduates, the schemes of student government for schools, the efforts to reform English spelling on a phonetic basis, the decay of home discipline, and the microscopic size of teachers' salaries, which ranged from \$500.00 to \$30.00 a year. In spite of all this, the evidence is ample that schools were both numerous and excellent; and at least two Elizabethan masters, Roger Ascham and Richard Mulcaster, wrote books which may still be read with profit by their professional successors. In his "Toxophilus," Ascham urges the importance of physical training, especially of shooting with the long bow, as a measure of national safety. In his "Scholemaster," he denounces harsh punishments, pleads for the boy with a slow but solid mind, condemns travel as a means of education as dangerous to morals, and recommends the imitation of classical models as the only way to attain a good English style. His own style is excellent. That of Mulcaster, on the other hand, is abominable. His ideas, however, are distinguished by great good sense. He believes, for instance, that all men and women should be educated, but that their training should fit them for their stations in life. He was probably the first Englishman to urge the establishment of training schools for teachers and to perceive the importance of giving sound instruction in the English language. As the probable prototype of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost" and as the tutor of Edmund Spenser, Mulcaster has additional claims upon the interest of the student of English literature.

We have postponed to the last the three topics that are at once most important and most interesting to the student of the literature of Elizabethan England. These are the poetry of Edmund Spenser, William Shakespeare and the rise of the English drama, and Francis Bacon's prose. To each of these a separate chapter must be devoted.

Reign	Events	Contemporary Literature	Modern Literature
Henry VII. . . 1485-1509	1502 Margaret Tudor marries James IV of Scotland.	1499 Erasmus visits England.	
Henry VIII . . 1509-1547	1513 Luther denounces indulgences. 1520 Luther burns Pope's bull. 1531 More's head of English church. 1539 Abbeys suppressed.	1509 Erasmus—"Praise of Folly." 1512 Colet founds St. Paul's School. 1516 More's "Utopia." 1525 Tyndale's Bible. 1535 Death of More.	Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."
Edward VI. 1547-1553		1548 Book of Common Prayer.	
Mary 1553-1559	1555 Protestants persecuted. 1556 Archbishop Cranmer burned.		
Elizabeth . . . 1559-1603	1568 Mary of Scotland flees to England. 1572 Low Countries rise against Spain. 1577 Drake sails for Pacific. 1584 Virginia colonized. 1587 Mary executed. 1588 Spanish Armada defeated. 1603 Ireland conquered.	1576 First English Theatre. 1578 "Euphues." 1579 "Shepherd's Calendar." 1586 Shakespeare in London. 1587 Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." 1588 Martin Marprelate. 1590 "Faery Queene." 1593 "Venus and Adonis." 1594 Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." 1597 Bacon's "Essays."	

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What event did most to inaugurate the movement known as the Renaissance?
2. What new forms were then brought into English literature?
3. What new thoughts and conceptions developed in the English people?
4. What was the cause of the Reformation?
5. Along what lines did it develop in England?
6. Who were the great reformers in Scotland?
7. Christopher Marlowe wrote a play called "Tamburlaine," with the scene laid in Persia. Why was this typical of the period?
8. With your knowledge of the facts concerning the translation of the Bible, made in the sixteenth century, what effect would you say that this translation has had upon the English we use to-day?
9. Name a few of the men besides Shakespeare and Bacon who made the end of the sixteenth century the golden age of English literature.
10. Write a composition upon the England of the fourteenth century compared with England at the end of the fifteenth, laying special emphasis upon the thoughts in the minds of the people.

Suggested Readings.—(a) More's "Utopia"; (b) a little of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs"; (c) all of Marlowe's plays.

CHAPTER IX

EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

"Whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence."

—*Shakespeare.*

"Our sage and serious poet Spenser."—*Milton.*

EDMUND SPENSER was born 1552 in London. His family was aristocratic enough to understand the value of an education but too poor to give him one. Accordingly we find Edmund enrolled in the Merchant Taylors' School under Dr. Mulcaster as a sort of charity pupil, and when he went up to Cambridge in 1569 he went as one of those students who earn their own way and in the language of the university are called sizars. At Cambridge Spenser studied hard and made friends, which is only another way of saying that he made the most of the opportunities that the university afforded. Though he ranged the entire field of Greek, Roman, and Italian literature, he was influenced by Plato more than by any other author. Of his friends, Gabriel Harvey was the most picturesque and influential. Somewhat older than Spenser, he bullied the poet, loved him, introduced him to great lords and ladies, was by turns proud and jealous of his success, and to the end of his days gave him bad advice, which Spenser for the most part had sense enough not to follow.

English versification in those days was in an unsettled state. Changes in pronunciation, especially the silencing of final "e," had caused the secret of Chaucer's melody to be lost. Nobody understood how to make a line as melodious as

"Whan that Aprillē with his shourēs sootē"

until Shakespeare translated it thus into modern English:

"When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim."

Spenser and Harvey doubtless had many a discussion about the problem while they were at Cambridge. Harvey, in common with Sir Philip Sidney, in his enthusiasm for the classics, thought that its solution was to be found in adopting into English poetry the metrical

systems of Greece and Rome, which are based, not on the accent of syllables but on the length of time it takes to pronounce them. The first line of the "Æneid," for instance, is scanned thus:

"Arma vi | rumque ca | no, Tro | jæ qui | primus ab | oris."

The only way in which this can be read so as to seem musical to an uneducated English ear is by accenting the first syllable of each foot.



EDMUND SPENSER

1552—1599

From an old print in the British Museum

Probably the Romans had the same trouble. This, however, throws the accent off the first syllables of "cano" and "Trojæ," where it belongs in prose. At best it was a clumsy scheme, vastly inferior to that of making the poetic ictus and the prose accent identical, which in the Middle Ages gradually, even in Latin, took its place. Harvey, however, so far prevailed on Spenser that the latter tried to write English verse in quantity, with very sorrowful results, and might have continued to do so had not the latter's departure from the university in 1576, when he took his master's degree, separated the friends.

During the next three years Spenser lived in Lancashire, where he fell in love with a lady named Rosalind, who failed to reciprocate his affection, and where he wrote, partly in her honor, a series of twelve pastoral poems, or bucolics, called the "Shepherd's Calendar," the publication of which in 1579 delighted everybody except evidently the aforesaid Rosalind. Its metre was such a triumphant answer to Harvey's theory of versification that it may be said once and for all to have fixed the science of English verse. In plan and in matter, it was classical enough to satisfy even Harvey, being an imitation of the French and Italian imitations of Virgil, who was himself an imitator of the Greek Theocritus, who lived in Sicily about 250 B.C. The pastorals of Theocritus are delightful pictures of rural life, as true and fresh to-day as they were 2200 years ago. His Italian and French imitators, however, were not content to write simply, but represented all sorts of great people allegorically as shepherds, and this style Spenser adopted. Thus, in the "Shepherd's Calendar," he himself is Colin Clout; Harvey is Hobbinol; Bishop Grindal is Algrind; Chaucer is the god of Shepherds; Queen Elizabeth is the "Queen of Shepherds all"; and Henry VIII is the "great God Pan." Spenser's bucolics are twelve in number, one for each month. Those for January, March, June, and December deal with Colin's unrequited love for Rosalind; in those for February, May, July, and September, morality and religion are discussed; that for April is complimentary to Queen Elizabeth; November is an elegy in honor of a great lady whom the poet calls Dido; in August is described a singing match between two shepherds; and October is devoted to a lament for the decay of poetry. Though the language is rustic, the poems are highly artificial. Their melody and power, however, were such that, when they were published, Spenser was at once hailed as the "new poet" in order to distinguish him from Chaucer, the "old poet," the only name in English literature great enough, his admirers thought, to be set side by side with his.

Spenser left his Lancashire retirement in 1579, came up to London, and, by virtue of the friendship of Harvey and the merit of the "Shepherd's Calendar," speedily found himself on terms of warm friendship with Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Grey of Wilton, the Earl of Leicester, and Queen Elizabeth herself. He was

filled with hopes of high preferment. The Queen was so pleased with his poems that she ordered her treasurer, Lord Burleigh, to pay him 100 pounds. Burleigh, however, being actuated by motives of economy, enmity to Leicester, or indifference to poetry, is said to have exclaimed, when he received the order, that it was too much. "Then give him," said the Queen, "what is reason." To this he agreed, but, evidently thinking that reason meant nothing, neglected to pay the poet, who thereupon put into the Queen's hands the following verse:

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rime;
From that time unto this season
I received nor rime nor reason."

Burleigh in consequence was sharply reprimanded and ordered to pay Spenser the 100 pounds he had been promised at first.

In another quarter, however, he received more substantial aid. Ireland was at that moment in one of those periodical states of eruption which have characterized its history during the last eight centuries. Lord Grey was designated by the Queen to restore order, and Spenser went with him as his private secretary. In this capacity he witnessed and probably did not disapprove military measures of such severity as the massacre of a garrison after it had surrendered, or civil measures of such simplicity as the execution of the inmates of a jail in order to make room for fresh prisoners. He was himself exposed on more than one occasion to deadly peril. He came to regard the Irish with aversion and contempt. He lived, as do the English of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Indian stories, in a little world exiled from all it holds dear, solacing his abundant leisure with the study of philosophy and the composition of poetry. When at length the land was reduced to submission, he was rewarded with a share of the spoils in the shape of a grant of 3000 acres of land taken by force from its rightful owners. Here, about 30 miles northwest from Cork, on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain terminated on the east by the County of Waterford Mountains, on the south by Nagle Mountains, on the west by the Mountains of Kerry, and on the north by Bally-howra Hills, or, as Spenser calls them, the Mountains of Mole, surrounded by lovely scenery and by the hatred of his Irish

tenants, the poet took up his residence in Kilcolman Castle, from the towers of which he commanded a view of above half the width of Ireland. Here, in the abundant leisure which his exile afforded, he composed the greatest of his poems and one of the greatest of all time, the "Faerie Queene."

He himself describes it as an allegory, disposed into "twelve books, fashioning XII morall vertues." Each book was to contain twelve cantos and each canto was to consist of about fifty stanzas of nine lines each. The whole, had Spenser completed it, would therefore have reached the enormous total of 64,800 lines, about six times the length of "Paradise Lost." As a matter of fact, only a trifle over half of the work, as Spenser planned it, has come down to us. The rest probably was never written; if it was, it perished in the ruin that, in 1598, overtook Spenser's fortunes.

The object of the work, according to the poet's preface, was to fashion a gentleman or a noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline. In order to attain this end Spenser planned to tell how Arthur, before he became king, beheld in a vision the Faery Queen, who typifies glory, and how he went forth to find her. As a matter of fact, he does nothing of the sort. Instead he explains in his preface that the beginning of his story is to be told in Book XII, where is to be described the annual feast of the Faery Queen, which lasted twelve days, "upon which XII severall days the occasion of the XII severall adventures happened, being undertaken by XII severall knights, are in these XII books severally handled and discoursed." Thus in Book I the Redcross Knight, or Holiness, is assigned by the Faery Queen to destroy a dragon which for many years has blockaded the parents of Una. The hero slays the dragon; is induced by Hypocrisy to abandon Una, who is thereupon guarded by a lion; is led astray by the enchantress Duessa; is captured by a Gyaunt proud; is rescued by Prince Arthur; in a battle of three days, overcomes the Dragon Despeyre; and in the end is triumphantly betrothed to Una. Though it is impossible to unravel all the details of the allegory, they were probably clear enough to Spenser's contemporaries. The Faery Queen seems to be Queen Elizabeth; Una, the English church; her guardian, the British Lion; Duessa, Mary Queen of Scots; and the Dragon

Despeyre the Spanish Armada. In Book II, which deals with the second day, Sir Guyon, or Temperance, similarly is sent out on a quest; and in Book III Sir Scudamore, or Chastity, goes forth to liberate Amoretta, a lady who was kept in bondage by a vile enchanter named Busirane, but he is unable to succeed until aided by Britomartis, a lady knight, who is Queen Elizabeth herself.

In working out this plan Spenser himself informs us that he imitated Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso. One feature of the poem, however, is original—the form of the verse, which he invented and which has ever since been known as the Spenserian Stanza. Its mechanical structure, its varied melody, its dignified beauty, and its vividness are well illustrated in the following specimens:

I. I. I.

"A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,	1
Yclad in mightie arms and silver shielde,	2
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,	1
The cruell marks of many a bloody fielde;	2
Yet armes till that time did he never wield.	2
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,	3
As much disdayning to the curbe to yeld;	2
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sitt,	3
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt."	3

I. 12. 42.

"Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,	1
For we be come unto a quiet rode,	2
Where we must land some of our passengers,	1
And light this weary vessell of her lode.	2
Here she a while may make her safe abode	2
Till she repaired have her tackles spent	3
And wants supplide; And then again abroad	2
On the long voiage, whereto she is bent.	3
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent!"	3

II. 12. 70.

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound	1
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,	2
Such as attonce might not on living ground,	1
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere;	2
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare	2
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;	3
For all that pleasing is to living eare	2
Was there consorted in one harmonce;	3
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree."	3

The chief fault of the poem is that it is tiresome. We become weary of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, as Macaulay says, and long for the society of plain men and women. In other words, the

abstract and the concrete, the real and the ideal, were not in the "Faery Queene" as completely fused as they had been by Chaucer, as they were to be by Shakespeare, as they have been by all great artists from Homer down to Kipling. The allegory, as a matter of fact, both in sculpture and in poetry, is as crude and primitive a device as is quantitative versification. The "Faery Queene" has one other fundamental defect. It lacks unity of design. The "Iliad" has only one theme, Achilles's wrath. The "Odyssey" has only one theme, the return home of Ulysses. "Hamlet" has only one theme, the fate of the man who hesitates. But the "Faery Queene" has countless themes. Its only unity, if unity it can be called, springs from the fact that it deals with the eternal struggle of right with wrong. It is overladen with glittering details. It bears the same relation to the "Iliad" that a delicatessen shop bears to a dinner. It contains too much to be consumed at one sitting. And yet, open it where you will, you are sure to find food for the spirit. It is an inexhaustible mine for anybody who has the patience to dig. It is not without reason, therefore, that Spenser has been called the poets' poet. Into his treasure-house he has gathered the best things from most of the poets who preceded him. From it ever since poets great and small have stolen—secure for the most part from detection for two reasons: first, because nobody reads Spenser through; second, because nobody reads them at all.

While Spenser was engaged on his great poem, great events were happening. In 1585 William Shakespeare came up to London; in 1586 Spenser's friend Sir Philip Sidney was killed in a skirmish at Zutphen; in 1587 Mary Queen of Scots was executed; and in 1588 the Spanish Armada was destroyed. The following year there came to Kilcolman a distinguished guest who had borne a large share in that great event, and who was himself, as has already been said, no mean poet. This was Sir Walter Raleigh. In "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," Spenser describes his visit:

"He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provokèd me to play some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the music which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it;
Yet, aemuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that aemulèd of many.
And plaid thereon (for well that skill he cond),

Himselfe as skilful in that art as any,
 He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I pip'd;
 By change of turns, each making other mery;
 Neither envying other, nor envi'd,
 So pip'd we, until we both were weary."

In other words, Spenser showed Raleigh the three books of the "Faery Queene" which he had completed; and Raleigh, like the true poet that he was, at once perceiving their value, insisted that Spenser should accompany him to London for the double purpose of astonishing the court and publishing the treasure, of course with the idea of securing for Spenser some substantial recognition that might enable him to live in England.

The "Faery Queene" was licensed to be printed December 1, 1589. In the dedication Spenser consecrates these his labors to Elizabeth "to live with the eternity of her fame." Bold as the prophecy was, it has proved true. The merit of the work was at once recognized. On its first page it bore a sonnet by Raleigh which expresses with surprising accuracy the esteem in which it has ever since been held:

"Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestall flame
 Was wont to burne; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tumber fair love and fairer vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene;
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seene,
 For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse.
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse,
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grieve,
 And curst the accesse of that celestiall thiefe."

The Queen was pleased to the extent of granting Spenser a pension of fifty pounds; but Burleigh was still powerful, and, in spite of his fame, the poet could get no other advancement. In his despair he wrote "Mother Hubberds Tale," in which he took an ample revenge on Burleigh and incidentally painted his own grief in lines that still burn and tremble with indignation:

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide,
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent,

To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;
To have thy asking, yet wait many yerres."

In 1591 he was back in Ireland, which, after the pitfalls of the court, probably did not seem so inhospitable after all, if we may judge from "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," an autobiographical poem which he wrote at this time and in which he described the visit to England from which he had just returned. He was not without other consolations. There now swims into our ken a certain Elizabeth, in whose honor he wrote 88 sonnets and an "Epithalamium," or marriage song, from which it appears that he wooed her, that she long denied his suit, and that at length they were wed. This happy event occurred in 1594.

The next year he crossed again to England, carrying with him Books IV, V, and VI of his great poem, and also a prose work, a "View of the Present State of Ireland." When he arrived in London he found Shakespeare splendidly fulfilling the promise of his early years, Ben Jonson just becoming known to fame, and Francis Bacon already attracting to himself the eyes of men. At the Mermaid Tavern, where Raleigh had instituted a club, he may have met all three. He became intimate with the Earl of Essex, who was then the reigning favorite. The three new books of the "Faery Queene" were immediately published, with a reimpression of the first three, and raised him to the highest pinnacle of fame. But with fame he had to be content. His connection with Essex barred the door to profitable employment and certain references in the poem to Mary Queen of Scots caused her son, the King of Scotland and the heir to the English throne, angrily to demand the poet's punishment.

In the second instalment of the "Faery Queene" the slight thread of unity which holds the first together almost entirely disappears. Somebody has said that you cannot lose your way in it, for there is no way to lose. It is like a primeval forest, rich and charming with all the riotous prodigality of nature. The subject of Book IV is Friendship, of Book V Justice, and of Book VI Courtesie. The inspiration of Book IV is drawn somewhat from

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed";

in Book V Spenser pays tribute under the name of Artegall to his first employer, Lord Grey, who had died in 1593, broken-hearted by his failure to subdue Ireland; and the hero of Book VI is the matchless Sidney, first of all English gentlemen.

Spenser remained in England until the middle of 1597. During his stay he was reprimanded—mildly we may guess—by certain noble ladies for his "Hymns to Love and Beautie," and in order to make his peace with them he composed his "Hymns to Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beautie." Toward the close of 1596 he also wrote his "Prothalamium," a spousal verse made in honor of the double marriage of the two honorable and virtuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth and the lady Katherine Somerset. This is a graceful and melodious poem, and it was his last.

Spenser's anxiety to remain in England probably sprang partly from a keen sense of the insecurity of his situation at Kilcolman. In his work on the state of Ireland he gives a picture of a noble realm, sunk in woe, conquered but not subdued, with a native population seething with wrath, and foreign masters in whom cupidity and the desire to attain a just and lasting peace strove for the mastery, a contest in which cupidity mostly won. He himself saw no solution of the problem except in relentless severity. Three hundred years of English statesmanship have not apparently succeeded in getting much closer to a satisfactory answer. Modern statesmen indeed have tried conciliation. But the events of the early months of 1914 seem to indicate that there are only three ways (all equally impracticable) of preserving peace in Ireland: (1) Kill or deport all the Irish; (2) kill or deport all the English; (3) start a foreign war which will enable both parties to gratify their love of fighting at the expense of a foreign foe. Spenser indeed says, "Men of great wisdom have often wished that all that land were a sea-pool."

When he returned in 1597 it was, however, apparently quiet. In 1598 he reached the zenith of his prosperity. In August of that year died the great obstructor of his advancement, Lord Burleigh. In September arrived a letter from the court recommending his

appointment as Sheriff of Cork. His domestic life was serene. Two sons had been born to crown his wedded bliss. He was the recognized prince of living poets. The early autumn of 1598 found him in the enjoyment of all these accumulated happinesses.

Then in October the Irish rose. His occupation of the old castle had been regarded with fierce jealousy. While he had mused and sung in the valley, the natives had cursed him from the adjacent hills. The day of their vengeance had now arrived. They rushed down upon Kilcolman; his home was plundered and burned; one little child, new born, perished in the flames; the rest of the family barely made their escape. In their flight the remaining six books of the "Faery Queene" are said to have been lost. Almost penniless and prostrated in body and spirit by the horrors and hardships of this experience, Spenser made his way to London, where, on January 16, 1599, he died in a tavern in King Street, Westminster.

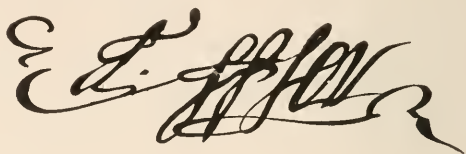
He was buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer. The Queen ordered a monument to be erected over him, but the money was stolen by one of her agents. In 1620 Anne, Countess of Dorset, erected the present monument; but the stonecutter, like some of his modern successors, was weak in orthography and spelled the poet's name "Spencer" instead of "Spenser."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. In what way did Spenser's studies at Cambridge reflect the spirit of the time in which he lived?
2. Did he hold to the Latin and Greek metrical system or did he develop another?
3. What is a bucolic? Who were Spenser's classic forerunners? James Whitcomb Riley and Spenser have both written of the country. Compare their treatment of Nature.
4. What is an allegory? Name some allegories other than the "Faery Queene."
5. What are the special attributes of the "Faery Queene"?
6. Spenser has been called the poets' poet. Do you think that the greatest poet is he who appeals to the trained minds or he who appeals to the masses? Back your opinion with examples of men who have done either or both.
7. In a two-minute talk tell the story of Spenser's life.
8. Who were the contemporaries who apparently exercised the greatest effect for good or evil upon Spenser's career?

9. From what you have read of the "Faery Queene" do you consider it worth reading? Will it make you a better money-maker? Will it make you more moral? Will it make you happier? In what way will it enrich your life?
10. If you had knowledge of Chaucer only through the "Canterbury Tales" and of Spenser only through the "Faery Queene," how would you compare the outlook upon life of the respective authors? Did they see life through glasses of the same color?

Suggested Readings.—Read Book I, Canto I, of the "Faery Queene"; it will probably appeal deeply and tempt you to read more. For further knowledge of the author read "Spenser," by Dean R. W. Church, in the "English Men of Letters Series."



CHAPTER X

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

"The man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself and truth to imitate."—*Spenser*.

"I confess they writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room.

How far thou didst our Lyly outshine
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of age, but for all time!"—*Ben Jonson*.

"Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child."—*Milton*.

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign
And panting time toiled after him in vain."

—*Samuel Johnson*.

"The prince of all poets."—*Macaulay*.

OF William Shakespeare's life, aside from a few dates, we actually know only two things: first, he wrote his plays and poems; second, he was liked and respected by almost everybody with whom he came into contact. It is possible to construct from less reliable, but still good, materials a reasonably complete story of his career.

He was baptized at Stratford-on-Avon, April 26, 1564, probably three days after his birth. His father, John Shakespeare, was a dealer in farm produce, held several village offices, and, like the father of Robert Burns, indulged largely in the pastime of suing his fellow-citizens. At one period of his career, this unamiable weakness would have reduced him to poverty had it not been for William's aid. John Shakespeare, in short, appears to have been not overwise; perhaps some of his peculiarities have been preserved for us in the character of Polonius in "Hamlet," just as Dickens's father perhaps lives in that of Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield." Shakespeare's mother,

Mary Arden, on the other hand, seems to have been of gentle blood; her pedigree has been traced back to Alfred the Great; and her son's innate respect for women and sure touch in depicting high-born ladies indicate that he was to the manner born.

William's education was gained largely in the open air. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," the "Sonnets," and "Venus and Adonis" there are descriptions of the fields about Stratford and of scenes that he must have witnessed as a boy in the forest of Arden, which at that time stretched away to the west of the Avon. He also attended the Stratford grammar school, where, like Falstaff, he probably "played truant," "knew what 'twas to be beaten," and, to quote Ben Jonson, learned "small Latin and less Greek." At all events he learned little enough of geography to believe that there are seaports in Bohemia, little enough of history to think that there were cannon in Hamlet's time, and little enough of philosophy to make Hector quote Aristotle at the siege of Troy. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Sir Hugh Evans examines little William in Lilly's Latin Grammar in a fashion to which the real William doubtless had been subjected.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William. Two.

E. What is fair, William?

W. Pulcher.

E. What is *lapis*, William?

W. A stone.

E. And what is a stone, William?

W. A pebble.

E. No, it is *lapis*. I pray you remember in your prain.

W. *Lapis*.

E. That is a good William. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

W. Forsooth, I have forgot.

E. It is *qui, quae, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quae*s, and your *quods* you must be preeches. Go your ways and play. Go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

E. He is a good sprag memory.

Shakespeare probably was a better scholar than Ben Jonson thought he was, but also glad enough, like little William, to go his ways and play. At all events, his schooling came quickly to an end,

probably on account of the hard times due to his father's money troubles. One tradition says that William began his breadwinning career as an assistant to John Shakespeare in his meat-market, turning even this occupation to poetic account by addressing the animals he was about to kill in the style of tragedy. According to another story, he taught school for a while. At all events, he was a close observer of the ways of schoolmasters, as is evident to anyone who has studied the characters of Sir Hugh Evans, of Pinch in the "Comedy of Errors," and of Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost," though far too irrepressible to remain long in that occupation.

Indeed, in his early days, he seems to have had a capacity for getting into trouble that marks him as the true son of John Shakespeare. The first authentic instance of this occurred November 27, 1582, when a license was granted for his marriage to Anne Hathaway, a young woman eight years his senior. From this union, the next year, was born his eldest daughter, Susanna, and in 1585 the twins, Hamnet and Judith. He appears to have been a chronic poacher, "much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits." The upshot of this habit was that he was caught robbing a park belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, was prosecuted, revenged himself by writing some scurrilous verses, and was compelled in consequence to leave Stratford. Sir Thomas, it may be added, lives for us in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV," Part 2, as Justice Shallow.

In this dilemma, William made his way, probably on foot, to London, which was then a small town, enclosed by walls. On its south side it was bounded by the Thames, which was spanned by a single bridge. Inside all was surge and struggle; without, in the green fields, the people disported themselves on holidays; and here, in order to escape the rigor of the puritanical city fathers, two theatres had recently been constructed. In comparison with modern play-houses, these were crude affairs. Previous to their construction plays had usually been presented in the open courtyard of an inn, where a platform erected at one end served as stage and the rabble, hence called groundlings, stood in the mud, while the gentry sat at the windows. Upon these conditions the Elizabethan theatre builders had made a few, but only a few, improvements, chiefly in the stage. It was not,

as now, sunk in the wall, with a frame, so as to present a picture, but projected into the auditorium. On each side a door was cut into the back wall. Between these doors was a kind of roofed porch, about ten feet high, with a raised dais below, a railing above, and curtains that could be drawn when necessary. This served a variety of purposes: the king's throne, the stage in "Hamlet," Juliet's tomb. Its top was the balcony in "Romeo and Juliet" and the battlements in "Henry V." When the curtains were drawn, an actor entering at one door could not see an actor entering at the other until they met at the front of the stage, which accounts for some familiar but otherwise inexplicable stage directions. The lack of a curtain made it necessary to carry out the slain. The absence of scenery forced the playwright to be explicit in regard to time and place, and to rely for his subtlest and grandest effects not on paint but on poetry. There were no actresses, the parts of women being taken by boys, a fact which may have tempted Shakespeare to disguise Rosalind and Portia as youths and caused him to make Cleopatra express disgust at the idea of having some "squeaking Cleopatra" of the stage "boy" her greatness. In costuming alone did the stage, as Shakespeare found it, equal the magnificence of later times.

The drama which was presented in these theatres had been no sudden growth. Its first faint beginnings have been traced back to the Saxon scop, the Norman minstrel, and several popular festivals of immemorial antiquity. In the Middle Ages the churchmen, taking advantage of the popular interest in these institutions, like Caedmon in an earlier generation, had developed two types of plays called mysteries and miracles, the former dealing with stories taken from the Bible, the latter with the lives of the saints and the miracles associated with their names. As early as 1258, owing partly to opposition from within the church and partly to popular pressure from without, the representation of these plays had begun to be transferred from the clergy to amateur actors from the various guilds or trades.

These productions reached their zenith in the great church festival of Corpus Christi, which was instituted in 1264 for the purpose of celebrating, by means of a sort of triumphal procession, the full victory of Christianity. The method of this ceremonial was in a series

of plays to present universal history, as conceived by the church, from the creation to the judgment day. In England a particular scene was assigned to each craft, an arrangement which resulted in bitter rivalry and lavish expenditure. Noah's ark, for instance, was entrusted to the boat builders. The stage was what to-day would be called a float. Various stations were established, and when the first craft reached the first station it stopped while its occupants acted the creation of the world, then passed to second station, where the performance was repeated while the second craft stopped at the first station to act the sin of Adam and Eve, and so on. In this fashion between 30 and 40 scenes would be enacted in the course of a day. The ungrateful and by no means easy task of keeping order while a play was in progress was usually entrusted to a tyrant like Herod or Pilate.

Of these processional plays, we possess three complete or nearly complete cycles—those of York, Wakefield, and Chester, besides single plays from the cycles of Coventry, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Norwich. The York cycle contains 49 plays, the Wakefield 32, the Chester 25. They are similar but not identical. In the York plays, for example, tyrants are depicted with powerful realism; in the Wakefield there is abundant rude humor, especially in the delineation of Noah's domestic troubles, the shepherds' Christmas Eve scenes, and the figure of Cain, who is a coarse, unmannerly rustic; the Chester plays are less dramatic and more didactic, so much so that they required an expositor, who accompanied the float on horseback for the purpose of explaining the action. The Coventry plays, unlike those of York, Wakefield, and Chester, were acted on immovable stages; instead of the play coming to the audience, the audience went to the play.

From the mystery and miracle there developed toward the end of the fourteenth century a new form of drama known as the morality play. In these are represented allegorically the battle which the vices and virtues wage for the possession of the human soul. By no means the least edifying of these is by a schoolmaster named Redford, who tries to show that a regular course of study is a conflict against hostile powers. Perhaps the best of them is "Everyman," which is impressive even now both in reading and on the stage. Its subject is the hour of death. Everyman has three friends, Fellowship, Kindred, and Good

Deeds; but only Good Deeds is willing to go with him after death and plead his cause before the throne of God, and Good Deeds is fettered by Everyman's sins. Good Deeds, however, directs him to Knowledge and Confession, so that he finally leaves the world well prepared. The morality, in one respect, marks an important advance over the mystery in dramatic development; its story not being prescribed by tradition, it allows the author more freedom to be original.

Farces, known as interludes, were also numerous and popular during the Middle Ages. The term (*inter*—"between" plus *ludus*—"play") probably does not mean a play in the interval of something else, but a play carried on between two or more actors. The "Pyramus and Thisbe" that is acted by the rude mechanicals in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may very well preserve for us an exquisitely realistic picture of the representation of one of these interludes as it appeared to the greatest of all reporters while he was still a youth at Stratford. Two of the interludes of John Heywood (1498?-1587?), the "Wether" and the "Four P's," are noteworthy. In the former, Jupiter consults all manner of people before deciding what kind of weather to send. The gentleman wants dry and windless weather suitable for hunting, the merchant variable but not violent winds, the ranger good "rage of blustering and blowynge," the water-miller rain which will not fall while the wind blows, the wind-miller wind without "rayne," the gentlewoman clouds lest the sun injure her complexion, the "launder" perpetual sun to dry his clothes, and the boy snow that he may catch "brydes" and see his snow "ballys light on his felowes heddys." In the "Four P's," a palmer, a pardoner, and a 'potecary, with a pedler as umpire, engage in a contest to decide who can tell the biggest lie. The 'potecary does well, but is outdone by the pardoner, who tells how he rescued Margery Corson from hell by promising Lucifer that he would see to it that there "come no mo" women to hell. To this the palmer replies that he cannot understand why women can be such shrews in hell, as he has known 500,000 of them yet never seen or known one out of patience, a declaration which at once secures him the victory.

Among the results of the Renaissance was the study of Roman comedies in English schools and universities. Between 1520 and 1583

there are numerous records of these plays having been performed at St. Paul's, Eton, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Oxford, and Cambridge. From these representations the step to translation and to the production of English comedy written on classical lines was easy. Accordingly, in 1530 we find Terence in English; and about 1552 Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Westminster, wrote a play named "Ralph Roister Doister" and modelled on Plautus, which is fairly entitled to rank as the first English comedy. Ten years later, in January, 1562, there was acted before Queen Elizabeth the first English tragedy, entitled "Gorbuduc," by Thomas Sackville and Thomas Norton. With these productions there came into the English drama a dignity, a feeling for form, and a unity which had previously been unknown on the English stage. In them also iambic pentameter blank verse makes its appearance on the English stage. Here, however, their merit ends. They are in the main crude, stiff, and cold.

It was left for a group of young men who are known in literature as the university wits to take the farther step of making English tragedy and comedy live. These were John Lyly, Thomas Lodge, George Peele, Robert Greene, and Thomas Nashe. To John Lyly (1553-1606) is due the discovery that graceful prose is a fitter instrument for comedy than verse; he raised the intellectual level of the drama and gave it delicacy, grace, subtlety. His lyrics are charming. During his brief career he produced over 40 plays, poems, and tales. From his lyrics, "Content," from the "Farewell to Folly"; "Sephastia's Song to her Child," from "Menaphon"; and the "Shepherd Wife's Song," from the "Mourning Garment," are worthy of being copied into every student's notebook. In "Much Ado about Nothing" and "As You Like It" there is ample evidence that Shakespeare knew his Lyly well. George Peele (1552-1598) had some of the Shakespearean power of painting a definite picture in a few words. Robert Greene (1558-1592) was a master of verisimilitude, simple human feeling, and plot construction. Lodge and Nashe were less important, but all five men, when Shakespeare arrived in London, were in the heyday of a popularity such as some novelists enjoy to-day.

In this, however, they were perhaps surpassed by Thomas Kyd (1558-1596), whose "Spanish Tragedy" was rewritten by Ben

Jonson and whose "Hamlet" formed the basis for Shakespeare's "Hamlet." He shows a gift for displaying character superior to that of any of his predecessors, though Jonson, in derision, called him "sporting Kyd."



A reproduction of a sketch by Johannes De Witt, a Dutch scholar, made in about 1569, of the Swan Theatre, London

The greatest of Shakespeare's forerunners in the drama, however, was Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593). He has left us four tragedies: "Tamburlaine," "The Jew of Malta," "Dr. Faustus," and "Edward II," which were immensely and deservedly popular in his own day, and which, aside from Shakespeare's, have no superiors in English.

"Tamburlaine the Great" was successfully staged in 1587, was printed in 1590, and long retained its popularity. The grandeur of its style and the fact that it revolutionized the diction of the popular drama by substituting blank verse for rhymed couplets led Ben Jonson justly to refer to "Marlowe's mighty line." No student of English literature can afford to omit reading it and all of Marlowe's other plays. Somebody has said that it made Tamburlaine better known in England than in his own Tartary. Its success, says Walter Raleigh, is perhaps the greatest event in the history of English literature.

It was followed by the "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," which relates with scarcely less splendor than Goethe's "Faust" the story of a mediæval necromancer who gave his soul to Lucifer in return for 24 years of unlimited enjoyment. The closing scene, which begins

"Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually,"

excites the passions of pity and fear to a degree that even Shakespeare seldom surpasses.

The "Jew of Malta" is in some respects a prototype of the "Merchant of Venice." Like Shylock, Barrabas is stripped of his wealth by the Christians, but, unlike him, he is so inhuman in his revenge that he inspires no sentiments save horror and aversion. Like all of Marlowe's plays, however, the "Jew of Malta" is rich in poetry.

The last of Marlowe's plays, "Edward II," was the first of that great list of chronicle plays to which Shakespeare was the chief contributor but which was enriched in the last century by Tennyson's "Harold," "Beket," and "Queen Mary." Marlowe thus has the distinction of founding a type. It has been suggested that the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 turned his attention to this patriotic theme and made the people welcome other plays on subjects taken from English history. "Edward II" is not much surpassed even by Shakespeare's "King John." Its closing scene, like the closing scene of "Dr. Faustus" and unlike the closing scenes in some of Shakespeare's tragedies, is the best in the play.

Marlowe was killed at 29 in a tavern brawl. His career thus came to an end just as Shakespeare's was beginning. When we reflect

that they were almost of the same age and that Shakespeare had done little or nothing while Marlowe had produced enough to make his name immortal, we ask what he would not have been had he lived. The answer is silence. To quote his own Faustus,

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone."

Though he showed little comic power, had apparently no understanding of women, and lacked Shakespeare's sweetness, light, gentleness, and morality, he undeniably had in him, as Drayton said, "those brave translunary things that the first poets had." To quote Hibbert, "Kit Marlowe is beyond comparison the finest of the neglected poets."

When, therefore, Shakespeare began his career as playwright, he had as a foundation to build upon a national drama highly popular and developed along the following lines: (1) vigorous native comedy and solid ideals of morality derived from the miracles, mysteries, moralities, and interludes; (2) the classical form and unity introduced by Sackville and Udall; (3) a dainty prose style contributed by Lyly; (4) the verisimilitude, life, vigor, and skill in plot construction developed by Greene; (5) Kyd's power of depicting character; and (6) Marlowe's blank verse and real poetry. Though at first he did not always rate each of these elements at its exact value, he learned by degrees, as we shall see, to reject the dross and to appropriate the gold with unerring skill.

At Stratford Shakespeare had probably already become interested in plays and actors. At all events he soon found his way to the London theatres, where at first he earned a precarious living by holding horses at the door, but soon obtained employment as callboy. Then in quick succession he became actor, playwright, and part owner of a theatre. Within seven years after his arrival in London he had become sufficiently prominent to excite the jealousy of Greene, who, in a pamphlet written on his deathbed in 1592 and called a "Groatsworth of Wit," says of him: "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* ('Henry VI,' part 3), supposes he is as well able to bombast out a

blank verse as any of you, and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrie."

During these seven years, his education outside of the theatre must have progressed at a prodigious rate. Like Burns, he was evidently brother and playmate to all mankind. Like Terence, he found nothing human void of interest. In his plays there is ample evidence that he knew all sorts and conditions of men and women—some high, some low—thieves and saints—philosophers and fools—princes, queens, serving-women. In a study of his work, it is of supreme importance to remember that he was a man of one book and that that book was the human race. It must have been during these seven years that he studied it most closely and successfully.

We do not know positively the order in which he wrote his plays, but in 1598 Francis Meres (1565–1647) published a book called "Palladis Tamia," in which he says:

"The sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare.

Witness his 'Venus and Adonis,' his 'Lucrece'; his sugared sonnets among his private friends.

As Plautus and Terence are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among the English is the best in both kinds of the stage.

For Comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona'; his 'Errors'; his 'Love's Labour's Lost'; his 'Love's Labour's Won' ('All's Well that Ends Well'); his 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; and his 'Merchant of Venice.'

For Tragedy: His 'Richard II,' 'Richard III,' 'Henry IV,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'

This evidence, supplemented by a study of the style of the plays themselves by an army of critics more industrious and more numerous than ever worked on a similar problem before, enables us to fix the order of the plays with a fair degree of probability.

The first seems to have been "The Comedy of Errors," which is taken from the "Menaechmi" of Plautus and is a carnival of boisterous fun intermixed with passages of poetry such as a youth of genius might produce when trying his 'prentice hand. It still holds the stage by virtue of the mirth-provoking powers of the two Dromios, who are so identical in appearance that they cannot be told apart. It is known to have been acted, 1594, but was not printed until 1623.

The second was probably "Titus Andronicus," which George Saintsbury says in a sense is the complement of the "Comedy of Errors" and might be called "The Tragedy of Horrors," outrage and bloodshed taking the place of buffoonery and horse-play. Of 20 characters, 14 are killed. The play so shocked Burns as a boy that he could not read it through. In these two plays the young playwright was probably working under orders, as he certainly was in the three parts of "Henry VI," which probably came next. These are sometimes mistakenly referred to by critics as being of little merit. They are just as good as Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," parts of which they may have suggested, or as Marlowe's "Edward II." They are bad only in comparison with Shakespeare's later work.

In "Love's Labour's Lost," which perhaps came next, and was printed 1598, we find the poet less under the orders of the stage director. The result is a play uneven but full of beauty and promise. The story tells how the King of Navarre and his three friends, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, failed in an attempt to study three years without seeing any women, the reasons for this result being four in number—the Princess of France and her three ladies in waiting, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine. The minor characters, Nathaniel the Curate, Holofernes the Schoolmaster, and the rational hind Costard, afford some admirable fooling by way of satire on pedantry. In character portrayal the play is a masterpiece. It is also full of lines that live in all memories. In Bartlett's "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations," indeed, the citations from "Love's Labour's Lost" fill as much space as Marlowe and Lyly combined. The play ends with one of Shakespeare's best songs.

The story of "All's Well Which Ends Well," which was perhaps Shakespeare's next play, is not agreeable; but it contains two characters, the statesman Lafen and Parolles, three-thirds liar and coward, who are drawn to the life. The scenes depicting the way the latter's villainy is smoked out of its den are in Shakespeare's best comic vein.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" belongs to the same period. Its theme is embodied in one sentence: "Were man but constant, he were perfect." Here, too, are a profusion of poetry, lines that are unforgettable, and abundant wit. Launce and his dog remind us for-

cibly also that Shakespeare was giving his audiences what the English public had been used to for generations by way of clownish antics. Indeed, the presence of a clown in almost every Shakespearean play

You stand within his danger, doe you not.

An. I, so he sayes.

Por. Doe you confesse the bond?

An. I doe.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

Por. The qualitie of mercie is not straine'd,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
vpon the place beneath: it is twise blest,
it blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter shoves the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maiestie,
vvherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is about this sceptred sway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himselfe;
and earthly power doth then show likest gods
vvhhen mercie seasons iustice: therefore Jew,
though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
that in the course of iustice, none of vs
should see saluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
to mitigate the iustice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forsaite of my bond.

PORTIA'S SPEECH

From the first edition of "The Merchant of Venice," printed for Thomas Heyes, 1600

points eloquently to the fact that even the master poet had to subdue his hand to what it worked in.

With the "Two Gentlemen," Shakespeare's apprenticeship may be said to end. He had now done enough to excite Greene's jealousy and to be able to demand large remuneration for his work. He was popular. He had friends among the nobility. His financial future seemed secure. He longed, however, for solid literary fame. Accordingly, in 1593 he published what he called "the first heir of his invention," a poem entitled "Venus and Adonis." It was followed in 1594 by "Lucrece," another poem. Both proved popular and both in a measure deserved their popularity. In "Venus and Adonis," which relates how Venus unsuccessfully wooed Adonis and how the latter was killed by a boar, there are fine descriptions of Adonis's horse, of the boar, and of a hunted hare. Both poems, while highly artistic, are cold; somebody has compared them to two ice-houses.

They were followed quickly by four plays which must be described in far other terms—"The Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and the "Merchant of Venice." Their merit is such that they still hold the stage and are read by all educated people and by most who pretend to be. Their success when first produced must have been instant and enormous. At all events they filled the poet's purse so full that, in 1597, he bought the biggest and best house in Stratford, which he renamed "New Place." Upon the treasury of the Lord Chamberlain's players they exercised a similar influence; their old playhouse became too small to hold its patrons; and accordingly in 1599 we find a new one, known in literary history as the Globe, being erected for Shakespeare and his company.

That they aroused the interest of the reading public also is attested by the fact that, despite all efforts to prevent it, they began to be printed, either from stolen copies or from shorthand notes. To attempt to analyze them here would be not only superfluous but impudent. There is only one way for the student to gain an adequate idea of them, and that is to read them again and again and yet again.

Along with them came a great series of chronicle plays: "King John," "Richard II" and "Richard III," the two parts of "Henry IV," and "Henry V." Internal evidence seems to indicate that of these "King John" was the earliest to be written. While it is not

rich in comedy, like Shakespeare's later histories, it abounds in poetry and in splendid dramatic situations. The character of the son of Richard of the Lion Heart is drawn with the hand of a master; and the scene between Prince Arthur and Hubert, whom John has sent to burn out the boy's eyes with hot irons, is as tense and pathetic as the closing scenes in Marlowe's "Faustus" and "Edward II," though we are spared the horror of Marlowe's masterpieces. Richard II, in the play of that name, is at once foolish, tyrannical, and pathetic to an extent that enlists sympathy. He is weak and unjust and is drawn with such skill that we pity him when just retribution in the person of the "cankered Bolingbroke" overtakes him. The play is rich in resounding lines, and one speech of "old John of Gaunt, time honor'd Lancaster," contains the quintessence of English patriotism:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infestation and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Though it must have been written at about the same period as "John" and "Richard II," "Richard III" is a better stage play. Dealing, as it does, with the end of the Wars of the Roses and the beginning of an era of prosperity under the Tudors that reached its zenith in Shakespeare's own day, the events it commemorated were more recent in men's minds and not less calculated to win popular applause than would be an equally great play on George Washington in America at the present time. King Richard himself is an unusually picturesque villain; and his opening speech, his wooing of Lady Anne, the conversation of Clarence with Brackenbury in the Tower, the murder of the little princes, and the closing scenes on Bosworth Field combine poetic and dramatic effect in a high degree. Effective as it is, however, "Richard III" is surely one of Shakespeare's early plays. It reeks with gore, it lacks the comic element, and, as in all of his

early plays, the poet still uses a large percentage of rhyming couplets. In his next histories, "Henry IV, Parts 1 and 2," and "Henry V," we find ourselves in a different world.

"Richard III" is all murder and melodrama; but "Henry IV" is full of fun and feasting. Macaulay, indeed, considered it Shakespeare's best comic play, and no wonder, for it contains Falstaff, the most successful comic figure in all literature. By introducing him and his companions into a chronicle play, Shakespeare humanized the type by setting fictitious commoners side by side with historic princes. His revels with Prince Hal, his cowardice, his lying effrontery, his prodigious fatness, and his still more prodigious wit are indescribable. To gain an adequate idea of them one must read the play. Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with him that she expressed a wish to see him in love; and, in response to her desire, Shakespeare in fourteen days produced that masterpiece of comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Yet Falstaff is not altogether a comic figure. When Henry IV is dead and Prince Hal has assumed the crown, the young monarch disowns the companion of his riotous youth, and the figure of the old knight suddenly becomes one of the most pathetic in all literature. In "Henry V" we see Prince Hal, now king, invade France, win the battle of Agincourt, and return in triumph to London. Though it is essentially an appeal to English patriotism, it is rich in comedy and poetry. Among its gems are Henry's address to his army, Henry's wooing of the French princess, and the characterization of the Welshman Fluellen.

We have now come to the year 1600 and the end of Shakespeare's apprenticeship. Great as are the plays that precede, those that follow are greater still. During the first eight years of the new century, he produced the ten plays that mark the high-water mark of his own achievement, which is equivalent to saying the high-water mark of world literature. These fall into three divisions. In the first are three comedies, "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It." The second contains three Roman histories, "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," and "Antony and Cleopatra." "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Lear" constitute the last and greatest group. One of the most noteworthy characteris-

tics of all these dramas is the soundness of their morality, which marks them off from some (not all) of Shakespeare's early plays and from most of his contemporaries' work. All abound in wit, in humor, in poetry, and in human interest.

"Much Ado about Nothing" contains the two immortal policemen, Dogberry and Verges, and the lovers Benedick and Beatrice. Of the latter George Saintsbury says: "They are, perhaps, as good touchstones as any in Shakespeare. No one but an 'innocent' can possibly fail to like them; no one but a charlatan will ever pretend not to do so." "Twelfth Night" is replete with rich drollery and exquisite verse. It contains three perfectly drawn women, Viola, Olivia, and Maria, and three great comic figures, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, and Malvolio, the last being an incomparable portrait of one of those essentially good men who, by taking themselves too seriously, impair their own peace of mind while adding to the merriment of the unworthy. "As You Like It" is probably the best comedy in existence. Its forest setting, its matchless wit, the perfection of its blank verse, and its delicate songs form a world in which the wise and yet lovely Rosalind, Touchstone, prince of fools, and the melancholy Jacques move and dispute for the everlasting joy and edification of lusty youth and crabbed age.

"Julius Cæsar" is even richer in character drawing. Somebody has said that it almost has four heroes—Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, and Antony. In addition there are the sour Casca and the wonderfully drawn Portia. Antony's speech over Cæsar's body and the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius are perhaps as deservedly famous as any passages in Shakespeare. The spirit of the whole play is essentially modern. Cassius is a muck-raker of the type of which Dr. Johnson said: "Sir, patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Brutus makes one think of another of his sayings, "Hell is paved with good intentions." Brutus's efforts to reform the state are like the efforts of a blacksmith to mend a watch. He does not know that assassination has never changed the course of history. He is an everlasting type of virtuous inefficiency, clashing in Cassius with disappointed hypocrisy and in Antony with that practical ability which takes things as it finds them. There are many Brutus's to-day,

and they are quite as pathetic as the Roman. "Julius Cæsar" was probably written 1603, "Coriolanus" and "Antony and Cleopatra," 1608.

"Coriolanus," too, is strangely modern. The hero, a brave, noble, and sincere man, has rendered great public services; but he despises

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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inefficiency and hypocrisy, has a violent temper, and is not sufficiently polite to conceal his contempt for those who do not measure up to his standard of merit. The result is that he is banished from Rome, goes over to the Volscians, renders them signal services, excites the jealousy of their leader Aufidius, and perishes through his machina-

tions. The career of Benedict Arnold, in its main outlines, affords a close parallel to that of Coriolanus. His great services to the American cause, his gallantry at Quebec and Saratoga, the ill-concealed contempt with which he justly regarded General Gates, the lack of promotion which followed, his consequent treason, his brilliant feats of arms in the British service, and the obscure infamy in which he passed his declining years make a story which is, if possible, more pathetic than that of Shakespeare's hero. In "Coriolanus" we find that Shakespeare's style has changed. It is less quotable but more compact than that of "Julius Cæsar." Probably it would be no exaggeration to say that it does not contain a single superfluous sentence.

"Antony and Cleopatra" is, like "Julius Cæsar," of which it is a sort of sequel, based on Plutarch, who was himself a great writer. One of the best ways to learn to understand Shakespeare's peerless faculty for making things live is to set his version of Antony's downfall side by side with Plutarch's. Antony is a brave soldier and a true friend, ruined by his love for Cleopatra, who, like Falstaff, in spite of having about all of the faults that flesh is heir to, wins our admiration by sheer power of intellect. Always excepting "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra" is to be reckoned among the greatest of Shakespeare's plays.

"Hamlet" was probably finished 1602. It is the longest, the most discussed, and the oftenest quoted of Shakespeare's plays. In Furness's Variorum Edition it occupies two volumes, one of 473, the other of 429 pages, while "King Lear" fills only one volume of 502 pages. The bibliography alone in this work occupies 33 pages. The discussion of the question of Hamlet's madness has become one of the national pastimes of the English. In Bartlett's "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations" the play occupies 20 pages, or twice as much as Chaucer and Spenser combined. Hamlet himself is perhaps of all Shakespeare's men the most attractive. He is at once a gentleman, a scholar, and a poet, "the mould of fashion and the glass of form." As Goethe says, he is a lovely vase. In this vase there is planted an acorn. It bursts. Its roots expand. The vase is shivered to pieces. This acorn is the necessity of revenging the murder of his father. Endowed by nature with an exquisite capacity for appreciating the

true, the good, and the beautiful, he is forced by the remorseless logic of events to give up his books, to despise his mother, to discard his friends, to break his Ophelia's heart, to stain his hands with gore, and to perish himself in the ruin of all he holds dear. All of this might have been averted had he been a man of action. The play is therefore an everlasting sermon on the inadequacy of books, scholarship, pedantry. In every line it is astonishingly fresh and modern. It was a common saying, early in the nineteenth century, in view of the scholarship of the Germans, that "Germany is Hamlet." But when in 1877 Furness published his "Variorum Hamlet," in words that hark back to 1871 and forward to 1914, he dedicated it to the Shakespeare society of Weimar as "representative of a people whose recent history has proved that 'Germany is *not* Hamlet.'"

Hamlet lacks will power. He knows that he ought to kill Claudius, but he cannot bring himself to do it. In this he is in contrast to Macbeth. Hamlet philosophizes about what he is to do but does not act; Macbeth kills Duncan and spends the rest of his life in philosophizing about it and in getting deeper and deeper into a sea of blood. Like Claudius, he is a "limed soul that, struggling to be free," is "more engaged." He resembles a fly stuck on a piece of fly-paper. He is, for all his headlong impetuosity, really weaker than Hamlet. While the latter sees quite through his mother and Ophelia, Macbeth permits himself to be bullied, hoodwinked, and led into temptation by his wife. Even in length "Macbeth" is the antithesis of "Hamlet," being one of Shakespeare's shortest plays, which is indeed a natural consequence of its theme, "Look before you leap." In one respect, however, the two plays are alike. Both are marked by a richness of detail, a felicity of language, and a power of character portrayal such as no other author has attained. Different as are the Weird Sisters in "Macbeth" and the Ghost in "Hamlet," they, along with the Fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," constitute the most wonderful group of evil thoughts, hallucinations, and dreams in all literature.

"Macbeth" was probably finished 1605; "Othello" seems to have been acted at court November 1, 1604. Macaulay considered it Shakespeare's greatest play. Othello, a black man, by virtue of his great qualities as a soldier, wins and weds Desdemona, a dainty Vene-

tian lady. Iago, his ancient, enraged because Othello has promoted Cassio in preference to him, with diabolical ingenuity excites Othello's jealousy until, in a fit of madness, he slays his innocent wife. The play is thus in a way a sermon against ill-assorted marriages. Everything about it is swift, powerful, overwhelmingly pitiful.

In its companion, "King Lear," we have a picture of an old man who seeks to escape from his responsibilities. Unlike Macbeth, Lear will not "die with harness on his back." Instead he decides to divide his kingdom among his three daughters—Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. Before doing so he requires each to make expression of her love for him. Goneril and Regan please him with fulsome adulation; Cordelia, disgusted, speaks coldly. Enraged, he disowns her, and gives half his kingdom to Goneril and half to Regan, reserving certain dignities to himself. As soon as they can, they proceed to strip him of these; and, in spite of Cordelia's opposition, they succeed. Lear's madness, which is a result of their ingratitude, is one of the most terrible things in literature, and the character of his Fool, who, amid the wreck of his master's fortunes, remains true, one of the most wonderful. "His extraordinary success," says George Saintsbury, "has never been denied save by his unofficial successors."

These four peerless masterpieces have been called the four wings of Shakespeare's spirit and the four wheels of his chariot. They raised him to the highest pinnacle of contemporary fame, creating a demand for his work which he evidently found himself unable single-handed to supply. The story is that he had made a contract to furnish the Globe Theatre with two plays a year. In his weariness he had recourse to one or all of three very natural expedients. He hastily worked over some pieces which he had previously begun and abandoned; he retouched some plays by other writers, adding a scene here and there; or he employed others to fill in outlines which he himself sketched. The result was that there appeared under his name five plays vastly inferior to his best but all bearing more or less unmistakably the marks of the master's hand. These are "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Pericles," "Measure for Measure," and "Henry VIII." "Troilus and Cressida" is a lively dramatization from the "Iliad"; in "Timon of Athens" the theme, like that

of "Lear," is ingratitude; and "Pericles" is a rambling story based on Gower, which may perhaps account for the fact that it is the dullerest thing Shakespeare ever wrote, if indeed he had any hand in it. Some things in it, however, must be, says George Saintsbury, "*aut Shakespeare aut diabolus*, and it must have been a most superior fiend who forged the shipwreck passage." While "Measure for Measure" and "Henry VIII" contain some of the best things in Shakespeare, they are vastly inferior, the one to "As You Like It," the other to "Henry IV." This group of plays, indeed, reminds one forcibly of Pope's acute comment:

"Shakespeare, whom you and every playhouse bill,
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite."

In other words, while he wished for solid literary fame, he expected to gain it from his plays as little as Rudyard Kipling or Maurice Maeterlinck would expect to-day to gain it by writing librettos for the "movies." He has left on record his envy and admiration of Spenser's fame and his impatience, not to say contempt, for the theatre. In two early poems, as we have already seen, he had tried to win a permanent name. Probably realizing the insufficiency of his "Venus" and "Lucrece" for this purpose, in 1609 he allowed one of his friends to print in addition a little volume which of itself would have sufficed to make his name immortal. It contained 154 sonnets. Some, if not all, of them had been written years before. Probably they are a spiritual diary of a portion of the poet's earlier life. Their meaning has been a source of interminable controversy, but one thing is certain: there is nothing commonplace about them except the people who have written comments on them. They are full of superb poetry. In lines such as these the high-water mark of English verse is reached:

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held."

II.

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

III.

"And stretch'd metre of an antique song."

XVII,

"The painful warrior famous'd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honour raz'd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

XXV.

"Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

LV.

It is impossible, however, by quotation to convey an idea of the power and beauty of these sonnets. The student who wishes to discover what they are at their best should read 18, 30, 33, 56, 73, 98, 106, 116, and 130. If, after that, he does not voluntarily read the rest, he may escape whipping, but he should banish from his mind the idea that he can learn to appreciate literature.

The year previous to the publication of the sonnets, Shakespeare had retired to Stratford and taken up his dwelling in New Place. In his novel, "Judith Shakespeare," William Black has made a picture of the poet's life there which can be read without much intellectual exertion and with some pleasure as well as profit. Black depicts Judith as the light of her father's house. We have better evidence than his, however, that in her he found the chief comfort and delight of his declining years. Tired as he was, he continued to write, but in a less strenuous spirit. After the storm and stress of "Othello" and "Lear," his bark found calmer waters in the romantic beauty of "A Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." In each of these the most attractive figure is a daughter; and, while Perdita, Imogene, and Miranda are as different as three good and lovely young women can be, it seems as if there must be something of Judith Shakespeare in each of them.

Aside from Perdita, the most interesting thing about "A Winter's Tale" is the picture it contains of the rogue Autolycus, who is at once peddler, thief, and ballad monger. Just as we are shown in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" how the rude mechanicals presented their crude plays in mediæval England, so we are shown in "A Winter's Tale" how a travelling fakir sang and sold ballads to clown and shepherd. It is all ludicrously realistic and yet for poetry one of the ballads of Autolycus is unmatched even in Shakespeare:

"When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year."

"Cymbeline" is as riotous and sweet with disorderly beauty as an abandoned back pasture on a Vermont hillside in the early days of July when the wild raspberries are beginning to ripen. The easiest way to form an idea of its power and charm is to remember that Tennyson, on his death-bed, called for the volume that contained it, and that when he breathed his last it was clasped in his hands.

"The Tempest" was the last of Shakespeare's works to be written. Along with the "Comedy of Errors," it differs in one respect from all of his other plays. It observes, or almost observes, the Greek rule that the action of a drama must be confined to one place and to 24 hours. The disregard of these unities, as they are called, enabled Shakespeare to "hold the mirror up to nature," thereby giving to his work a variety and richness which the Greek drama lacks, though at the sacrifice of severe simplicity of effect. In the "Tempest," however, he combined Greek unity with the rich coloring that marks his best work. The play is, indeed, one of the most marvellous creations of the human mind. Prospero, King of Naples, and his daughter Miranda are exposed on a desert island by a usurper; by magic arts he subdues to his will Ariel, the most spiritual, and Caliban, the grossest, of its denizens; the usurper, being wrecked on the island, falls into Prospero's power; and the end is happy. Not without reason have some critics seen in the "Tempest" a spiritual autobiography of the poet and a farewell to his art. Prospero is Shakespeare; Naples, Stratford; the island, London; Ariel, air; Caliban, earth; Prospero's magic art, with which he subdues the world, poetry, etc., etc. And, when the tempest is over, Prospero buries his book and takes leave of his art in words that seem designed by Shakespeare for his own farewell to the stage and an exposition of his philosophy of life:

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

When, in 1613, Shakespeare wrote this marvellous good-bye, he was already weary. As Walter Raleigh finely says, "For many years he took upon himself the burden of the human race, and struggled in thought under the oppression of sorrows not his own." It made him prematurely old. On January 25, 1616, he made his will. On April 23 he died, and on April 25 was buried in Trinity Church, Stratford.

He left the preservation of his plays to two of his fellow actors, J. Heminge and H. Condell, who accordingly in 1623 published what is called the first folio edition of Shakespeare. It contained the Droeshout portrait of the author and 36 of his plays, "Pericles" not being included. Three other folios, which appeared 1632, 1663, and 1685, were sufficient to supply the demand during the rest of the seventeenth century. During the eighteenth, eleven separate editions of Shakespeare were published in England and one, that of S. Johnson, 1795, in America; during the nineteenth 28 appeared, six of them in America, three on the Continent; while the first ten years of the twentieth century produced no less than nine. Owing to the fact that Heminge and Condell were not scholars or printers and the circumstance that they did not possess a perfect copy of the plays, they left the text of Shakespeare in an unsatisfactory condition. It was not until Rowe, in 1709, brought out the first critical edition, that any real progress was made in the direction of improving it. Since then a host of scholars have lavished time and skill upon the text to such good effect that to-day, while not perfect, it is free from gross absurdities.

Shakespeare's overpowering genius was amply recognized by his contemporaries. We have Ben Jonson's testimony that all men in his day agreed that neither man nor muse could praise his work too much. He puts Shakespeare in a class by himself above Chaucer, Spenser, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Seneca, Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terence; exclaims that in him Britain has one triumph to which all scenes of Europe homage owe; and declares that the sweet swan of Avon is not of an age but for all time. In every generation since the greatest English writers have paid tribute to his genius. John Milton (1608-1674) called him "sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child." John Dryden (1632-1700) said, in contrasting him with Jonson and Fletcher,

"But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Alexander Pope (1688–1744) referred to the "flowers eternal" that blow on Avon's bank. Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) wrote:

"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain."

"To him," said Thomas Gray (1716–1771), "the mighty mother (*i.e.*, Nature) did unveil her awful face." Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834) thought that he had fused the universal and the particular with more success than any other poet. John Keats (1795–1821) described his genius as an inmate universality; he could do easily man's utmost, he said. Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) considered "Hamlet" the greatest creation in literature. Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) commended his laughter; Dogberry and Verges, he said, tickle our very souls; such mirth, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful. The sincerest tribute to his genius, however, was paid by America's friend, George III, when he said: "Was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?"

There was a copy of Shakespeare in the library of the French king as early as 1675. In 1682 his name was mentioned in a German book. His real European fame, however, did not begin until 1733, when Voltaire introduced him to the French public. Voltaire regarded Shakespeare as a kind of inspired barbarian, but did him the honor to try to improve "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Macbeth." In 1741 "Julius Cæsar" was translated into German, and in 1746 parts of ten plays into French. In 1759 Lessing, having concluded that Shakespeare is greater than Corneille and almost as great as Sophocles, recommended that German authors study in his works the art of writing. From 1776 Shakespeare occupied a prominent place on the German stage. Between 1797 and 1810 August Wilhelm Schlegel published under the title, "Shakespeare's Dramatische Werke, übersetzt von August Wilhelm Schlegel," a marvellous translation of "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "King John,"

“ Richard II,” “ Henry IV,” “ Henry V,” “ Henry VI,” and “ Richard III.” To this great work belongs the credit of having made Shakespeare the joint possession of two nations. It made Germany regard Shakespeare, not as the rival of Sophocles, but as the voice of Nature; it revealed a romantic fairyland of which the classic drama knew nothing; it showed Germany, through “ Romeo and Juliet,” “ Othello,” and the “ Merchant of Venice,” the poetic charm of Italy. Goethe and Schiller, along with a host of lesser dramatists, felt all this, and learned their art, not from the Greeks and French, but from the great Englishman. In France, his merit has not been equally recognized. As late as 1822 “ Othello ” and “ Hamlet ” were hissed off the Parisian stage. In 1829, however, “ Othello ” won a triumph at the Theatre Française; and in 1847 Alexandre Dumas translated “ Hamlet.” Alfred de Musset, Guizot, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo imitated, translated, and praised the plays, while Delacroix used them in his pictures and Berlioz in his music, so that it may fairly be said that, since 1850, Shakespeare’s supremacy in modern literature has not been seriously questioned in France. Though in Italy the great actors Salvini, Rossi, Adelaide Ristori, and Eleonora Duse made Shakespeare familiar, and several of his plays furnished subjects for operas, it was not until 1882 that his complete works were translated into Italian: Holland lacked a satisfactory version until 1880. In 1813 “ Hamlet ” established Shakespeare’s fame in Denmark. Sweden had a translation as early as 1851, Russia 1865, and Poland 1875. In America he always has been and is now the most popular, as well as the most admired, of playwrights. American scholars have studied his text and American actors have interpreted it with a zeal and success equal to that of their English and German rivals. Somebody has calculated that, in Chicago alone, during a certain period of ten years, there were over 1000 productions of Shakespearean plays, while his nearest rival, the author of one of those unspeakable mixtures of vulgarity and dulness which are known as musical comedies, barely attained the total of 500 performances. The most noteworthy tribute ever paid to any bard, however, was bestowed upon Shakespeare when, shortly after the outbreak of the great war in 1914, the Germans, in spite of their hatred of England, adopted him as their national poet.

Indeed, the fact that in Germany Shakespeare is read in a version which is comparatively modern may perhaps have caused the Germans as a nation to appreciate his power more fully than is now possible in a country where the language is English.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What was a cycle play and what part had it in English dramatic history?
2. Who was Terence and what was his relation to the history of English literature?
3. Name four of the immediate predecessors of William Shakespeare, with a note as to the work of each.
4. Amplify the statement that Shakespeare was "a brother and playmate to mankind."
5. What were some of the interesting characteristics of Elizabethan dramatists and dramatic productions?
6. What play of Shakespeare's have you liked the best? What secret to the way of life does it unveil to you?
7. Trace briefly, but thoroughly, Shakespeare's career as we know it.
8. In what respects did Marlowe fall short of Shakespeare?
9. Why is a play of Shakespeare's more worth seeing than a musical comedy?
10. If none of Shakespeare's plays had been handed down to us, why would he yet be an immortal?

Suggested Readings.—No student, old or young, can read too many of Shakespeare's plays or read them too often. It is the source from which many great men have obtained their education. To begin: read "Julius Cæsar"; an English historical play, "Richard I"; a tragedy, "Macbeth" or "Othello"; a comedy, "The Merchant of Venice" or "As You Like It." A revealing volume for collateral reading is Professor Edward Dowden's "Shakspere, His Mind and Art." The best biography is Walter Raleigh's.

J. D. 7thm Shakespeare

CHAPTER XI

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."—*Pope*.

"The prince of all philosophers."—*Macaulay*.

THE age of Queen Elizabeth, according to Lord Macaulay, produced not only the prince of all poets, as he calls William Shakespeare, but also the prince of all philosophers, as he describes Francis Bacon, or, to be more exact, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. This remarkable man was born January 22, 1561, at York House, an ancient palace located on the Strand in London, which was at that time the official residence of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England and one of the statesmen who made Queen Elizabeth's reign illustrious. His mother was a sister of Lady Cecil, the wife of that Lord Burleigh who made Spenser's life so unhappy. She had been tutor to Edward VI and was renowned for her exquisite mastery of Greek and Latin. Francis seems to have inherited the brilliancy of his parents and to have shown that brilliancy at an early age, for when he was still a mere lad Queen Elizabeth is said to have addressed him admiringly as "my little Lord Keeper." At the age of 12, he was ready for Cambridge and was entered at Trinity College, where he is said to have been disgusted with the philosophy of Aristotle. When he was 19 he lost his father and was compelled, much against his will, to apply himself to the study of the law for the purpose of earning a living, though his real interest from the first lay in literary and philosophical pursuits. At the age of 24 we find him a member of Parliament and at 31 he was writing to his powerful uncle, Burleigh, but writing in vain, to obtain for himself a job with a reasonable salary and no duties, that he might be able to devote himself to his studies. For some reason Burleigh refused to assist him and Bacon turned from him to the Earl of Essex, then Elizabeth's favorite, in whom he found an appreciative friend and patron. Essex in 1593

made strenuous efforts to obtain for Bacon the position of attorney-general and a rich wife, and, failing in both undertakings, presented him with an estate at Twickenham valued at eighteen hundred pounds. In the struggle for both these ends, Bacon came into collision with



FRANCIS BACON

1561—1626

From the portrait by Paul Van Somer

the famous lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, who obtained both the office and the lady; incidentally, the men became life-long enemies. Bacon repaid the efforts of Essex in his behalf by an act of perfidy that has hardly a parallel in history. Essex was a proud and hot-headed

man and these qualities finally caused him to lose the favor of Queen Elizabeth. In his efforts to regain it, he, contrary to Bacon's advice, committed first indiscreet and then treasonable acts. In the prosecution which followed, Bacon, in order to win the favor of the Queen, consented to appear against his friend and was instrumental in securing his condemnation and execution. This signal proof of subserviency did not, however, advance him in Elizabeth's confidence, and it was not until her successor, James I, came to the throne that he began to make much progress in a material way. Upon James's accession he was made a knight, along with three hundred others, and repaid his patron by using his great talents in parliament to promote the power of the crown against the rights of the people. In 1607 he became solicitor-general, in 1613 attorney-general, in 1616 lord chancellor, in 1618 Baron Verulam, and in 1620 Viscount St. Albans. In connection with these various offices he undoubtedly performed some great public services, the chief of them being in connection with the political union of England and Scotland, and he discharged his duties with efficiency and dispatch; but he permitted himself to be influenced in judicial decisions by the wishes of the court. He also made two fatal mistakes. The first of these was to receive presents from litigants, and the second was to use his power to oust Coke from office. The result was in 1620 a parliamentary prosecution, which found him guilty of receiving bribes and sentenced him to imprisonment in the Tower during the king's pleasure, to a fine of forty thousand pounds, and to loss of citizenship. He spent the remaining six years of his life in literary pursuits.

In the career thus briefly outlined, there is little to command the respect or admiration of posterity; indeed, it seems amply to justify Pope's famous couplet,

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

But when we turn from Bacon's life to his literary and philosophical works, we are at once in a different world. From his boyhood days his chief interest had been in intellectual pursuits, his chief ambition to increase the sum of human knowledge. In 1591 he had written to Burleigh that he had taken all knowledge to be his field. The first

published fruits of his genius were his essays, of which he published ten in 1597. In 1612 he issued a second edition, in which the number had grown to thirty-eight, and in 1625 a third, which contained fifty-eight. These compositions are in reality little more than collections of notes on various subjects, often thrown together without any apparent connection or arrangement. There had been nothing like them before in the English language and nothing, indeed, in any language, unless we except the French essays of Montaigne. They immediately became popular and have continued so ever since, and with good reason, for they are among the weightiest and wisest compositions in the language. The student who wishes to get a taste of their quality would probably do best to begin by reading the essays on Death, Beauty, Deformity, Adversity, and Studies. In the latter, Bacon says "that some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." These essays belong in the third class. They are hard reading; but once mastered they are a source of perennial intellectual power. The thing about them which undoubtedly will most strike the casual reader is the number of proverbial phrases and sentences which they contain; for instance:

"God Almighty first planned a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." *Of Gardens.*

"Houses are built to live in and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had." *Of Building.*

"No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth." *Of Truth.*

"Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark." *Of Death.*

"Virtue is, like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed." *Of Adversity.*

"Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses their children should take." *Of Parents and Children.*

"When a man should marry? A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

"Money is like muck, not good except it be spread." *Of Seditions and Troubles.*

"A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth

in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." *Of Atheism.*

"I knew a wise man that had it for a byword when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'Stay a little that we may make an end the sooner.' " *Of Dispatch.*

"There is no man who imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his grief to his friend, but that he grieveth the less." *Of Friendship.*

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence." *Of Discourse.*

"It breeds great perfection if the practice be harder than the use." *Of Nature and Men.*

Bacon's fame, however, rests upon a more solid foundation than his essays. It rests upon a great but unfinished work, the "*Instauratio Scientiarum*," which he designs to be a review and encyclopædia of all knowledge. In 1605 he published "*The Advancement of Learning*," which, afterwards revised and translated into Latin under the title "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*," constitutes the first part of this work. In it he discusses the excellence of knowledge, the means of disseminating it, and its three branches, which are history, poetry, and philosophy, which correspond to the three parts of man's understanding, the memory, the imagination, and the reason. The "*Novum Organum*," or "*New Method*," constitutes the second part of the "*Instauratio*." In this work, which was published in 1620, after being thirty years in preparation, Bacon undertakes to set forth a method of study which shall add effectively and fruitfully to the sum of human knowledge. The method generally used by scholars up to his time was what is known as the deductive method of Aristotle, which amounted to this, that, starting from a general proposition, the investigator proceeded to draw from it by the rules of logic such conclusions as he could concerning specific facts or phenomena. In other words, he began with the general and ended with the particular. This method, not being based upon accurate observation of facts, had during the two thousand years intervening between Aristotle and Bacon produced no really practical results. Bacon proposed to reverse it. He proposed to begin with the accumulation and analysis of individual facts and to proceed from them to general principles. The student should not make the mistake of supposing that Bacon invented this sort of

reasoning, which is called induction; he did nothing of the sort. He did, however, show mankind convincingly and eloquently that induction and not deduction would produce what he called fruit. Macaulay writes as follows of the value to the world of the methods laid down in the "Novum Organum":

"It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day and will be its starting-post to-morrow."

One critic condemns the essay from which this passage was taken as an elaborate libel on Lord Bacon; another censures it as equally unfounded praise and glorification. It is perhaps reasonable therefore to assume that Macaulay is not very far from the truth.

Among Bacon's other works are a few poems, a philosophical romance called the "New Atlantis," a "History of Henry VII," and a collection of anecdotes and witticisms. The poems are important chiefly because they prove beyond the shadow of a doubt to anybody with the faintest tincture of literary taste that Bacon could not have written Shakespeare's plays. The "New Atlantis" belongs in the same class with Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis," being an attempt to describe an ideal state, which is located in the North Pacific Ocean. The "History of Henry VII"

has some slight claim to historical merit. Of the apothegms Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "They are the one part of Bacon's works which are not worth reading." Even among them, however, we find such weighty and entertaining observations as the following:

"My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and, therefore, that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads." No. 17.

"Like the strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot and all the rest were little ones." No. 54.

"Cosmus, Duke of Florence, was wont to say of perfidious friends that we read that we should forgive our enemies; but we do not read that we should forgive our friends." No. 206.

"Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new." No. 247.

Bacon's life ended in a fashion that was not out of harmony with the great purpose of his life. While he was driving in his coach on a winter day it occurred to him that cold might be as good a preservative of food as salt. He therefore stopped at a farmhouse and bought a fowl, which he stuffed with snow with his own hands. As a consequence, he contracted a cold from which he did not recover. He died April 9, 1626, and was buried in St. Michael's Church in St. Albans. In the last letter which he wrote he compared himself to the elder Pliny, who lost his life by trying an experiment in connection with the burning of Mt. Vesuvius, and recorded the fact that his own experiment had succeeded excellently.

Alexander Pope's statement, already quoted, that Bacon was the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," is not true. He was not the wisest, because, lacking moral stamina, he stepped aside from his high literary calling into the intrigue and meanness of court life, ruining by the division of his energy between earthly ambition and the honorable desire for fame a career which might have been one of the noblest in the annals of literature. He was not the brightest, for he lived in the age of Shakespeare; and he was not the meanest, for in spite of all his defects of character, he left a legacy which will continue to increase in value as long as civilization continues to advance.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an outline of Bacon's public life.
2. "Reading maketh a full man," wrote Bacon in an essay. What do you consider the meaning of this statement?
3. What is the difference between the inductive and the deductive methods of reasoning.
4. Give an example of the results obtained by the inductive method.
5. Count the number of words in one of Bacon's essays. Read the essay; close the book; rewrite the essay in your own words, and find how much of Bacon's thought you are able to express with an equal number of words.
6. Bacon says: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Name three books of each class.
7. Name a half-dozen contemporaries of Bacon.
8. Compare the points of view of Spenser and Bacon.
9. Do you believe Bacon could have written Shakespeare?
10. Does Bacon stand highest as man, scientist, or essayist?

Suggested Readings.—Obtain a volume of Bacon's essays and read into it. You will find food for thought and sharp stimulus. The essays entitled "Of Studies," "Of Revenge," "Of Gardens," and "Of Beauty" are especially recommended. "Bacon," by Dean R. W. Church, in the "English Men of Letters Series," is a good biography. Macaulay's "Essay on Bacon" is magnificent.

CHAPTER XII

OTHER ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEOAN WRITERS (1559-1625)

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on."—*Milton*.

"The mosaic brain of old Burton."—*Carlyle*.

"Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
Of the rar'st wits!"—*Heywood*.

QUEEN ELIZABETH reigned 1559-1603, her successor, James I, 1603-1625. The awakened feeling of national power which marked this period, as we have already seen, produced a brilliant summer time of literature. It was so fruitful, indeed, that the spacious times of great Elizabeth are often called the golden age of English literature. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the great names of Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare exhaust its titles to distinction. A host of excellent minor writers also flourished during this period. It is the purpose of this chapter to sketch briefly a few of these.

The chief glory of the age is the drama. No other nation can boast such an output of good plays as were written in England at this time. Save those of Shakespeare, however, these productions are not calculated to interest beginners in literature. A few brief notes on the most important authors and plays will therefore suffice:

George Chapman (1559-1634) was a copious dramatist. Among his best plays are "All Fools," "Bussy d'Ambois," and "Eastward Ho." The latter, written in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston, contained allusions to the Scotch which got the authors into jail, because they enraged James I, who was the son of Mary Queen of Scots. Here is one of the offending passages: "Only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there (Virginia); for we are all one country now, ye know, and we

should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here." Chapman's greatest achievement was his translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which in poetical vigor and beauty is perhaps nearer to the originals than any other English version. No bard has ever been more splendidly eulogized by a brother bard than Chapman in the following sonnet by John Keats:

" Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been,
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne,
 Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken,
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He gazed at the Pacific, and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Chapman is also the author of this sentence: "Young men think old men are fools, but old men know young men are fools."

Ben Jonson (1573-1637), after Shakespeare and Marlowe the most conspicuous dramatist of this period, was early left an orphan, was compelled to leave school, for a while worked as a bricklayer, as a soldier in Flanders killed one of the enemy in single combat, failed as an actor, and killed a fellow performer in a duel. His career as a playwright began 1596 with the production of "Every Man in his Humour," with Shakespeare as one of the actors. His best tragedies are two classical pieces, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," and his best comedies "Volpone, or the Fox"; "Epicæne, or the Silent Woman"; and "The Alchemist." Coleridge says that the plot of the last is one of the three best in literature, the others being those of Sophocles's "Œdipus the King" and Fielding's "Tom Jones." He also wrote a pastoral play called "The Sad Shepherd," which in poetic charm belongs in the same class with "The Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher and even challenges comparison with Milton's "Comus." Like his great namesake, Samuel Johnson, Ben's literary reputation, his love of companionship, and his colloquial powers made him a

literary dictator. At the Mermaid Club, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, he met Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher in wit-combats of which Fuller says: "Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gal-



BEN JONSON

1573—1637

From the portrait by Gerard Honthorst

leon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and inventions." Jonson's

admiration of Shakespeare's genius has already been described. One of his younger associates, Herrick, has also left a memorial of the literary meetings in which Jonson led:

" Ah Ben!
 Say how or when
 'Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tunne?
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meate, outdid the frolick wine.

Jonson's later days were dark and painful. The simple slab which marks his grave in Westminster Abbey bears only three words, but they speak volumes; they are "*O Rare Ben Jonson.*" Of his numerous songs, the best is "To Celia," which, set to exquisite music by Mozart, is, thanks to the phonograph, familiar to millions of people to-day:

" Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will pledge with mine.
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.
 " I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee."

Thomas Dekker (1570-1637) spent a considerable portion of his life in jail for debt, quarrelled with Ben Jonson, and wrote several good plays, among them being "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "Old Fortunatus," and "Satiromastix." He collaborated with Webster in "Sir Thomas Wyatt," "Westward Ho," and "Northward Ho"; with Middleton in "The Roaring Girl"; and with Ford in "The Witch of Edmonton." Charles Lamb says Dekker has poetry enough for anything, and Swinburne that his wood-notes remind him of

Shakespeare. He certainly knew how to add to golden numbers golden numbers, as this stanza demonstrates:

“ Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
 O sweet Content!
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
 O Punishment!
 Dost laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
 O sweet Content, O sweet, O sweet Content.”

Those who argue that Bacon wrote Shakespeare because we know so little of the latter's life might argue with even more plausibility that Bacon wrote John Webster's "White Devil," "Appius and Virginia," "The Devil's Law Case," and "The Duchess of Malfi." Even the dates of his birth and death are unknown. His plays are all somber tragedies wherein the reader sups full on horrors. Edmund Gosse says that "The Duchess of Malfi" is unquestionably the most elevated tragic poem in the language not written by the pen of Shakespeare.

"The Revenger's Tragedy" and "The Atheist's Tragedy" by Cyril Tourneur (1575-1626) are two of the most revolting plays in literature. Charles Lamb could never read the former but his ears tingled.

Thomas Heywood (1575-1641) was an actor and a voluminous playwright. Lamb called him a sort of prose Shakespeare without the poetry. He at least had one trait which is found in Shakespeare and is lacking in Jonson, Webster, Tourneur, Beaumont, and Fletcher—an instinctive perception of nobility. Among his best plays are "A Woman Killed with Kindness," "The Fair Maid of the West," "The English Traveller," "The Wise Woman of Hogsdon," and "Edward IV." Some of his verses have a fine swing. For example:

“ Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day;
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
 To give my love good morrow.”

Thomas Middleton (1570-1627) perhaps had a hand in the composition of "Macbeth." He certainly collaborated with Dekker, Rowley, and Massinger. Of his own plays one critic says: "If 'The Changeling,' 'Women beware Women,' 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and

'A Fair Quarrel' do not justify Middleton's claim to be considered a great artist, I know not which of Shakespeare's followers is worthy of the title."

John Marston (1575-1634) wrote several plays full of rough satire. With Jonson and Chapman he was imprisoned, it will be remembered, for some caustic allusions in "Eastward Ho" to the Scotch. Among his plays are "Sophonisba," "The Malcontent," and "What You Will."

Philip Massinger (1583-1640), one of the most accomplished and eloquent dramatists of his time, lived in poverty, died a pauper, and was buried at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, with no memorial except this note in the parish register, "Philip Massinger, a stranger." Like other dramatists, he was often in jail for debt. Fifteen of his plays have been preserved; the manuscripts of eight others were burned by an ignorant domestic about 1750 for kitchen uses. Coleridge says that some of his plays are as interesting as a novel, others as solid as a treatise on political philosophy. The best are "The Virgin Martyr" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." The character of Sir Giles Overreach, in the latter, is such a masterpiece that the play held the stage well into the nineteenth century. To Hallam, Massinger's tragedies seemed second only to Shakespeare's. They also made such an impression on Charles James Fox when he first read them that for several days he could talk of nothing else. Lamb said his English is purer than that of any other contemporary dramatist.

The most noteworthy partnership in English letters is that of Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625). The collaboration of the other dramatists of their day was generally brief and incidental. Theirs lasted ten years, during which they lived together, both being bachelors, sat on the same bench, shared their clothes, and wrote a series of passionate, romantic, and comic plays with such perfect coöperation that their fame has ever since been perfectly blended. Aubrey, a contemporary writer, says that Beaumont's task was to correct the exuberance of Fletcher's genius. They were imitators but not slavish imitators of Shakespeare. Next after Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakespeare, they are probably the best playwrights of their age. Dryden thought that they drew the characters

of gentlemen better than did Shakespeare, and says that in his day (1632-1700) two of their plays were acted for one of his. The following table shows, so far as it is known or guessed, the authorship of the most important plays in which they had a share:

I. By Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Four Plays in One"	"A King and no King"
"Thierry and Theodoret"	"Laws of Candy"
"The Maid's Tragedy"	"The Knight of the Burning Pestle"
"Philaster"	"The Scornful Lady."

II. By Fletcher and Shakespeare:

"The Two Noble Kinsmen."

III. By Fletcher alone:

"The Faithful Shepherdess"	"Bonduca"
"The False One"	"Wit without Money."

Of these the best are "Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and "The Faithful Shepherdess. Critics believe that, on the whole, Beaumont had the deeper genius, Fletcher the gayer.

William Rowley (1585-1642) collaborated with Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Massinger, and Ford, and wrote several plays of his own. His work is rough but rich in humor.

John Ford (1586-1656) was the last great tragic writer of this period. His best plays, "Tis Pity," "The Broken Heart," and "Love's Sacrifice," unlike most contemporary dramas, observe the unities of time, place, and action.

The great series of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists that began with Christopher Marlowe closed with James Shirley (1596-1666). Between 50 and 60 of his plays have come down to us. In them there is some of the grace, melody, and fancy that characterized the great Elizabethans, but their power is gone.

Between 1642 and 1660 there were no theaters in England. In the former year parliament rebelled against the king, and civil war broke out. The complete triumph of parliament gave the Puritans supreme power. Their intolerance of all worldly things is happily

hit off in the following verse by Richard Brathwaite (1588-1673):

"To Banbury came I, O profane one,
Where I met a puritane one
Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The hatred of men imbued with this spirit for an institution as corrupt as the theater had then become can be imagined. The playhouses were closed and did not reopen until the restoration of the monarchy in 1660.

Aside from the drama, the reigns of Elizabeth and James were distinguished by an unusual number of vigorous writers both in prose and verse. Of these the most interesting are mentioned in the following notes, which are arranged in the order of the dates of their births.

Sir John Harrington (1561-1612) wrote a translation of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso" and a "Book of Epigrams." The best of the latter is:

"Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639) was the author of the justly famous poem, "The Character of a Happy Life," which begins:

"How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill."

He was a wit. Among his sayings were these: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth" and "Hanging was the worst use a man could be put to." He was one of the first to recognize Milton's poetic genius; and, when the young Puritan poet was setting out for Italy, he gave him the sound advice "to keep his thoughts close and his countenance loose."

Sir John Davies (1570-1626) wrote a famous poem on dancing. He is chiefly remembered, however, for this quatrain:

"Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where those that are without would fain go in
And those that are within would fain go out."

Sir Robert Carey (1560-1639) wrote the first autobiography in English. In 1589 he won 2000 pounds on a wager by walking from

London to Berwick, 342 miles, in twelve days; in 1603 he rode from London to Edinburgh in sixty hours to announce the death of Queen Elizabeth to her successor, James VI of Scotland and I of England.

Gervase Markham (1568–1637) in 1595 published a poem on the same fight which Tennyson's "Revenge" has made so familiar to modern readers.

Richard Barnfield (1574–1627) was probably the author of the ode, "As it fell upon a day," and the sonnet, "If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree," though both are sometimes printed as Shakespeare's.

Dr. John Donne (1573–1631) is known as the metaphysical poet. His verses, though often harsh and full of strange conceits, contain great beauties. He had considerable influence on Dryden, Pope, and Browning. His chief works are "Divine Poems," "Elegies," and "Satires."

"The Anatomy of Melancholy," by Robert Burton (1577–1639), was the only book that ever took Samuel Johnson out of bed two hours before he wished to rise. Byron said of it: "The book in my opinion most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well read, with the least trouble, is Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused." Here are a few of Burton's sentences:

"I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself."

"Aristotle said melancholy men are of all others the most witty."

"All places are distant from heaven alike."

"The commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have this inscription: 'Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war.'"

"Diogenes struck the father when the son swore."

"Isocrates adviseth Demonicus, when he came to a strange city, to worship by all means the gods of the place."

George Sandys (1578–1644) wrote a book of travels in Egypt, Turkey, and Palestine, which ran through seven editions between 1615 and 1673. To Americans he is chiefly interesting from the fact that he lived in Virginia 1621–1631 and there completed a bad but for a time popular translation of Ovid.

Thomas Coryate (1577–1617) was also a traveller. In his "Crudi-

ties " there are many passages of both historical and modern interest. For instance, in Italy he discovered forks, which apparently he had not seen before, and of which he says: " The Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion." His remarks on fried frogs, on women as actresses, and on feather beds, all of which were discovered by him on his travels, are interesting. He also instructed his countrymen in the Italian pronunciation of Latin which is now used in all American schools but has not yet been adopted in conservative England.

George Herbert (1593-1533), a country parson known as " holy George Herbert," wrote many short sacred poems. Two of these, " The Pulley " and " Vertue," every student of English might well learn by heart. " Vertue " is as follows:

" Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dewes shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

" Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

" Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die."

" Only a pure and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world would turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

George Wither (1588-1667) was another real poet. Being taken prisoner during the civil war by the Royalists, he was saved from hanging by the intervention of Denham, who told the authorities that, as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. Wither afterward rose to the rank of major-general in Cromwell's army. His best known poem, the " Author's Resolution," begins thus:

" Shall I, wasting with despair,
Die because a woman's fair,

Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?"

Francis Rous (1579-1659), who divides with King David the honor of being the sweet psalmist of Scotland, was a Cornishman.

The greatest literary achievement of the age remains to be noticed. ✓
The King James Version of the Bible, which appeared 1611, is probably the best translation ever made in any language. The great original Hebrew and Greek books; the aid in style which the translators found in the Latin Vulgate; the pioneer work done by Wickliffe, Tyndale, and Coverdale; and the fact that the translators, themselves men of great literary faculty, worked in the midst of the most noteworthy ferment in all literature—all these forces produced a matchless result. A volume is compressed into the line, "And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light"; a page into the two words, "Jesus wept." Beside the splendor of the Psalms, of the Book of Job, of The Prophets, and of The Apocrypha, the odes of "Sappho" and "Pindar" seem tame and absurd. Even Shakespeare's prose is not impressive in comparison with the vigor of the English Bible. No other book has so penetrated the hearts and speech of the English race. Huxley calls it the national epic of Britain. Coleridge says: "After reading Isaiah, or St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 'Homer' and 'Virgil' are disgustingly tame to me." Milton's opinion was that there are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets. Sir Walter Scott, on his death-bed, asked Lockhart to read to him. When asked from what book, he replied: "Need you ask? There is but one." Wordsworth called the Scriptures the grand storehouses of imagination. Ruskin counted the fact that his mother made him learn by heart certain portions of the Bible the one essential part of his education. Among others who have expressed similar opinions are Carlyle, Newman, Macaulay, Froude, and Swift. The Bible was the chief model of Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress," of Andrew Lang in his wonderful prose versions of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," of Walt Whitman, and of the greatest

speeches made in the nineteenth century—those of Abraham Lincoln. Coleridge indeed says that intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style. Prof. Albert S. Cook declares it, finally, the chief bond that holds united, in a common loyalty and a common endeavor, the various branches of the English race. In no generation since, however, has the influence of the English Bible been so marked as in that which followed its first publication.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What were the thoughts of a certain great English poet upon reading George Chapman's translation of Homer?
2. Does the transition from the Club at the Mermaid Tavern to one of our larger city "clubs" denote progress?
3. Who were the great men at the Mermaid Tavern and of what do you think they talked?
4. Who wrote "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "The Duchess of Malfi," "The English Traveler," and "The Spanish Gypsy"?
5. Tell something of the career of him who wrote "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."
6. Who wrote "The Anatomy of Melancholy"?
7. What do you know of the literary power of the English Bible?
8. From what you know of the Elizabethan playwrights, do you believe that the opportunity to obtain large sums of money for works of the imagination is a necessary stimulus for great literary production?
9. When Shakespeare died, under whose governance and in what condition of settlement was North America?
10. There is a spirit in every age; by writing five hundred words express what you can of the spirit of England between 1560 and 1605.

Suggested Readings.—The representative works of the different authors are mentioned in the chapter. Read those for which you can find time. For further biographical and critical matter consult the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Cambridge History of English Literature* and *Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature*. Time spent upon George Saintsbury's "Elizabethan Literature" will be well repaid.

CHAPTER XIII

PURITAN AND CAVALIER (1625-1660)

"What the Puritans gave the world was not thought but action."—*Wendell Phillips*.

"Puritanism, believing itself quick with the seed of religious liberty, laid, without knowing it, the egg of democracy."—*Lowell*.

SHAKESPEARE'S age was characterized by satisfaction with the world as it is. Its attitude was that of the Normans—gallant, graceful, careless, magnificent. In that which followed there arose a generation of men who rebelled against the tyranny of kings and the vices of men. Their philosophy of life is condensed into one of Milton's lines,

"Love Virtue; she alone is free."

The spirit of these men was essentially Saxon. Severe, narrow, and ascetic, the Puritans, as they were called, were distinguished by great practical sagacity and boundless energy. Their character is thus eloquently described by Macaulay:

"They habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed

themselves rich in a more precious treasure and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing of them but



The Tower of London
From Tower Bridge

their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or on the field of battle."

When Charles I (1625–1649) came to the throne he determined to impose on these formidable fanatics a system of religion which

they abhorred and a scheme of taxation which was not based upon the consent of parliament. There followed a political struggle which lasted until 1642 and a civil war which ended 1649 in the complete triumph of the Puritans, the decapitation of the king, and the transformation of the government into a commonwealth with Oliver Cromwell as Protector. After Cromwell's death in 1658, his son Richard was unable to retain his power, and the monarchy was restored, Charles II, the son of Charles I, becoming king. These great events naturally produced a profound effect upon the literature of the time. Accordingly we find the writers of the day sharply divided into two parties, the Puritans and the Cavaliers.

For the most part the latter were gay, noble, and courtly gentlemen. Somebody has aptly compared them to the Southerners who fought under Lee and Jackson in our civil war. Robert Browning, in his "Cavalier Tunes," caught their spirit when he wrote:

"King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!"

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

The army with which Cromwell opposed these gallant soldiers is described by Macaulay as democratic, sober, intelligent, and animated by fierce religious zeal. He adds:

"In war this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage characteristic of the English people was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of Crusaders. His army never found an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against three-fold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain

triumph and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy; and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by friends, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the Marshals of France."

In literature, as in war, the Puritan excelled the Cavalier. Among the latter, however, were several excellent writers both in prose and verse. Brief notes on the chief of these follow:

✕ Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) in 1651 published "*Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*," in which he represented man as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong arm of despotism to keep him in check. In this and other works he maintained that all human actions spring from selfishness. "Words," he said, in "*Leviathan*," "are wise men's counters,—they do but reckon with them; but they are the money of fools."

Robert Herrick (1591-1674) is one of our finest lyrical poets. As a young man he often heard the chimes at midnight with Ben Jonson; later he took holy orders. Among his best verses are the following:

"Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia."

"Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of pearl."

"You say to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long."

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flyng,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

"Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
 A little out, and then,
 As if they play'd at bo-peep,
 Did soon draw in again."

His best poem, "A Thanksgiving for his House," is a lovely medley of piety and satisfaction for the material comforts of life. Sir Egerton Brydges calls him the most gladsome of bards, singing as if he would never grow old, as fresh as spring, as blithe as summer, and as ripe as autumn.

The good sentence, "Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise," occurs in the "Emblems" of Francis Quarles (1592-1644).

Thomas Carew (1594-1639) wrote a considerable amount of graceful verse, of which this, called "Disdain Returned," is a fair sample:

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires,
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away."

Several of his lyrics retain their freshness. This is especially true of "On a Girdle" and "Go, Lovely Rose."

Sir John Suckling (1609-1642) was the best bowler of his generation, invented cribbage, and wrote excellent light verses. The best of these are "The Ballad upon a Wedding," "Constancy," "I prithee send me back my heart," and the following "Song":

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 "Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 "Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her;
 The devil take her."

Richard Lovelace (1618-1658) wrote two almost perfect lyrics,

" To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars " and " To Althea, from Prison." The first runs thus:

" Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

The last stanza of " Althea " is as follows:

" Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

Sir John Denham (1615-1669) is chiefly remembered by these two couplets descriptive of the Thames in his " Cooper's Hill ":

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

The most popular in his own day of the Cavalier poets was Abraham Cowley (1618-1667). " The Chronicle," " On the Death of Mr. Crashaw," " A Wish," and " The Wish " should be read by all students. One or two of his sentences linger in the memory. For instance:

" Let but the wicked men from out thee¹ go, [¹London]
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost. " —*Of Solitude.*

" God the first garden made, and the first city Cain."
—*The Garden.*

Probably it is not an exaggeration to say that Cowley is now chiefly remembered by Pope's lines:

" Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart."

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), wrote a "History of the Rebellion in England" which, on account of its stately style, its narrative skill, and its splendid portraits of the chief actors in the drama, is an imperishable classic. His friends regarded him as a wise and upright statesman, his foes as a sycophant and hypocrite.

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) published "Religio Medici (A Doctor's Religion)," 1635, and "Hydriotaphia," or "Urn Burial," 1658. Both works are characterized by a high order of reflection and humor. Dr. Johnson, Cowper, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Pater, and Stevenson were all appreciative students of Browne.

The chief works of Thomas Fuller (1608-1661) were "The Holy State" and "The Worthies of England." The latter is an agreeable mixture of topography, biography, and popular traditions. Among his clever sentences are these: "He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows." "To smell to a fresh turf is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul." "The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders." "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost." "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high." "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." Fuller's memory was prodigious. After twice hearing 500 disconnected words, he could repeat them, and could recite all of the signs in one of the chief London streets after passing through it once and back.

Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667) was called by Coleridge the most eloquent of divines. His chief work was "Holy Living and Holy Dying." Dr. Parr said that Englishmen revere Barrow, admire Hooker, and love Jeremy Taylor. One critic calls him the Shakespeare of divines; another declares that as a writer of impassioned prose Milton is his only superior.

Izaak Walton (1593-1683) wrote fine biographies of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson, but his chief work was "The Compleat Angler," which came out 1653 and has ever since been regarded as a classic. His statements about fish are not always accurate and his advice to fishermen is often open to criticism, but his style is admirable and his philosophy

attractive. He loved his art, of which he said that no severe, sour-complexioned man was a competent judge. Angling, according to him, is so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt. "As no man is born an artist so no man is born an angler," he asserts, and adds: "It is an art worthy of the knowledge and art of a wise man. It is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so. We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. . . . This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. . . . Thus use your frog: put your hook—I mean the arming wire—through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him." It was this last sentence perhaps that Byron had in mind when he wrote:

"And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

Walton's descriptions of nature, his recipes for cooking fish, and the verses scattered through the book are all works of art. As we close it, we exclaim with him:

"O the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many."

Edmund Waller (1606–1687) was a royalist, but no martyr. Accordingly, when Cromwell was in power, he wrote an excellent "Panegyric to my Lord Protector," and, when Charles II came to the throne, he composed a congratulatory address in honor of the event. Charles commented on the inferiority of the latter, but Waller was ready with a reply. "Poets, sire," he said, "succeed better in fiction than in truth." His poems are graceful. Fenton called him maker and model of melodious verse. His greatest achievement was to give the heroic couplet the form and music which were perfected by

Dryden and Pope. He did this by refusing to allow a sentence to overflow from one couplet into the next, as it had in Jonson's and did later in Keats's hands. Among his best couplets are these:

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

"Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot."

On the Puritan side in the great struggle we find less wit and grace than among the Cavaliers, but more learning and piety. Among the minor writers who upheld the cause of the parliament the following are to be remembered:

The "Table Talk" of John Selden (1584-1654) is full of words that are as fresh to-day as when they were penned. Among them these are noteworthy: "Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet." "Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear." "Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide." "Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him." "Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world." "They that govern the most make the least noise." "Never tell your resolution beforehand." "Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."

William Prynne (1600-1669) wrote diatribes against love locks, the drinking of healths, and the theatre. The last, called "Histrio-Mastix," or "The Player's Scourge," was so scurrilous that it was burnt by the hangman and its author was sentenced to pay a fine of 5000 pounds, lose both his ears in the pillory, and suffer perpetual imprisonment. Later for fresh offences he was branded on both cheeks with the letters "S. L.," "seditious libeller."

James Harrington (1611-1677) is remembered by his "Oceana," a political romance in which he describes England reconstituted as a free republic.

Richard Baxter (1615-1691) wrote 168 works of various sizes, from pamphlets to folios. Two of these, the "Saints' Everlasting Rest" (1650) and the "Call to the Unconverted" (1657), are still

popular. Though a Puritan, he defied Cromwell and was distinguished for his moderation as well as his eloquence.

John Howe (1630-1705) was a great Puritan divine and one of Cromwell's chaplains. On fast days his services lasted over six hours. He wrote several excellent treatises on practical religion.

Lucy Hutchinson (1620-?), the wife of the Reverend John Hutchinson, wrote the "Memoirs" of her husband for her children's instruction. The book gives a valuable picture of a Puritan household.

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) is distinguished more by his friendship for John Milton and his refusal to be bribed by Charles II than for his writings. His prose was popular in his day and some of his poems deserve to be read in ours. The best of these are "The Garden," "The Emigrants in the Bermudas," and "The Character of Holland."

John Fox (1624-1690), the founder of the Society of Friends, must be mentioned here on account of his "Journal." As a boy he spent most of his time tending sheep. As a young man he refrained from liquor, tobacco, and matrimony. From 1646 he ceased attending church and spent his time going about the country with a Bible under his arm. The Lord often appeared to him in visions. From 1647 he was an itinerant preacher. He disbelieved in a separate clerical profession, in meeting houses with steeples, and in the Scriptures as a guide, holding that the light within should be followed. That light bade him to take off his hat to nobody, to *thee* and *thou* rich and poor, to denounce all public amusements, to go into a meeting house while service was in progress, to interrupt the preacher, and to cry out loudly to him, "Come down, thou deceiver." In consequence he spent a considerable portion of his life in jail. In 1656 there were nearly a thousand of his converts also in various prisons. In spite of his eccentricities, Fox was essentially a shrewd and sober man, full of love for his fellows and efficient in devising plans for poor relief, education, and self-help. His most famous follower was the William Penn who founded Pennsylvania.

Towering above these great Puritan writers there are two men whose fame has eclipsed that of all their enemies and allies. These

are John Milton, whose literary genius was second to that of Shakespeare alone, and John Bunyan, the author of the finest allegory in any language. Each in his way is so great that he must have a chapter to himself.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Describe the political and religious differences between the Puritans and the Cavaliers.
2. What was the Puritan's outlook on life?
3. How did Cavalier literature differ from Puritan literature?
4. Why is John Fox of especial interest to Americans?
5. How would you account for the fact that a book written about three hundred years ago upon the art of angling should still be read and loved? What was the book and who was the author?
6. Have you more of the Puritan or the Cavalier in your disposition?
7. Who wrote:
"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."
8. What is "Table Talk"?
9. What do you think literature meant to the Puritans?
10. What did it mean to the Cavaliers?

Suggested Readings.—A library copy of any large encyclopædia of poetry will enable you to grasp the spirit of the poets of this period. It is essential that you obtain an understanding of the historical movements of the period. Consult Gardiner's "Student's History of England." You will never regret an acquaintance with "The Compleat Angler."

CHAPTER XIV

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

"This man cuts us all out and the ancients, too."—*Dryden*.

"That mighty orb of song, the divine Milton."—*Wordsworth*.

"God-gifted organ voice of England."—*Tennyson*.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."—*Wordsworth*.

IN the days when the exuberant vitality of the great men of Elizabeth's spacious times flowed still unchecked by the Puritan reaction, when Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, made merry at "The Mermaid," uttering words

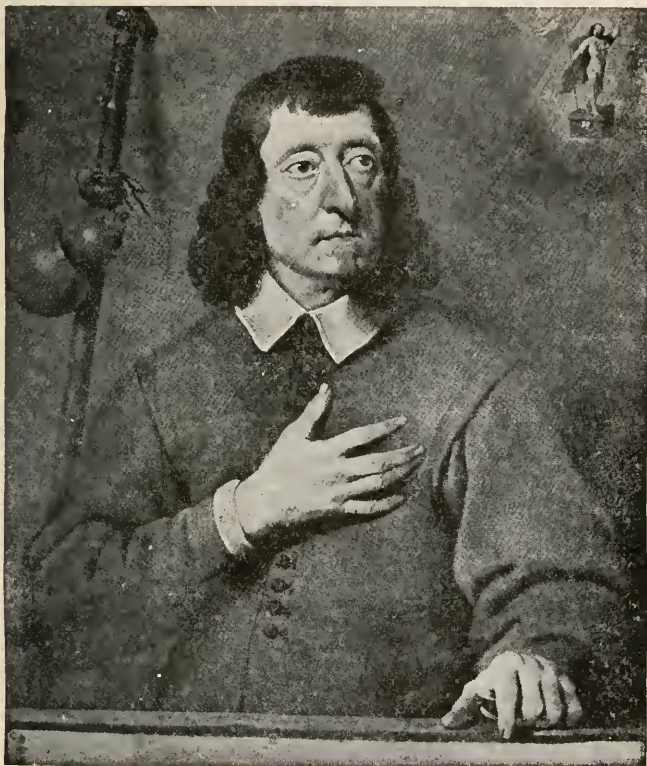
"So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,"

a little boy, refined of face, gentle of demeanor, who was destined to utter the clarion note of the Puritan Age, was playing and learning his lessons in his home in one of London's narrow streets.

It is interesting to note that the lives of the two men universally acknowledged to be the first and the second in the greatest of the world's literatures, England's, should have overlapped by a few years. Nor is the time element their only common possession. Milton is a belated Elizabethan; in the keenness of his appreciation of beauty, in the ability to reach and keep sublime heights, in unfettered imagination that dared to conceive or to ignore what is physically impossible, Milton is of the Elizabethan group. But he had fallen upon evil days; the intensity of struggle in things political, moral, and spiritual, gripped him, and largely influenced the character of his work. It is interesting to speculate as to what his genius would have given us had he been born half a century earlier—had he been of that group of luminous orbs whose central sun was Shakespeare.

It is more than likely that the boy John Milton may have seen Shakespeare pass his father's house in Bread Street, Cheapside, where Milton was born December 9, 1608. Undoubtedly Shakespeare many times traversed Bread Street, a direct route between his lodgings and the theatre in which his plays were given by his own

company and under his direction; many times must he have passed the shop of John Milton, scrivener, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, who with his family lived in rooms over the shop. Although, in 1612, Shakespeare made his home permanently in Stratford, that he afterwards visited London is attested by the date of his signature in the



JOHN MILTON

1608—1674

From the portrait by Pieter Van der Plaas

register of an old inn at Oxford, no doubt a comfortable resting place for a traveler journeying from Stratford to London. It is certainly pleasant to fancy the clear-eyed handsome boy stopping in his play before his father's shop door to look for a moment upon

"sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," whose mantle of greatness should, in the days to come, be nearly equaled by Milton's own.

John Milton, scrivener, a man of integrity and good sense, had prospered since his coming from Oxfordshire to London. However, he evidently had other interests than those of business, for he composed tunes and songs of an excellent sort. He valued the better things of life; and the home atmosphere which young Milton breathed seems to have been one of plain living and high thinking. The scrivener sent his son to St. Paul's School near by, and, in addition, secured for him an excellent private tutor. Young Milton studied with ardor, and early began to burn the midnight oil. At sixteen he entered Christ College, Cambridge, and, except for a single youthful outburst against authority, won the unqualified approval of his masters. Even while at college he nursed the noble ambition to do "a work which the world would not willingly let die," and began to form the first rough drafts of what later developed into the great Puritan epic, "Paradise Lost."

While yet a student at Cambridge, Milton began on Christmas Day, 1629, the beautiful ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." This poem shows the true Elizabethan feeling for beauty, and for beauty as expressed in language. The ear finely attuned to music is evident in such lines as:

"With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;" (l. 50)

"When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close." (l. 92-100)

"With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering." (l. 146)

These, for unalloyed beauty, may be compared with these from "Comus":

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thine amber-dropping hair;" (l. 859-863)

and with few others from other sources; these excerpts, with many

others that might be cited, fully justify Macaulay's statement that Milton's genius was lyric.

On his graduation from Cambridge, Milton showed averseness to choosing a profession; for him the law had no attractions, and his deep-rooted passion for intellectual and spiritual liberty precluded his binding himself to any formulated doctrine, as he must do if he took orders. He spent the years between 1632-1638 in retirement at his father's pleasant country home at Horton, about eighteen miles from London and a short distance from Windsor and Eton, where he studied, thought much, wandered in the out-of-doors, and wrote but little. It was not merely indolence that kept him unproductive; although he was dissatisfied with his progress (see Sonnet II, "Written on My Twenty-third Birthday") he knew that he was doing the wisest and best thing—and what mattered it what others might think? The calm detachment from bustle and stir proved meet nurse for a poetic child; his soul was nurtured, and his great purpose to dedicate his talents to some noble work was strengthened. Milton, like Wordsworth, "felt himself a consecrated being"; and the splendid steadfastness with which he held to his lofty purpose through the years of turmoil and strife from 1642 to 1658, years during which he was compelled to defer his great purpose, but never to relinquish it, are a testimony to the greatness of a soul which held itself "As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye." Several sonnets, the incomparable twin lyrics, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," and the Masque of "Comus," were written during the years at Horton. These, with the Hymn to the Nativity, are sometimes miscalled Milton's "minor" poems; they are "minor" only in the relative sense that "Paradise Lost" is truly a *magnum opus*. If the few years of comparative idleness at Horton had produced nothing more than "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" the time would have been not ill-spent. Such poems as these could have been written only in the joyous youth time of a great soul enjoying to the full

"retir'd Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;"

only by a mind well stored with the world's best, temporarily unfettered, free at will to catch

"new pleasures,

Whilst the landskip round it measures,"

or to follow the beckoning of the "Cherub Contemplation." "Comus" and "Lycidas" might have been written amid other surroundings; but without such experience as that at Horton "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" could never have been given forth. If "'t were worth ten years of peaceful life" but to glance at the martial array of Scott's border warriors, it is well worth five years of anybody's life, even of Milton's, to have given us two such poems, unique in literature, breathing the charm and beauty of rural England, that blend of sounds and sights and odors as perceived by the clear-brained, healthy-minded young student whose poetic fancy transmuted these good common things by his buoyancy of youthful feeling into the pure gold of lyric excellence. But with these he lost this chord of bright, spontaneous, youthful gladness; his lyre vibrated to the same note never again.

"Lycidas," a threnody, written to commemorate Edward King, a college friend of Milton, who met his untimely death by shipwreck in the Irish Sea, has been called by Mark Pattison, one of Milton's biographers, "the high-water mark of English poetry." This is high praise; indeed, some passages in the poem can hardly be overpraised; but it is marred by lines expressing Milton's detestation of what seemed to him abuses in matters religious, and unfortunately this expression is not free from rancor. The poem is a pastoral allegory somewhat in the manner of Theocritus and Virgil; Milton employs the fauns, satyrs, and nymphs of classic lore, and introduces also touches of the myths and legends of Cornwall and Saxon England; he represents his friend Edward King and himself as shepherds piping to their flocks, and again uses the figure of the shepherd in the scriptural sense of a religious leader. This is confusing. Doubtless no one but Milton could so have commingled such various elements in a poem so beautiful and so impressive; here indeed he "touched the tender stops of various quills." In this poem is wealth abounding—noble thoughts

"Married to immortal verse
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony"—

together with varied and profuse imagery.

In "Lycidas" we see the highest poetic genius combined with de-

nunciatory vehemence, with almost fanatical passion. In "Comus, a Masque," we see poetic beauty conjoined with noble moral and religious fervor without a trace of the bitterness and scorn that to some degree mars the perfection of "Lycidas." Milton's musical tastes had been the means of acquainting him with Henry Lawes, one of the foremost composers of that day. Therefore when Lawes was commissioned to compose a masque for an important occasion he naturally turned to his poet friend Milton to furnish the verses for which Lawes would supply the musical setting. The masque was a sort of fanciful indoor pageant. It became even more popular after the Puritans began to raise their voices against the theatre than it had ever been. For three hundred years and more dancing by masqued figures had been a favorite accompaniment of revelry on festive occasions. The great queen delighted in such pageantry, and during her reign "masque" dancing came to be associated with minor dramatic presentations, either wholly out-of-doors or within roofless theatre-walls, and at length to be a recognized feature of regular comedy. During the time of James I, the skill of Ben Jonson gave to the masque something of literary value; and as the public theatres were more and more frowned upon by the increasingly influential Puritans the masque became more and more a feature of court life. Consequently it grew in splendor and elaborateness; no important court celebration was complete without it; masques were given on royal birthdays, on the marriages of noble couples, on any notable event in the lives of any of the great. Some of the principal features of the masque were these:

1. The theme of necessity bore reference to the particular occasion for which it was written.
2. The leading characters were usually personated by members of the noble family chiefly concerned in the event thus celebrated.
3. Two distinct thematic elements were combined: (a) the "masque," which developed an elevated theme, and (b) the "anti-masque," which developed a grotesque theme.
4. The mythological element was present.
5. Profuse compliment to the noble persons concerned.

6. Elaborate setting and costuming, dialogue, singing, and dancing.

The pleasure-loving "cavalier" element among the ladies and gentlemen of the court were fond of personating the gods and demi-gods of mythology, and of attiring themselves in the elaborate and fanciful garb of such characters; to members of the family most concerned in any particular celebration were usually entrusted the characters of the "masque" as distinguished from the "anti-masque"; the characters of the latter were frequently assumed by merely hired performers of even whose names no records were kept; this explains why we do not know who personated Comus, which, although the titular rôle, belongs to the "anti-masque."

What was the occasion which the genius of Milton was thus to immortalize? It was the inauguration, in 1634, of the Earl of Bridgewater as President of Wales. It was mandatory that the Earl's three children, a daughter and two sons, should have leading parts; that the dramatic and musical talent of Henry Lawes, "the priest of Phœbus's quire," should be employed to best advantage. The masque was to be given at Ludlow Castle, a noble mediæval pile near the Welsh border and situated on a promontory around whose basal curve flows the Severn, stream of mystery. The district about is even yet well wooded. Here was a beautiful and romantic natural setting. How admirably and with what skill Milton's genius employed these materials can be understood only by an appreciative reading of its thousand lines:

—"mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream."

The peril of "the fair offspring" in their journey to Ludlow Castle and their safe conduct to their parents form the theme of the "masque," best given in Milton's own words:

"And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms;
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state
And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way

Lies through the pérplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril." (l. 30-40)

The efforts of Comus, the enchanter, to seduce the Lady by all the arts of sense-appeal and the grotesque antics of his beastly followers furnish the "anti-masque." "Comus" fulfils every requirement of the masque; but it does much more. In Milton's hands it becomes not merely a delightful entertainment, but a noble didactic poem permeated with lofty idealism. Never has more perfect tribute been paid to the virtue of chastity:

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal." (l. 452-462)

"Comus" has been called the apotheosis of virtue. How strange a turn of Fortune's wheel that a Puritan should have written a masque far superior to the best produced by any "cavalier" writer, and not only that, but should have made what was originally a bit of dramatic extravaganza the vehicle of the highest moral expression!

In the earlier half of the seventeenth century it was believed that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and that continental travel was a necessary part of a young man's education. Partly, no doubt, because it was the fashion, but more because he desired it, Milton set forth in 1638 for a tour of some length. He went first to Paris, then to Pisa and Florence. Here he was cordially welcomed by many of the foremost scholars of Italy, and here he enjoyed to the full the treasures of art and beauty which are in especial the possession of that fair land. Doubtless the celebrated frescoes of Angelo and Raphael remained in his memory; and when in after years he was writing "Paradise Lost" the recollection of these heroic figures of Bible story as painted on the walls of the Vatican may have helped to

stimulate his powerful imagination. After a year abroad, on learning of disturbances in England, he relinquished his plan to visit Greece and decided to return to his own land. He says: "I considered it dishonorable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom." He took lodgings in London, but his collection of books, largely augmented by those he had acquired in Italy, required more space than lodgings afforded. He therefore took a quiet house in Aldersgate, on the edge of the town, and for a time occupied himself with tutoring his two nephews and several other boys. Milton felt dissatisfaction with the educational system then employed, and was confident of his own ability greatly to improve upon it. He, in common with many would-be educators, both ancient and modern, fell into the error of believing that "broadening" the pupils' outlook is the panacea for educational ills—that the giving of much and varied useful knowledge will bring desired results; and in his inexperience he did not know that such a process confuses and stultifies the youthful mind. Although his method certainly produced poor results in the case of his two nephews, who became men of very ordinary attainments and understanding, he has given us, in his "Tractate on Education," a definition of the term "education" which could hardly be bettered: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

In 1643, at the age of thirty-five, Milton married Mary Powell. The marriage was not happy. Within a month Milton's bride went home to her parents, no doubt dissatisfied with the austere sobriety of Milton's quiet household, which offered sufficient contrast to the gayety of the cavalier society to which she had been accustomed. Milton felt bitterly his wife's desertion; and it was doubtless this unhappy experience that called forth several pamphlets, addressed to parliament, on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," in which he advocated that under certain circumstances a husband should be legally freed from an undutiful wife. To his credit be it said that he discussed the question purely from the academic point of view: there is in them not a sentence of personal complaint, though they were wrung from the torture of his soul. At the end of two years,

however, his young wife, then only nineteen, returned and begged forgiveness. Milton not only received the penitent, but for some time immediately following sheltered her family, driven from their home by the successes of the Roundheads in the Civil War. Mary Powell Milton died in 1653, leaving three daughters. In 1652 Milton had become blind. A sightless man with three little girls to care for needed a wife. In 1656 Milton married Katharine Woodcock, who lived but little more than a year after her marriage. For seven years after the death of his second wife Milton lived with his three daughters, whom he trained to read to him in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and several modern European languages, although they understood not a word of what they thus read. What we know of Milton's relations with his daughters is not pleasant. They seem to have been undutiful and unwilling to serve their father in his misfortune. For this lack of daughterly affection and sympathy Milton is perhaps wholly to blame. He had denied education to his daughters; had their minds been trained they might have sympathized with their father's tastes and aims, and had they been able to read with intelligence and understanding might have found a filial joy in what was an irksome task. Even Griselda might have earned an epithet other than "patient" had she been required to read, parrot-like, page after page, in an unknown tongue. Had Milton been willing to expend the same amount of skill and effort in really educating his daughters that he must have spent in drilling them in this purely mechanical exercise, this unlovely story of them could never have been told. In 1663 Milton married Elizabeth Minshull, a capable housewife, who venerated her husband and devoted herself to his personal comfort.

We have noted that after Milton's return in 1639 from his continental tour he was for a time occupied chiefly as tutor. Although he had returned to England because of the conflict of principles then raging, he did not plunge rashly into the fray; he was, however, occupied in controversy. He said: "There are three species of liberty which are essential to the happiness of social life—religious, domestic, and civil." He dealt hard blows in defense of each of these. In the twenty years between 1640 and 1660 Milton wrote several

pamphlets on religious freedom. In 1646, after a four years' struggle between the Royalists and the Parliamentary party, the victory lay decidedly with the latter. The victors divided into two factions, one standing for a strict national church, Presbyterian instead of Episcopal, and intolerant of all dissenters, the other standing for religious liberty; it is characteristic of Milton that he aligned himself with the latter faction. His "Tractate on Education," his several pamphlets on divorce, and the "Areopagitica," a strong argument in favor of free utterance, are his chief contributions to social liberty. The "Areopagitica" is probably more widely read to-day than any other of Milton's prose works; it is a strong expostulation against a law then existent which required that nothing be published which had not first received the approval of a censor appointed by the king. One phrase—"as good almost kill a man as kill a good book"—has all but become a proverb. Of Milton's pamphlets on civil liberty many were written during these years of strife; the last of these we shall speak of later.

When, in 1649, after the execution of Charles I the Commonwealth under Cromwell was established, Milton was chosen Secretary of Foreign Tongues. He was by nature and education fitted for the work. The duties of his office included not only the conduct of all the government's foreign correspondence, but also the defense of its principles by the mightier pen, now that the sword had accomplished its work. At the instigation of Charles II a Dutch scholar, Salmasius, had written in Latin an indictment of the newly established government under the title "Defensio Regia." In the seventeenth century Latin would have been read throughout Europe by the widest and most influential circles of readers. The Royalist enemies of the new government were overjoyed at this attack upon it and upon its leaders; the Council of State in some alarm ordered that "Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius." In 1651 appeared Milton's answer, "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio"; but the price that he paid was his eyesight. Milton's frequent headaches and his habit of late study had greatly impaired his eyes; about 1650 the sight of his left eye was gone. His physician warned him that it would be unsafe to overuse his right eye; but these are Milton's words: "The choice lay before me, between the dereliction of a supreme duty

and loss of eyesight. . . . I could not but obey that inward monitor that spake to me from heaven. I considered with myself that many had purchased less good with worse ill, as they who give their lives to reap only glory, and I therefore concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render." The loss of sight is a great loss to anyone, but how much greater to the scholar than to other men! He loses not only the joy of looking forth with gladness upon the loveliness of earth, but must also in large measure yield the supreme solace of his life,—books,—the direct contact and intercourse with the best minds of all time! When we think of this gifted man, at the age of forty-three,—the age when his powers were at their best and highest,—this man who knew himself destined for high and noble things,—his great work, the accomplishment of which he had planned in his youth, and for which he had been consciously training and ripening his powers, as yet almost untouched,—when we think of this man nobly sacrificing his precious gift of sight for the sake of defending his country's liberty,

"Dull must we be of soul who can pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty,"

base indeed must we be if we do not shake off our pettiness and falsity, and feel strongly the urging of our nobler promptings!

To what degree Milton prized the blessing of sight we may realize from reading the splendid lyric outburst at the beginning of Book III of "Paradise Lost":

"Hail, holy Light! Offspring of Heaven first-born!"

It would be well to compare the first fifty lines of Book III with the "Sonnet on his Blindness." What pathos! But not a syllable of unmanly complaint:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Perhaps never has resignation to the will of a higher power been more nobly expressed than in the "Sonnet on his Blindness":

"When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that same talent, which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

With the aid of assistants Milton continued his work as Secretary of Foreign Tongues throughout Cromwell's life, and throughout the three years during which Richard Cromwell held the office of Protector, left vacant by the death of Oliver in 1658. Then in 1660 came the Restoration. It must have seemed to Milton the final catastrophe,—the end of that English civil and religious liberty which he had hoped for when in his young manhood he had cut short his continental tour in order to return that he might "strike a blow for freedom." Charles II entered London with every outward show of triumph; and among his earliest acts was that of visiting the severest punishment upon those who had been leaders in the government during the Commonwealth. Milton's friends secreted him for a time from the wrath of Charles's agents until the worst of the vengeful storm was over; he was, however, arrested and imprisoned, but was shortly set free upon payment of a heavy fine and the confiscation of a considerable proportion of his small property. No doubt Milton's blindness awakened sympathy for him, and furthermore Charles was reluctant to draw down upon himself such condemnation throughout Europe as would have been visited upon him by further persecution of a scholar of such reputation and such wide renown as Milton. Milton was blind; he had been deprived of the greater part of his modest property; the ideas of civil rectitude and religious freedom for which, during twenty years, he had battled with all the strength that was

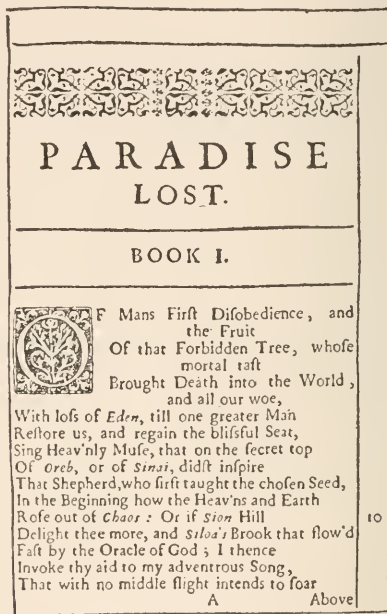
in him seemed hopelessly overthrown. Under conditions such as these a lesser spirit might have given way to discouragement and despair. What did Milton? Handicapped though he was, he set himself to the great work to which in his youth he had purposed to devote his genius,—he would endeavor “things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme”; he would deal with the loftiest theme affecting human life. The spirit of consecration with which Milton set himself to his great, his chosen task, is shown in the invocation at the beginning of “Paradise Lost”:

“And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st. Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

(l. 17-26)

Some tentative beginnings of “Paradise Lost” had earlier been made. Milton had considered various themes, among them the story of King Arthur and his knights. After a little, however, his thought focussed on the story of “man's first disobedience.” We of to-day can but dimly apprehend how in that age of religious controversy religion and theology were interwoven in the very fibre of men's daily lives. The easy-going tolerance of our day is perhaps too often the offspring of indifference, rather than of large-mindedness. But to the seventeenth century Puritan the salvation of his soul was the paramount question. His salvation depended upon belief in true doctrine; false doctrine was therefore the greatest of evils. The Bible was the source of religious truth; so he obeyed the injunction to “search the Scriptures.” It would no doubt have appeared utterly incredible to Milton that in time to come these matters, so vital to those “stalwart old iconoclasts,” who were ready to fight or to die for their faith, would ever become of even less than secondary interest! In his choice of a subject, then, he addressed himself to the question which in his time overshadowed all others in men's minds, and which, as he thought, could never diminish in interest so long as mankind should

endure. He at first planned to treat this theme in dramatic form as a sort of stupendous Miracle Play. But, owing partly to the increasing Puritan rigor against plays and all things theatrical, and partly, doubtless, to his own better understanding of his own capabilities, Milton chose the epic as the vehicle of his thought. It is well that he so chose. Milton had not great dramatic power; the supernatural beings of his story could not have been represented by mortals



FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF MILTON'S POEM
(Reproduced from an original copy of the first edition (1667) in the Boston Public
Library.)

Facsimile of the first page of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" (1667)

without inconceivable loss; the enginery and mechanism needed for an adequate representation would have overtaxed the resources of even the modern stage; but, more than all, this treatment would have precluded those magnificent lyric outbursts which are not the least of the glories of "Paradise Lost."

This Puritan epic, begun in 1658 and completed in 1665, brought

its author £10. Kipling, for the "Female of the Species," was paid \$25,000. "Paradise Lost" comprises twelve books, setting forth the rebellion of Satan and the rebel angels, their fall from Heaven, their plan to seduce God's creatures, Adam and Eve, the temptation, the fall, the punishment, the promise of redemption, and the banishment of Adam and Eve from Paradise. It bodies forth the Calvinistic theology; of this there is no need to speak; it is the thing in the poem of least value. But of the lofty ideality, the sustained level of exaltation, the wondrous sweep and power of imagination, the surpassing beauty of passage after passage, no notion can be conveyed. In rare instances another poet has reached such sublime heights; no other, not even the greatest of them all, Shakespeare, has ever equaled the sustained flight. Milton neither underestimated the grandeur and sublimity of his theme nor overestimated his own powers when he essayed the

"adventurous song
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount."

His genius was adequate to treat in fitting manner, without once belittling it, the most stupendous theme conceivable by the brain and soul of man. "Paradise Lost" is the great expression of a master spirit; Milton was Emerson's ideal scholar, "Man thinking." He knew the best in the world's literatures; yet this vast learning never engulfed him, but served only to strengthen and enrich his own genius, dominant always. Of him Doctor Channing says truly, "Never was there a more unconfined mind." Not even Kit Marlowe ever conceived such towering, consummate passion as impels the Satan of Milton's creation,—such majesty of pride, such indomitable will:

"What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield."

(Book I, l. 105-108)

"Farewell happy fields
Where joy forever dwells! Hail horrors! hail
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same?"

(Book I, l. 251-257)

The present European war (1916) offers the nearest actual parallel since authentic history began for such tremendous conflict as Milton describes in Book I,—such vast forces employed to work devastation and torture—read it and be convinced that “War is Hell.”

“Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion.”

(Book I, l. 44-47)

“A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades.”

(Book I, l. 61-65)

—“*z* hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering *Æ*tna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singéd bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke.”

(Book I, l. 232-239)

But let us flee from the infernal world to Paradise,—a region as lovely as Hell is terrible—wonderful in two-fold degree when viewed as a creation of the same mind:

“But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar.

* * * * *

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable (*Hesperian fables true*,
If true, here only), and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.”

(Book IV, l. 236-256)

“Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;

Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

(Book IV, l. 598-610)

Four years after the publication of "Paradise Lost" appeared "Paradise Regained." It is said to have been composed as the result of a train of thought suggested by a question of Milton's friend, Thomas Ellwood: "Thou hast said much of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'?" The poem is an expansion of the fourth chapter of the gospel according to Saint Matthew; the theme is Christ's temptation in the wilderness, and, through the confounding of Satan, the redemption of mankind. The poem comprises four books, in all but little more than two thousand lines. It is dignified and beautiful, but in no way equal in interest to "Paradise Lost." "Samson Agonistes" (the struggler), published the same year, 1671, is a dramatic poem after the Greek manner, in which Milton employs the Chorus, and therefore necessarily varies the verse form. The theme greatly attracted Milton—Samson, blind, shorn of his strength, exclaims in bitterness—

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!"

Although the poem is noticeably lacking in the superb figures so characteristic of Milton, the theme is nobly treated.

A word should be said as to Milton's power in versification. Note "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." In both poems, after the first ten lines, bidding dismissal in the one case to Melancholy, in the other to "vain deluding Joys," the tetrameter couplet is used throughout, but with what a difference! The same meter which in "L'Allegro" floats like thistle-down:

"Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light, fantastic toe,"

moves "sober, steadfast, and demure" through the verses of "Il Penseroso." Milton's blank verse is unrivalled for harmony and expressive power. As the marble was said to grow flexible under the hand

of Michael Angelo, Milton bends our rugged English and subdues it to his will, making it speak "with many and wonderful voices." Milton is serious, but never gloomy. The times in which he lived were too earnest and too eventful for gayety and sportiveness. But he is healthy-minded and vigorous; there is nothing morbid,—never is the native hue "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The sonnet, that key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart, in Milton's hand

—"became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

Milton's last years were spent quietly at his home in London. Thither came many foreign visitors to pay their respects to the great scholar who had defeated Salmasius. He died November 8, 1674, and was buried at St. Giles, London. So was silenced forever that voice

—"whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What did Milton have in common with the greatest of the Elizabethans?
2. Compare Milton's schooling with that of Shakespeare as we know it.
3. What was Milton's special source of inspiration?
4. How does the spirit of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" differ from that of his other works? How do you account for this?
5. What were the principal features of a "Masque"? In what great English novel does a Masque play an important part?
6. Give an account of Milton's career after graduating from Cambridge, laying special emphasis on the important political events of the period.
7. Would you have enjoyed having Milton as a school teacher? What do you think of Milton as a man?
8. In what way does "Paradise Lost" reflect the spirit of the age in which it was written?
9. Name six poems known as Epics.
10. What are the essential qualities of "Paradise Lost"?

Suggested Readings.—Read "Il Penseroso," "L'Allegro," "Comus," "Lycidas" without thought of critical annotation but with an honest intention of enjoyment,—also the first book of "Paradise Lost." "Milton" by Sir Walter Raleigh is a valuable critical work. Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" contains a brilliant analysis of his politics and his poetry.

John Milton

CHAPTER XV

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

"*The Pilgrim's Progress* is perhaps the only book about which, after the lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people."—*Macaulay*.

"The Spenser of the people."—*D'Israeli*.

"Bunyan's work in the poetry of Puritanism."—*Edinburgh Review*.

JOHN BUNYAN is one of the great souls of earth. He was born at Elstow, a small village of Bedfordshire. His origin was humble and his parents were poor. He had but slight schooling, and when seventeen joined the army. It is not known whether he fought on the side of the Royalists or of the Parliamentarians; he enlisted not from sympathy with either cause, but because of vexation with his father for bringing into the house an unwelcome stepmother. While still in his teens he married a girl as poor as himself, but "a godly person," who had been reared in piety, and whose marriage dowry, two worn and well-thumbed religious books, served to quicken Bunyan in matters spiritual. His sensitive conscience thoroughly aroused, he never, throughout his life, lapsed into moral and spiritual indifference. In "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," published in 1666, he tells us minutely of his religious experiences. He was, of course, largely under the influences of Puritan thought and of Puritan moral standards; his powerful imagination, stimulated by a supersensitive conscience, magnified his youthful peccadilloes, which at the worst seem to have been mischievously ringing bells to rouse the neighborhood, dancing, or playing on the bowling green on Sunday, into crimes of great enormity. He became horror-struck at the recollection of his sins; he felt that for him there could be no hope of salvation. Again and again doubts assailed him; again and again the tempter urged him to abjure and to defy God; he struggled with the inner light of conscience as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and at last won the blessing, his soul's peace.

In his own day Bunyan was thought of not as a writer, but as a

preacher. He maintained himself and his family by his trade as a brazier or tinker, the trade he had learned from his father. But he had a gift in speech, and he had passed through a profound religious experience which clarified his vision in spiritual things. From the



JOHN BUNYAN

1628—1688

From a drawing by Robert White (1645-1703)

little Baptist church in Bedford which he attended he was “called” to preach. He was modest as to his own powers. But he had a message—the message of one who had passed through Doubting Castle

and the Valley of the Shadow to view the Delectable Mountains and the City of All Delight. His creed was simple, but he believed it with his whole heart; it was the creed of Luther, and of John Knox. He believed that Protestant Christianity was true, and that mankind were perishing unless they saw it to be true. He says: "I preached

THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs
FROM
THIS WORLD,
TO

That which is to come:

Delivered under the Similitude of a

DREAM

Wherein is Diſcovered,
The manner of his ſetting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And ſafe
Arrival at the Deſired Countrey.

I have uſed Similitudes, Hoſ. 12. 10.

By *John Bunyan.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock*
in the *Poultry* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

Facsimile of title-page of first edition (1678) of "The Pilgrim's Progress"

what I felt . . . I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of. I have gone full of guilt and terror to the pulpit door; God carried me on with a strong hand, for neither guilt nor hell

could take me off." Not another man in the United Kingdom could speak with such power. Bunyan preached in stables or in open fields, in any place where an audience could be gathered to hear him. He visited nearby towns, and his fame spread. In his later ministry more than twelve hundred London working people gathered in the cold and dark of an early winter morning to hear him before going to their day's labor.

Shortly after the accession of Charles II in 1660 an act against non-conformists was revived which forbade religious meetings of any sect except the established church. Under this act Bunyan was arrested and brought to court. It was evident that the judge who presided at the trial wished if possible to avoid bringing him to prison. He was told that he might go free if he would promise to cease his preaching. This promise Bunyan refused to give. He was led away to Bedford jail, where he was held twelve years. Here he received no harsh treatment; he was allowed to see his friends and sometimes to go forth about the town. While in jail he made shoe-laces, by the sale of which he supported his family. The retirement of his life in prison was favorable to quiet thought; Bunyan heard a voice which said, "Look into thy heart and write." This gifted man while a prisoner in Bedford jail wrote "*Pilgrim's Progress*," the best prose allegory ever written in English, and one of the three greatest allegories ever written in any language. As an allegory it may be ranked with Spenser's "*Faery Queen*" and Dante's "*Divine Comedy*," and with no fourth. Thousands of people, both the learned and the unlettered, have read "*Pilgrim's Progress*" with keen delight. Bunyan's meaning is clear even to the wayfaring man; his characters are not cold abstractions, but real, vital beings; they are ourselves projected by his powerful and penetrating imagination. The aptly chosen names suggest the reality of the characters themselves: Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative ("the son of Saywell; he dwelt in Prating Row"), Mr. Feeblemind, Mr. Worldly Wiseman. We see Bunyan's humor, and his power in satire. So universal is the human appeal of "*Pilgrim's Progress*" that it has been translated into seventy-five different languages or dialects. It is noticeably free from sectarian bias; although written by a strong adherent of Protestantism, by the

excision of a few short passages it has been made wholly acceptable in countries where the Roman Catholic is the prevailing faith.

"Grace Abounding," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Holy War," "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," together with many sermons and pamphlets, make up the sum of Bunyan's writings. He passed the last sixteen years of his life in preaching, in visiting those sick or in trouble, in all ways seeking to do the work of his Master. He died in 1688 from a cold which came from exposure when he was on such an errand of mercy.

How could an unlettered tinker have been the author of such a masterpiece as "Pilgrim's Progress"? In this, as in all his writings, Bunyan's style is simple, direct, forceful. His powerful imagination was ballasted by good common sense. His soul had been torn by spiritual conflict; he felt keenly. He knew his Bible almost by heart; and the purity and beauty of his diction came direct from that Book of books. In simple sincerity he wrought the best that he knew.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Where lies Bedfordshire on the outline map?
2. What is meant by a "religious experience"?
3. Do you think Bunyan sincere?
4. In a three-minute talk compare Bunyan with any modern revivalist whom you have heard.
5. What was a "non-conformist"? (Refer to any history of England.)
6. What sort of book is "Pilgrim's Progress"? Is it for children, for adults, or for both? Will everyone derive a similar sort of satisfaction from it?
7. Give an outline of Bunyan's life. What do you know of Bunyan's style?
8. What were the qualities that marked Bunyan's genius?
9. Tell what you know of the early education of Bunyan and any six other men whose work we have been considering.
10. Write a five-hundred-word essay upon the various aspects of Puritan literature.

Suggested Readings.—Read the "Pilgrim's Progress" even if it is for the second time. J. A. Froude's "Bunyan" in the English Men of Letters Series is a convenient and excellent study. Macaulay's "Essay on Bunyan" is shorter, clearer, and more readable.

John Bunyan

CHAPTER XVI

THE RESTORATION (1660-1685)

"The author of 'Hudibras,' the most brilliant satirical genius our country has ever produced."—*Chambers' Encyclopedia*.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."
—*Pope*.

"Locke's writings have diffused throughout the civilized world the love of civil liberty."—*Edinburgh Review*.

WHEN, in 1660, the Stuart kings were restored to the throne of England, the nation was sick of the severity of the Puritans, The pendulum swung as far in the direction of license as it had previously gone in that of restraint. Macaulay describes in his own vigorous fashion what happened:

"Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults and her still more degrading gold. The government had just enough ability to deceive and just enough religion to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime and disgrace to disgrace till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth to wander on the face of the earth and to be a by-word and a shaking of the head to the nations."

In plain English, Charles II (1660-1685) was idle, careless, and dissipated; his successor, James II (1685-1688), was narrow, cruel, and unpopular; and both endeavored to subvert the liberty of the

people. Though the King of England is the official head of the English church, both were also Catholics, Charles secretly and James openly. Matters came to a head in 1688; Parliament expelled James; William, Prince of Orange, was set up as king in his place; and the principle that the monarch does not rule by divine right but by the consent of the governed was thus permanently established.

Charles II was described by one of his own courtiers, the Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), as a merry monarch, scandalous and poor. This same nobleman pinned upon the king's bedroom door the following epitaph:

"Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
And never does a wise one."

"This is true," said the good-humored monarch when he saw the lines, "and the reason is that my words are my own and my acts are my ministers'." When James urged Charles to guard against assassination, Charles said: "Nobody would kill me to make you king."

The character of the ruler, as was to have been expected, colored the lighter literature of the time. In his court he was surrounded by a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. In his "Essay on Translated Verse," one of these, the Earl of Roscommon (1633-1684), wrote at least one memorable couplet:

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

A second of them, Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649-1720), in his "Essay on Poetry," has these fine lines:

"Of all those arts in which the wise excell,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

"Read Homer once and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read
And Homer will be all the books you need."

A third, Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701), produced several good love songs. The Earl of Dorset (1638-1706), a fourth, was the author of an excellent ballad, "To the Ladies at Home." A fifth, Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723), wrote bad songs of his own and made a col-

lection of the good ones of other men, which he published under the title, "Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy."

A greater poet than any of these, however, was Samuel Butler (1612-1680), who obtained little court favor, though he set the whole world laughing at the Puritans when in 1663 he published his "Hudibras," which at once became the King's *vade mecum*. The rewards which he received from Charles for this, the greatest satire in the English language, were several unkept promises and twenty years of obscure misery. In his poem, Sir Hudibras, a Puritan colonel, like Don Quixote, being half crazy, goes out to seek adventures and finds a plenty. They are related with immense spirit, brilliant wit, and occasional bursts of poetry. A few quotations will give an idea of Butler's powers:

- "And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."
- "We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."
- "For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools."
- "For he by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale,
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike by algebra."
- "He knew what's what and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."
- "And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."
- "As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended."
- "But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for verse and one for rhyme
I think's sufficient at one time."
- "For what is worth in anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?"
- "The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn."
- "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat,
As lookers-on take most delight
Who least perceive a juggler's sleight."

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

"Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince pies and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose."

The drama suffered even more than poetry from the corruption of the age. When the Restoration came, the theatres, after being closed for eighteen years, were again thrown open; stages in most essentials like those we have to-day took the place of the rude platforms of Elizabethan days; and for the first time in England the parts of women were played by actresses. The plays of Shakespeare were revived with some applause, though those of Beaumont and Fletcher were twice as popular, and a host of new dramatists began to write. Many of these pillaged without scruple from the old English playwrights, from the French, and from the Spanish, but at least five of them were powerful and original writers. The first of these was Thomas Otway (1651-1685), who starved to death, but whose tragedies, "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," long held the stage by virtue of their power to excite the passions of pity and fear. Some idea of his style may be obtained from these lines:

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
Or happy painters fancy when they love."

"O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was it betrayed the Capitol?—A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world?—A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes?—Woman!"

William Wycherley (1640-1715) wrote two entertaining comedies, "The Country Wife" and "The Plaindealer." The only good action of his whole life, according to Macaulay, was to try to get for Samuel Butler the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham. His Grace con-

sented to see the illustrious author of "Hudibras," who was sinking into an obscure grave, neglected by a nation proud of his genius and by a court which he had served too well; but two pretty women passed by, the Duke ran after them, and the opportunity was lost. William Congreve (1670-1728) produced with great success "The Old Bachelor," "The Double Dealer," "Love for Love," "The Way of the World," and "The Mourning Bride." The first four are comedies, the last a tragedy. Dryden considered them equal to Shakespeare's plays. George Farquhar, who died at twenty-nine in 1707, achieved a brilliant success with "The Beaux' Stratagem," but in his less famous plays there is no lack of spirit or comedy. These plays, however, are all disfigured by hardness of heart and by a licentiousness that remained unparalleled in our literature until the early years of the twentieth century. Their immorality, contrary as it was to the English temper, was stinging rebuked and driven off the stage by Jeremy Collier (1650-1726), who in 1698 published his "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," a book which makes one wonder what he would say about the plays of 1915 and wish that he might revisit earth for the purpose of castigating them.

The prose of the Restoration period, indeed, was on the whole dignified and creditable. Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), soldier, scientist, professor of Greek, and theologian, won a great and deserved fame by his sermons. Robert South (1634-1716), the wittiest of English divines, splendidly eloquent in the pulpit, hated vice almost as much as he hated the Puritans. John Evelyn (1620-1706) kept a diary which shows him to have been a high-minded gentleman and which is one of our best sources of information for the seventy years it covers. Sir Walter Scott said he had never seen a mine so rich. Among other things Evelyn speaks of an hour's sermon as short, of ladies painting their faces as a novelty, and of the Alps as the rubbish of the earth swept up by Nature to clear the plains of Lombardy. Still more entertaining is the diary of Samuel Pepys (1663-1703) from 1660 to 1669. He was such a useful public servant that Charles II honored him to the extent of borrowing 28,000 pounds from him, which he never repaid. His diary, kept in shorthand, was not deciphered until 1822. It gives a matchless picture of the times.

Here are a few of his sentences: "To Sir W. Pen's, to visit him." "To church, and slept all the sermon." "S. P. Q. R.; Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of those four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Councillor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipt for not knowing." "It being washing day, we had a good pie baked of a leg of mutton." "News comes



A reproduction of an old broadside representing a scene in a typical English coffee-house of the Restoration Period

that one of our horses is stole, which proves my uncle's, at which I am inwardly glad—I mean, that it was not mine." "To my great sorrow I find myself 43 l. worse than I was the last month. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about 12£, and for myself 55£." "The Protector never needed to send for any man twice." "A gentleman never dances so well as the dancing master." "Comes Mr. Reeve, with a microscope, for which I did give him 5£ 1s. 10d." "My wife was angry with

me for not coming home." "To a coffee-house, to drink Jocolatte—very good." "Mr. Barlow is dead, for which I am as sorry as one can be for a stranger by whose death he gets 100£ per annum." "Each thinks the other a fool, and I think neither of them, in that point, much in the wrong." "I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an oval table." "I am worth 1900£, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!" "I boxed my boy that I do hurt my thumbe so much that I was not able to stir all the day after and in great pain." "A fellow imitated all manner of birds and dogs and hogs with his voice, and was mighty pleasant." "Othello seems a mean thing." "Eat a musk melon." The best prose writers of the time, however, were the scientists and philosophers. Among these the greatest were Robert Boyle (1627–1691), the physicist; John Locke (1632–1704), author of "An Essay on the Human Understanding," "The Conduct of the Understanding," and "Thoughts on Education," who is justly considered the father of the science of psychology; and Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727), the inventor of the differential calculus, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, and the founder of the science of optics. Of the last of these three great men, Pope wrote:

"Nature and Nature's works lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light!"

He himself said of his work: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The literary dictator of this period, a writer preëminent alike in drama, in prose, and in verse, was John Dryden, whose life and works will be discussed in the next chapter.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Be able to stand up and give an intelligent talk upon the government in England from 1660 to 1688. (Refer to any school history of England.)
2. Does George V rule by divine right or "by the consent of the governed"?

3. When you understand the conditions of England between 1660 and 1687, is light cast upon the life and work of Bunyan?
4. Who wrote the greatest satire in the English language? Whom did it satirize?
5. Name four of the Restoration dramatists and discuss the general characteristics of their plays.
6. Why is the Diary of Samuel Pepys, Esquire, good literature?
7. What is psychology? Who is considered the founder of the science?
8. Aside from the apple-tree incident, what do you know of Sir Isaac Newton?
9. What is meant by "the reaction" as applied to Restoration Literature? What was the reaction against?
10. Through what channels did the French influence Restoration Literature?

Suggested Readings.—The spirit of the period may pleasurably be derived by reading at random in the Diaries of Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn. For the formal history continue in Gardiner's "School History of England." Dip into "Hudibras." Read Macaulay's "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration."

CHAPTER XVII

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

"As a satirist he has rivalled Juvenal. As a didactic poet he might perhaps with care and meditation have rivalled Lucretius. Of lyric poets he is, if not the most sublime, the most brilliant and spirit stirring."—*Macaulay*.

"I admire his talents and genius greatly, but his is not a poetical genius."—*Wordsworth*.

THE greatest genius of the Restoration Period is John Dryden. He is its finest intellect, and best typifies both its good and its evil characteristics. Dryden was born in Aldwinkle, a little village of Northamptonshire. He came of sound Puritan stock. But few details are known of Dryden's early life, and his boyhood surroundings seem to have left upon him but slight impress. He entered Westminster School under the great Doctor Busby, who, no doubt, caned him roundly at suitable intervals, but who commended his Latin translations. At nineteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Nothing that he wrote before 1658 is of much worth; but in that year appeared an eulogy of Oliver Cromwell which contains lines that give promise of the strength and polish later to be shown. After leaving Cambridge he went to London, where he wrote occasional pieces, and where he chatted with the bright men whom he met at Will's Coffee House, which was later to be the seat of his literary empire. In 1660 the Restoration gave him his opportunity. In a poem entitled "*Astræa Redux*" he welcomed Charles Stuart; the poem abounds in fulsome flattery of Charles and some of his chief adherents, as does also a panegyric written for the occasion of the coronation. A short excerpt will serve to show their tenor:

"Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's Strand,
Who in their haste to welcome you to land
Choked up the beach with their still-growing store,
And made a wilder torrent on the shore.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day
When you renewed the expiring pomp of May?
A month that owes an interest in your name;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.
That star, that at your birth shone out so bright
It stained the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you."

In 1667 appeared "Annus Mirabilis," a poem describing the great fire of London and some events in the war with Holland. In this poem Dryden employed quatrains instead of his favorite couplet. With the theatres reopened, however, play-writing was likely to



JOHN DRYDEN

1631—1700

From the portrait by Sir G. Kneller

bring in greater money returns than anything else, so to this Dryden turned his attention. He agreed to write three plays annually for the King's theatre. Although he did not wholly fulfill this contract, for twenty years he gave his efforts almost entirely to the writing

of plays which are, for the most part, discreditable. They were written for revenue only. The age demanded wit; and wit, it was supposed, could not co-exist with decency and virtue. Although these plays contain passages of excellence, they have passed into the oblivion that they deserve. Many were original only in form; several were adaptations of translations; all except one were written to please a debased public taste. In later years Dryden frankly admitted the justice of Jeremy Collier's strictures upon his plays. In "All for Love," written, as he tells us, to please himself, Dryden has taken for his theme that of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." This is the only one of Dryden's plays written in blank verse; and although it is far better than any of his others, it furnishes proof sufficient of the truth of Dryden's own saying:

"Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

In 1663 Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard. Three sons were born of this marriage. In 1670 he was appointed Poet Laureate, and later was made collector of the port of London, an office which, it will be remembered, Chaucer had held. Honors and emoluments were showered upon him; he was on familiar terms with the nobles and literary fashionables of Charles's court; he became an arbiter in matters of literary taste. Dryden had never shown particular interest in governmental or political questions. After the exposure of the Rye House Plot, however, Dryden attacked the Whigs in a poem which for trenchant, biting satire has never been outdone. Under the title "Absalom and Achitophel" the story of Absalom's revolt against King David was made to fit contemporary English politics, and Dryden painted in scorching colors a series of portraits that made the originals writhe. Several replies were attempted to this stinging satire. One of these counter-attacks drew down upon its author, Shadwell, the satire "Mac Flecknoe," in which Dryden held up the unfortunate Shadwell to the most bitter ridicule. A few lines will suffice to show how Dryden could stab with couplets:

(Of Shaftesbury)
"Of these the false Achitophel was first,—
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;

Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state."

(Of Buckingham)

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

(Of Shadwell)

"Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

In satiric verse Dryden is unrivalled. It may be thought that poetry is unsuitable to satire; but the "closed couplet," as Dryden used it, by its very compactness and terseness allowed the quick, clean, rapier-like thrust. Every couplet carries a scorpion-like sting; and yet there is not the pervasive venom that characterizes Pope at his worst. Following close upon these satires appeared "Religio Laici," an argumentative and didactic poem in defense of the Church of England. Only a few years later, however, after the accession of James II, Dryden became a convert to the Roman Church and wrote "The Hind and the Panther," in which, under the similitude of various animals, he ridiculed all sects except the Roman Catholic. This form of allegorical satire was well suited to Dryden's talents.

Of his shifting in politics and in religion it is difficult to speak. First he was a Parliamentary, then a Tory; a Puritan, then an Anglican; later a Romanist; and in each case the change was coincident with the rising tide. To put it gently, he seems to have been "adaptable," and could change his political coat with the fashion. However, he remained steadfast in his last conversion; with the

"Bloodless Revolution" of 1688 Dryden lost place and power, although the incoming government made tentative overtures to enlist his talents on the side of the Whigs. Deprived thus of his pension and the revenues of his collectorship, he set to work courageously to write whatever would bring an income.

Among the works of these later years is a complete translation of the "*Æneid*" and of several other of the Greek and Roman classics. Dryden's sense of linguistic form and a good verbal memory served him well as a translator. He died in 1700 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

While Milton still was Foreign Secretary, Dryden was just coming into fame. The lives of these men overlapped by forty-three years. But in their aims and ideals how vast the difference! Milton, as truly as Cromwell, is identified with the Puritan struggle for civil and religious liberty; Dryden belongs wholly to the pleasure-loving, elegant, morally irresponsible "cavalier" element. In their poetic ideals they differed as greatly. Milton tells us: "I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things." Milton regarded rhyme as rather a frippery ornament; Dryden rarely used blank verse,—indeed, even attempted in his play, "*State of Innocence*," to recast Milton's majestic lines of "*Paradise Lost*" in rhyme. The result was tawdriness. If you seek moral earnestness and lofty spiritual truths look not for these in Dryden,—your seeking will be in vain; they are not to be found between the covers of his books. But to Dryden we are indebted for great advance upon the formal side, both in prose and verse. His polished couplets, terse, effective, brilliant, became the fashion, and quite shut out any further attempts in the direction of fantastic stanza-forms such as had been a diversion among lesser versifiers since Elizabeth's time. His prose is chiefly literary criticism and discussion of the principles of literary art; except in a few essays it is to be found chiefly in prefaces and introductions to his own poems and plays. He freed the English sentence from the tortuous windings and involutions in which it had become enmeshed

by writers whose linguistic notions were derived solely from their training in Latin, and who were unable to conceive what Dryden conceived and also demonstrated in his own work, that English prose, so "fit for the speech of man," is best expressed in short, clear, direct, forceful sentences.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What did Dryden's readers desire above all else?
2. Compare Dryden's character and career with Bunyan's.
3. What is the great debt readers of English literature owe to Dryden?
4. What is a literary dictator?
5. Who was Dryden's most famous predecessor as "the literary dictator of London"?
6. What was the subject of "Absalom and Achitophel"?
7. What was the outcome of publishing "Astræa Redux"?
8. How did Dryden's versification differ from Milton's?
9. Are these different types suited to similar subjects?
10. Write an outline of Dryden's life, laying emphasis on his relations to the religious and political issues of the times.

Suggested Readings.—For satire read "Absalom and Achitophel"; for lyricism, "Alexander's Feast" and "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day." In "Among My Books," Lowell's "Essay on Dryden" will amply repay the reader.

Jon: Dryden

CHAPTER XVIII

A CENTURY OF PROSE (1688-1789)

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art
And every warbler had his tune by heart."
—*Cowper*.

IN 1688 the theory of the divine right of kings died in England. In that year James II was expelled from the throne by Parliament and an act passed which secured the succession to William, Prince of Orange, and his wife Mary, the daughter of the exiled king. Under this act William reigned until 1702, being followed by Anne, daughter of James (1702-1714), and by the four Georges (1714-1830), who were descended from the Electors of Hanover and the royal family of England. The expulsion of the Stuarts is called the English Revolution. Its significance lies in the fact that the crown was then practically stripped of power. The maxim that the king can do no wrong is derived from the assumption that the real responsibility of government rests on the shoulders of the prime minister. Anne, indeed, on one occasion ventured to veto an act of parliament, but the result was such that neither she nor any of her successors repeated the experiment. George III (1760-1820) also tried to be king in fact as well as name, his method being to bribe parliament; but he was finally made by Edmund Burke, George Washington, and several millions of other gentlemen, to understand that the monarch is only the hereditary grand master of ceremonies. People often sneer at the eighteenth century as cold and formal, but in reality it was a very commendable century. Among other good things it produced Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, the Wedgewood potteries, the spinning jenny, the steam engine, Edmund Burke, the United States of America, and the French Revolution. This last event, which occurred 1789, marks the beginning of a new era in English literature as well as the end of the old régime in French politics.

In literature this period has been called with some justice a century of prose.

The spirit which dominated writers both of prose and verse was hostile to imagination, enthusiasm, decoration, and invention, but favorable to symmetry and uniformity. To be direct, clear, logical, reasonable, and sensible were their aims. Accordingly they produced an extraordinary development of journalism, a new form of the essay, the modern novel, the modern history, and a body of verse noteworthy by reason of its metrical excellence and its intellectual brilliancy but deficient in the highest qualities of poetry. Other forces, were, however, at work almost from the beginning of the century. Wonder, romance, and the love of nature found fitful expression, and toward the end of the period the age of prose was supplanted by an age of poetry.

Among the eighteenth century innovations, journalism began first and has lasted longest. The first number of the first daily paper, "The Daily Courant," was issued 1702, three days after the death of William III and the accession of Queen Anne. It was a little double-columned sheet, fourteen inches by eight, printed on one side. Almost at once it had a crowd of rivals. Though small in comparison with those huge modern sheets that threaten to deforest the earth by reason of their consumption of wood pulp, these early papers were quite large enough to supply all of the real news of that day or this. Unfortunately, they did nothing of the kind. Their columns, on the contrary, were filled with what purported to be foreign news, which was then, as it is now, easy to manufacture and the authenticity of which does not much matter. In point of fact the best of them, "The Review," was written by the author of "Robinson Crusoe" while he was in jail. To this journalistic peculiarity Joseph Addison playfully alludes in Number 18 of "The Tatler" in words which might almost have been written in 1914 or 1915: "The Case of these Gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns and fought more Battles. They have made us Masters of several strong Towns many weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greatest Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer (of 'The Post-Boy') has slain his Ten Thousands. . . . This Gentleman has laid about him

with an inexpressible fury. . . . The redoubted Mr. Buckley has shed as much blood as the former. . . . He spares neither Friends nor Foe, but generally kills as many of his own side as the Enemy."



DANIEL DEFOE

1661—1731

From an engraving by Hopwood, after a portrait by J. Richardson

In this delectable extract, with its distinction of phrasing and its delicate irony, we have an example of what the essay was to become in the hands of Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele, Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. But that is a story which will be more fully discussed in the chapters on those illustrious men.

This period also saw the first modern novels, which were written by Daniel Defoe (1661-1731), who, as Austin Dobson says, discovered an uninhabited island, and by Samuel Richardson (1689-1791), who discovered the very much inhabited female heart. These pioneers were followed by Henry Fielding (1707-1754), Tobias Smollett (1721-1771), Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774), Horace Walpole (1717-1797), Frances Burney (1752-1840), and Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823), until finally, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the novel reached almost its highest perfection in the works of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) and Jane Austen (1775-1817).

Hitherto history in England had been little but uncritical and unscientific chronicle and compilation. In the eighteenth century, however, there arose three writers who raised it at once to a definite art. The first of these was David Hume (1711-1776). For research, as research is now understood, he cared little. But he gave to his "History of England" the charm of a flowing narrative and a style which was as easy to read as a fairy tale. He was followed by Dr. William Robertson (1721-1793) with histories of Scotland, Charles V, and America, which were almost as good as Hume's in style and were based on a somewhat better standard of investigation. Both Hume and Robertson, however, must yield to the matchless work of Edward Gibbon (1737-1794). His "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is still the standard authority for the period it covers and is considered by some critics the finest history in the English language. It is written in a splendidly sonorous style; its narrative flows without a break from the age of the Antonines to the occupation of Constantinople by the Turks; and not even twentieth century scholarship has been able to improve his material.

From the history of nations the transition is easy to the history of individuals. Accordingly we find in this period a wealth of biography and of autobiography not previously equalled by any nation. There were short lives such as Goldsmith's "Beau Nash" and Johnson's admirable "Lives of the Poets," most of whom were not poets at all but only wretched versifiers; there were long biographies

such as Hawkesworth's "Swift" and Hawkins's "Johnson"; there were scholarly performances such as Middleton's "Cicero"; and there were personal records as unlike as Colley Cibber's "Apology for his Life" and Hume's account of "My Own Life." Finally, in the last



EDWARD GIBBON

1737—1794

From an engraving after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

decade of the century, appeared two works, each of which in its own field remains unrivalled. One of these is Gibbon's "Autobiography." Nothing can be more interesting than his account of the circumstances that moulded his career and determined the progress of his great his-

tory. The other work referred to was Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which is the greatest biography in any language and seems destined to remain so, as the combination of circumstances that produced it is not likely to recur. Carlyle says that it is to England what "The Odyssey" is to Greece, a true though homely epic. To this day it remains the standard by which every new biography is measured.

The prose spirit of the age also produced letters. Maids of honor who could spell and maids of honor who could not resorted freely to this means of communication. Swift describes one of them as scrawling like a Wapping wench. He himself wrote his "Journal to Stella," which is really one long letter continued through several years. Indeed most of the great writers and all of the small, if one judge by the avalanche of eighteenth century epistolary volumes that in recent years have descended from the press, delighted in this innocent pastime. The most famous letters of the century, however, were written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by the Earl of Chesterfield, and by Horace Walpole, while the best undoubtedly came from the pen of the poet Cowper. Lady Mary wrote of her travels, of society as she saw it, and of contemporary literature; Chesterfield taught his son that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well and advised him to take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves; Horace Walpole, holding that the world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel, for sixty years and in 2700 letters gossiped about the brilliant, jigging, smirking Vanity Fair in which he lived; and Cowper wrote with sedate playfulness of his own uneventful days, proving delightfully and conclusively that one can write well about nothing if only one knows how.

Some critics hold that the poetry of the age was not poetry at all but only prose run mad. They call Alexander Pope (1688-1744) the most eminent poet of the time, a word carpenter, a literary mechanic. His theories and his success will be fully discussed in a later chapter. Here it will suffice to say that he succeeded in convincing his own generation and that which followed that he had "carried the language to the highest perfection." The words in quotation marks were written 1764 by Oliver Goldsmith in his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." His

keen eye already detected a change of fashion and of feeling, a change indeed which is discernible in his own "Traveller," which appeared the same year.

That change, as a matter of fact, had begun with Thomson's "Seasons" (1726-1730), a nature poem written, not in Pope's coup-

R E L I Q U E S
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and ot
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.
VOLUME THE FIRST.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall
M DCC LXV.

Title-page of first edition of Percy's "Reliques" (1765)
The courtesy of the Macmillan Company, from "English Literature, An Illustrated Record"

lets, but in blank verse, and characterized by accurate description of living things. After Thomson had come Dr. Edward Young (1684-1765), who began his literary career by imitating Pope and ended it as the unrhymed author of a sombre moral poem called "Night Thoughts," which is not at all in Pope's style. After Young followed

Thomas Gray (1716-1771), with his undying "Elegy" and his wonderful "Pindaric Odes." Then came a Scot named Macpherson, who stirred men's souls with what was really a good poem of his own but which he pretended to be a translation of the ancient Gaelic verse of "Ossian." Its popularity enraged Dr. Johnson, who was himself a stout adherent of Pope and who called it an impudent forgery. Forgery perhaps, poem surely, "Ossian" was succeeded by another work, likewise a forgery and a poem, the Rowley book of Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), who pretended that what he had himself written had lain for centuries in the archives of an old family. Bishop Percy, about the same time, published a book of real old English poetry under the title of "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" and thus revealed to an astonished nation the fact that some good poetry had been written before Dryden's time. Though George Crabbe (1754-1832) and William Cowper (1731-1800) wrote in couplets, both showed the new influence, the former by his choice and accurate description of homely subjects, the latter both by example and by precept, for he complained that Pope had made poetry a mere mechanic art.

"And every warbler had his tune by heart."

Finally, in 1786, Robert Burns (1759-1798) went up from Mossgiel to Edinburgh; William Blake about the same time wrote his "Songs of Innocence"; in 1798 Wordsworth and Coleridge published their "Lyrical Ballads"; and thus, while the French themselves were busy in getting rid of their kings, the French influence in English literature passed away. Perhaps the student will be able to feel what had happened if he will contrast four lines from Pope with four from Burns:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

—Pope.

"Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune."

—Burns.

SUMMARY

Reigns	Events	Authors	Books
William and Mary (1688-1702) Mary died 1694	1690 Battle of the Boyne. 1694 Bank of England founded.	1688 Pope born. 1689 Richardson born. 1700 Thomson born.	
Anne..... 1702-1714	1704 Battle of Blenheim.	1706 Franklin born. 1707 Fielding born. 1709 Johnson born. 1711 Hume born. 1713 Sterne born.	1712 "Spectator." 1718 "Robinson Crusoe."
George I..... 1714-1727	1715 Jacobite rebellion.	1716 Gray born. 1721 Robertson born. Smollett born.	
George II.... 1727-1760	1732 George Washington born. Georgia founded. 1738 Methodists organized. 1745 Battle of Fontenoy. 1746 Battle of Culloden. 1758 Fort Duquesne. 1759 Wolfe at Quebec.	1728 Percy born. Goldsmith born. 1730 Burke born. 1731 Cowper born. 1737 Gibbon born. 1740 Boswell born. 1751 Sheridan born. 1752 Fanny Burney born. Chatterton born.	1759 Gray's "Elegy."
George III... 1760-1820	1763 Wedgwood Pot-teries. 1764 Hargreaves's spinning jenny. 1765 Watts's steam engine. 1771 Great journals founded. 1776 U. S. A. 1789 French Revolution.	1770 Wordsworth born. 1771 Scott born. 1772 Coleridge born. 1775 Lamb born. Jane Austen born. 1783 W. Irving born. 1788 Byron born. 1789 Cooper born.	

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Perhaps arbitrarily we mark the beginning of the eighteenth century as the beginning of a new era in English literature. When was it terminated and what great event marked its termination?
2. What were the especial aims of the typical writers of this century?
3. What new literary forms may we look for in the eighteenth century?
4. Name four eighteenth century novelists.
5. How did the historical writing of the eighteenth century differ from that which had preceded it?

6. Name several important biographical or autobiographical works written in this century.
7. For what was Lady Mary Wortley Montague famous?
8. You sometimes hear the phrase "Chesterfieldian manners." How did this phrase originate?
9. What is the character of Thomson's "Seasons"? Does it more thoroughly represent the point of view of the beginning or the end of the century?
10. Exclusive of being the author of "Robinson Crusoe," what is Daniel Defoe's claim to fame?

Suggested Readings.—Edmund Gosse's "History of Eighteenth Century Literature" is an excellent work for collateral reading. Read "Robinson Crusoe" again.

CHAPTER XIX

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

"An immense genius."—*Thackeray*.

"The most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—*Addison*.

JONATHAN SWIFT, best known to the present generation as the author of "Gulliver's Travels," was born at 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, November 30, 1667. Though his name is inseparably connected with Ireland and the Irish, he was thoroughly English in descent and character. His Yorkshire lineage is commemorated in the lines:

"Jonathan Swift Had the gift By fatherige,
Motherige, And by brotherige, To come from Gotheridge."

On his mother's side he was related to the Poet Herrick, and on his father's to John Dryden. Before he was three he could read any chapter in the Bible. At six he was sent to Kilkenny School, then the best in Ireland. In 1682 he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin. His college career, however, did not harmonize with the brilliant promise of his infancy. At Easter, 1685, we find him passing in Greek and Latin, but being plucked in philosophy and theology. However, through a special dispensation of the authorities he was given his bachelor's degree in 1686. The death of his father and the financial embarrassment of the uncle on whom he had chiefly depended at this time reduced Swift to poverty and deeply impressed upon his mind the misery of dependence.

Probably Swift had looked forward while at Trinity to a clerical career, but the Revolution of 1688 destroyed his hopes of preferment. At this crisis, Sir William Temple, whose wife was in some way related to Swift's mother, offered him a position as his private secretary at a salary of twenty pounds a year. Swift accepted and for the next eleven years, except for one short interval, made his home at Temple's estate of Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey. Temple in his day had been a distinguished statesman and though now retired still retained considerable influence. In later years, Swift was in the

habit of complaining bitterly of the menial relationship in which he stood to his employer. It is altogether probable that the raw Irish student, whose views regarding the distribution of functions between knives and forks were lamentably unsettled, did and said things



JONATHAN SWIFT

1667—1745

From the portrait by Charles Jervas

which were highly distasteful to the distinguished diplomat of 60, who had been intimate with the last two kings and was still the confidential friend of the reigning monarch. Their relations indeed became so strained that in 1695 Swift actually left Temple, went to

Ireland, took orders, and settled at Kilroot. He found the solitude of this life so intolerable, however, that he returned in 1696 to Moor Park, and remained there in his former capacity until 1699. At bottom the two men evidently had a sincere respect for each other's character and abilities. Through Temple's influence Swift, in 1692, was enabled to take the degree of M.A. at Oxford. By Temple, also, he was sent as a political emissary to King William III, by that monarch was offered a military commission in a regiment, and was taught how to eat asparagus after the Dutch fashion, which consisted of eating the stalks as well as the heads, a custom which Swift in later years was in the habit of imposing on his guests. On the whole, Swift's years at Moor Park seem to have been not disagreeable nor unprofitable. For long intervals he was the sole occupant of the great house, "living alone," as he said, "in state, seeing nobody, and amusing his leisure by watching the revolutions in the kingdom of the rooks." He utilized the leisure of the situation in reading and in writing. Among other authors he devoured Virgil, Homer, Horace, and Lucretius. His studies, in fact, included everything but theology. His residence at Moor Park continued until 1699, when Sir William died, leaving Swift his literary executor. The editing and publication of Temple's works probably made him several hundred pounds and certainly caused him an enormous amount of trouble in later years.

In 1692, Sir William had written an essay on ancient and modern learning, about which he knew little, and it involved him in a furious controversy with several of the most distinguished scholars of the age. Swift, in 1697, took up arms on behalf of his patron and produced a remarkable composition, which was published in 1704 under the name of the "Battle of the Books." It is an account in prose of a battle between the ancient and modern books, the style being a mock heroic imitation of Homer's battles. The moderns are completely defeated. The whole book is characterized by infinite spirit.

The "Battle of the Books" is an expression of the contempt for pedants which is about the only thing that Swift seems to have derived from his course at Trinity College, Dublin. It is still more conspicuous in a far greater satire which he wrote about 1696 and

which was published along with "The Battle of the Books" in 1704. This was "The Tale of a Tub," which has been called Swift's challenge to pedantry, an attack on shams, and the precursor of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." In it Swift's style reached a degree of perfection which is found nowhere else in his works. It is so good, indeed, that Dr. Johnson, who hated Swift, doubted whether he could have written it. Swift himself toward the end of his life, on re-reading the book, is said to have exclaimed, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" As far as it can be said to have a theme, it is a sort of defense of the English Church against the Roman Catholics and the Puritans. So effectively did Swift ridicule these sects that the book led to doubts of his orthodoxy and even of his Christianity, and undoubtedly interfered with his promotion in the church.

When Swift left Moor Park in 1699, he was thirty-one years old. In a search for a means of living, he turned again to Ireland, which he hated, and finally succeeded in obtaining a living in Laracor, a village twenty miles from Dublin. The income from this and one or two other small preferments which he obtained, made up about two hundred and thirty pounds a year. As his congregation consisted only of fifteen persons he found abundant leisure to study and intrigue. He seems to have been on good terms with the successive viceroys of Ireland. And when Addison came as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant Wharton, he made his acquaintance, an acquaintance which ripened soon into a fast friendship. Though Dryden, some years before, had said to Swift, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," he began at this time to write verses full of spirit and characterized by sincerity and close observation. In the "Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris," a chambermaid who had lost her purse, he lays bare the workings of the menial intellect with the clearness of a master. "Baucis and Philemon," a humorous travesty of one of Ovid's poems, he produced about the same time. He submitted this piece, as he tells us, to the criticism of Addison, who made him "blot out four score lines, add four score, and alter four score," though the whole consisted of only 178 verses. The high school student who thinks he can dash off a composition without revision will do well to remember this story.

Laracor, however, was too small to hold Swift. In fact, Ireland was too small. We find him, accordingly, after a while spending most of his time in London. The ostensible reason for this was a mission regarding the revenues of the Irish church, but the real reason, doubtless, his ambition for power, notoriety, and society. For a time we find him associating with the wits of the Whig party, Steele and Addison, and with its patrons of literature, Somers and Halifax, and endeavoring to obtain from them certain concessions for the Irish Church. Swift, however, was singularly unfortunate in gaining from them any preferment for himself or any consideration for his Church, and in consequence we find him, in 1710, joining the Tories, whose leaders, Harley and St. John, admitted him, not indeed into their inner councils, but to their intimacy, which was flattering to his vanity and which carried with it much real power. He rewarded them by writing effectively against the policy of the Whigs. His most famous performance in this connection was a pamphlet of unique power called "The Conduct of the Allies." His whole life between September 10, 1710, to April, 1713, is described in great detail in his "Journal to Stella," a series of notes which he sent from London to Miss Esther Johnson in Dublin. One of the most noteworthy evidences of his influence at this period is found in the fact that he solicited and obtained subscriptions aggregating a thousand pounds for a translation of Homer by his young friend, Alexander Pope.

The Whigs were in power until 1710. The Tories were in power from 1710 until the death of Queen Anne in 1714, after which the Whigs enjoyed an almost uninterrupted supremacy until 1760. These dates have a curious correspondence with the literary careers of Swift and Addison. While the Tories were in power, Swift wrote little and Addison much, and *vice versa*. "The Battle of the Books" and "The Tale of a Tub" came out during the first Whig régime, and "Gulliver's Travels" during the second. Addison's best work, "The Spectator," was written between 1710 and 1714. In 1714, at the death of Queen Anne, Swift's party was not only driven from office, but was practically annihilated. He himself barely escaped the general ruin, having been appointed April 2, 1713, as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. To Dublin, accordingly, he then retired, and in the

retirement of his ecclesiastical office he spent practically all of his remaining years.

Swift's exile in Ireland has been compared to Napoleon's exile at St. Helena. He himself described the state of Ireland with a vividness that cannot be surpassed. He says that it had been reduced by English greed to a condition such that not one farmer in the kingdom out of a hundred "could afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh or drink anything better than sour milk and water twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scotch plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation hardly to be matched on this side Lapland."

In 1720, he published a pamphlet in which he exhorted the Irish to use only Irish manufactures. At this time he applied to Ireland and England the fable of "Arachne and Pallas." The latter, indignant at being equalled in spinning, turned Arachne into a spider. England is Pallas. She compels Arachne to spin forever for her benefit. The printer of this pamphlet was prosecuted, but the unpopularity of the prosecution became so great that it was dropped. Four years later a more violent agitation broke out. A patent had been given to a certain William Wood for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage. Many complaints of dishonesty in obtaining the patent had been made, and it was claimed that Wood had been guilty of frauds in his coinage. Probably out of about seventy-four pounds' worth of metal he made four hundred and fifty pounds' worth of halfpence. At all events Swift, in 1724, attacked him in "Drapier's Letters," in which he advised the people to boycott the halfpence. The Letters are full of false reasoning, but are written in such a vein of common-sense with an undercurrent of intense passion that they are undeniably effective. The dauntless front which Swift here showed to the oppressors of his country made him the idol of the Irish. A club was formed in his honor. When he returned from England in 1726, bells were rung, bonfires were lighted, and a guard of honor escorted him to the deanery. Towns voted him their freedom and received him like a prince. When the prime minister spoke of arresting him he was informed that the messenger would require a guard of ten thousand soldiers. A lawyer who had complained because the dean had called

him a "booby" lost twelve hundred pounds a year in income. When a great crowd had collected to see an eclipse, Swift sent word to them that the eclipse had been postponed by his orders, and the crowd dispersed. Popular as he was, however, he was unhappy. In a letter to Bolingbroke in 1729 he wrote, "You think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." The state of mind to which he here alludes is still further in evidence in the "Modest Proposal (written in 1729) for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country"—the proposal being that they should be turned into articles of food. The latter is one of the most tremendous pieces of satire in existence. It is, in truth, fearful to read even now; but we can sympathize with Swift if we remember that it is an expression of burning indignation against intolerable wrongs.

It is not to be supposed, however, that all of Swift's days were unhappy. At all events, in 1726, he completed and published the most famous of his books; a book which everybody reads even to this day; a book which is equally delightful to children and to adults. "Gulliver's Travels" is a source of endless pleasure to children because of the story which it contains, a source of pleasure to grown-ups because they find in it a bitter satire upon the shams and weaknesses of mankind. The work is divided into four parts. In the first part, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver makes a voyage in which he is thrown among the Lilliputians, whose stature is to man as one inch is to one foot. In the second part, he goes to Brobdingnag, which is inhabited by a race of giants twelve times as big as men. In the third part, he visits Laputa, where he finds some pedants and projectors whom he unjustly but picturesquely satirizes. Of one of them he says he had been eight years upon a project of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He also visits the Strulbugs, who are old men that have outlived their usefulness and pleasure in life but are condemned to pass eternity in that condition. In Part Four, he goes to the Houyhnhnms, who have neither vices nor enthu-

siasm, and the Yahoos, who are mere beasts in passion and appetite. The first and second voyages are characterized by great humor and delightful wit. The third and fourth are terrible by reason of the gloom and misanthropy which pervade them.

Swift's character has, perhaps, been more misunderstood than that of any other eminent man. In truth it was a strange mixture of pride, avarice, charity, and kindness. There was nothing really miraculous about him except his extraordinary ability. Perhaps his most noteworthy characteristics were his appalling sincerity and his tyrannical disposition. He seems almost always, both in his conversation and in his writings, to have said exactly what he thought. His early poverty made him resolve to be a free man and to practise rigid economy. He asserted this freedom both among men and women with a frankness that bordered on brutality. Yet such were the force of his character and the charm of his conversation that he made both his slaves. There is reason to believe that at least three ladies broke their hearts on account of their affection for him and it is recorded that in his later days a whole regiment of old Irishwomen were his staunch admirers and slaves. He browbeat men of genius and ministers of state with the finest disregard of consequences. There is no record that he ever confessed to any fault except that of being too virtuous. Somebody said that he had the Napoleonic absence of magnanimity. Somebody described him as a divine who is hardly suspected of being a Christian. Yet there was a softer side to his character. It is said that of his income he spent only one-third. He gave one-third to charity and he saved one-third for the purpose of founding a hospital. The sum which he actually left for this purpose was about twelve thousand pounds. Yet even this deed of charity he mockingly ascribed to his love of sarcasm, saying:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation needed it so much."

His life indeed has been called a sort of inverted hypocrisy. He appears habitually to have represented himself as worse than he was, the underlying cause probably being a kind of shyness which he took this means of concealing.

It is probable also that some of his peculiarities were due to disease. As early as 1712 he was attacked by giddiness. In 1717 he said to Edward Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," as they passed a tree which had been struck by lightning and was withered at the top: "I shall be like that tree. I shall die at the top first." His later years, that is, from 1727 to 1745, seem to have been passed almost altogether in the shadow of this fear, yet the picture which we get of his life during this time is not altogether melancholy. We see him in his capacity of Dean, fighting with the Bishop and subduing his subordinates. We see him dispensing a munificent charity. We see him on friendly terms with great men, with the Elder Sheridan, for instance, who spoiled all his chances of promotion in the church by preaching a sermon on the day of the accession of George II with the text, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and with Carteret, Viceroy of Ireland, who, upon being asked how he had succeeded in Ireland replied, "I pleased Dr. Swift." We see him taking possession of the country homes of noble friends, supervising their studies, making them read to him, giving them good advice, bullying their servants, and cutting down their trees. We see him writing reams of the most arrant nonsense, an occupation of which he seems to have been inordinately fond. We see him bidding good-night to one of his friends with the words, "I hope I shall never see you again." We see the Bible on his table always lying open at the chapter in which Job curses the hour of his birth. We see him sinking gradually into a state of senility in which he was a burden both to himself and to the world. He died October 19, 1745. He was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. On his tombstone was inscribed the last and most terrible of the phrases which are associated with his name,

*"Ubi sæva indignatio
Cor ulterius lacerare nequit."*

"Where bitter indignation can lacerate the heart no more."

A few quotations will perhaps give a better idea of Swift's genius than much description. The following are fairly characteristic:

*"So, naturalists observe a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum."*

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

"It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first."

"Bread is the staff of life."

"He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat."

"The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light."

"The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages."

"Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent."

"She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day."

"Lord M. What religion is he of?"

"Lord Sp. Why, he is an Anythingarian."

"He was a bold man that first ate an oyster."

"Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing."

"The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What prompted Swift to write "The Battle of the Books"?
2. In what way may Swift's relations with Sir William Temple have affected his life?
3. What did Swift do for Ireland?
4. "Gulliver's Travels" are read by young and old. Why?
5. Would Swift have made a pleasant companion? State your reasons.
6. Were Swift and his contemporaries the first literary men of genius to use their pens for political purposes?
7. Who was Stella?
8. Have the greatest writers been wide readers?
9. Who wrote "Night Thoughts"?
10. Compare the character of Dryden with that of Swift.

Suggested Readings.—Of Swift's works "Gulliver's Travels," "The Battle of the Books," and "The Tale of a Tub," appeal most strongly to the modern taste. Leslie Stephen's "Swift" in the English Men of Letters Series is the best short life. Thackeray's lecture on Swift is capital.

*Your obedient humble
Servt. J. Math: Swift.*

CHAPTER XX

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

"He was above all men in that talent called humour."

—*Sir R. Steele.*

"He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge) taught us how to die."

—*Tickell.*

IN 1660, with the Restoration of the House of Stuart to the English throne, there was a revolt in literature against the severe morality of the Puritans. As a result of this change, the fashionable literature of the period became deeply tainted with immorality. The drama especially sank to depths which it had never before touched and which it has since avoided down to, but not including, our own day. Even John Dryden, the greatest poet of the age, was infected by the epidemic until he was sharply reprimanded by Jeremy Collier, a clergyman. Collier's "Short View of the English Stage" indeed did much to improve these conditions, but it was left to a greater and a wiser man to render decency popular.

Joseph Addison was born May 1, 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire. His father, Lancelot Addison, was Dean of Lichfield Cathedral and an author of some note. He had three brothers and three sisters, all clever. He went to school successively at Amesbury, Lichfield, and the Charter House. At Amesbury, he ran away and hid in a hollow tree; at Lichfield, he distinguished himself by being the ring leader in a "barring out," whatever that may be; and at the Charter House he devoted himself with much success to the study of the classics. He became so proficient, indeed, in the writing of Latin verse that one critic said that he was superior to any Latin poet since Virgil.

In 1687, he entered Queen's College, Oxford, where he remained until 1689. Dr. Lancaster, who had read some of his Latin poems, then secured him the position of Demy at Magdalen College, a Demyship being probably, as the name signifies, half a scholarship. His studies throughout this period were chiefly directed toward prepara-

tion for holy orders, but circumstances arose which turned his attention toward literature.

In 1693, he published an account of the great English poets



JOSEPH ADDISON

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written in heroic couplets and remarkable chiefly because of the outrageous conception of Spenser which they contained. He also busied himself somewhat with translating Virgil and Ovid. The most important result of these exercises was that he was introduced to Dryden, who was himself busy at the time on his translation of

Virgil, and who said of Addison's translation, "After his 'Bees' my later swarm is hardly worth the hiving." Through these writings, Addison also made the acquaintance of Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax. Montague was aware of the political influence which a man of Addison's literary ability could secure for a party and, accordingly, promised the young author that, if he would go abroad to study for the diplomatic service, he would obtain for him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Addison accepted the offer and in the summer of 1699 went to the Continent, carrying with him some copies of his Latin poems as an introduction to the schools and some letters from Halifax as a passport to the society of statesmen.

European travel in those days was not as safe and comfortable as it has since become. Bad roads and bandits were apt to provide plenty of excitement. It was customary, none the less, for young gentlemen to finish their education by making what was called "The Grand Tour." They were not wanting critics who maintained that the only result of this custom, in most cases, was that the pupils gathered every vice on Christian ground, spoiled their own language, and acquired no other. Addison, however, was a young man of remarkably high character. Somebody indeed called him a parson in a tye-wig. He had also reached at this time the mature age of 28. He travelled for a definite and serious purpose and made good use of his opportunities. He was gone from England for four years, from 1699 to 1703. The first eighteen months he spent in France, occupying himself mainly with learning the language, a complete knowledge of which was necessary at that time to a diplomat. In December, 1700, he proceeded to Italy, visiting among other places Genoa, Milan, Verona, Venice, Rome, Naples, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, and Turin.

In the December of 1701, he left Italy, making his way by way of Geneva, Berne, Zurich, and Innsbruck to Vienna. He returned home in the autumn of 1703 through Germany and Holland. Aside from his correspondence, the chief literary results of this period are a volume in prose called "Remarks on Italy," a letter to Halifax in verse, and a dialogue on "Medals." The foreshadowings of the style of the "Spectator" appear here and there in these writings; for instance, of a certain picture at Versailles he writes: "The painter has repre-

sented his most Xtian Majesty under ye figure of Jupiter throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into ye Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted a little above the Cornice." He describes the French as follows: "Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the Happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the pow'r of Want or Slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the Country but Mirth and Poverty. Ev'ry one sings, laughs, and starves. Their Women are perfect Mistresses in this Art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off ye worst faces in Europe with ye best airs." The lines to Halifax contain some of the best verses Addison ever wrote. For instance,

"Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows."

The phrase "classic ground," here used for the first time, has become proverbial.

Addison's return to England was probably hastened by the death of William III, which occurred in 1702, and caused the loss of his pension. His fortunes at this time reached their lowest ebb. For a while he lived in a garret in Grub Street. It was a time, however, when the services of skilful writers were in demand. The Revolution of 1688 had definitely shifted political power from the Crown to the House of Commons. In consequence, there was no method of retaining political influence except through the press. In the reign of James II, Dryden had performed immense services in this direction and had been rewarded by having his salary as Poet Laureate reduced one hundred pounds a year. The Whigs were wiser. We have already seen how Montague had taken steps to secure Addison's literary services for the party. Upon his return he was made a member of the great Whig Club, "The Kit Kat."

The next year, the Duke of Marlborough vanquished the French at Blenheim. The Prime Minister, Godolphin, thinking that the victory should be poetically commemorated and being unable to find among the Tories anybody who was capable of doing justice to the

subject, applied to Halifax for assistance, and by him was introduced to Addison. The result was that Addison produced his poem, "The Campaign." It achieved an enormous success, though it was written in a style severely plain and by somebody was criticized as being nothing but a Gazette in rhyme. As a reward he was made, first a Commissioner of Appeals, and within two years Under-Secretary of State. These political appointments interfered with his literary activity, between 1704 and 1710, to such an extent that during these six years he wrote practically nothing except an unsuccessful opera called "Rosamond."

In 1708 he went to Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant Wharton. There he met Dean Swift, whom he called the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age. In 1710, by a revolution in public opinion, the Whigs were turned out of their jobs. The blow was a severe one to Addison. To a friend we find him writing at this time: "Within a twelve-month, I have lost a position worth two thousand pounds a year, an estate of fourteen thousand pounds, and what is worse my fiancée."

These misfortunes, however, were not an unmixed evil either for Addison or for the world. The leisure thus forced upon him made it possible for him to devote himself during the next four years to literature and in so doing to perform the greatest public service of his life. This took the form of the publication of two papers, "The Tatler" and "The Spectator." Like Shakespeare's plays, these publications were not an isolated or an inexplicable phenomenon. They represented the final stage in a long journey. The newspaper had been in process of evolution for nearly two hundred years. The first paper, "The Gazetta," was published in Venice in manuscript in 1536. At the end of that century, pamphlets were printed in Italy at such irregular intervals as the receipt of extraordinary news demanded, a system which has much to commend it. Between 1641 and 1682 there was almost a constant struggle in England between the government and the publishers of Mercuries, as the newspapers were then called. The authorities strove to suppress the publication of unwelcome news by means of licensing a monopoly. By 1682 the futility of suppression had come to be pretty well understood and

from that time the "freedom of the press" may be said to date. The first daily, "The Courant," was established in 1702. The way for "The Tatler" and "The Spectator" had, therefore, been prepared by a long series of more or less successful experiments.

"The Tatler" was founded by Sir Richard Steele. He had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, and had written some religious pamphlets and several comedies. He was one of those persons whom it is possible neither to hate nor to respect. His life was spent in sinning and repenting, in preaching what was right and doing what was wrong. "He was," as somebody said, "a creature of ebullient heart." He had in a high degree invention, humor, taste, and sympathy. The first number of "The Tatler" was published April 12, 1799, by Steele without the assistance of Addison. The motto of the publication was "*Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli*," "Whatever men do is the subject of our book," a motto which, by the way, recently stood at the head of a famous column which appears daily on the editorial page of the *Chicago Tribune*. In its columns Steele called attention to the merits of Shakespeare and Milton, both of whom were then almost totally neglected; made valiant attacks on gambling and dueling; addressed himself largely to the interests of women, a thing which had not been done previously by any writer; and above everything else attacked the indecency which characterized the age. Steele's two-fold character fitted him admirably, somebody has said, to bridge the chasm between the Cavaliers and the Puritans. Addison did not even know who was the editor of the paper until one of the early numbers reached him in Ireland. He was so much interested in its scope and character that he then wrote to Steele offering to assist him. Steele gladly accepted the proffered help, though he may later have regretted it, but said generously: "I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." The chief credit for "The Tatler," however, must be accorded to Steele. He furnished one hundred and eighty-eight papers, while Addison contributed only

forty-two. The publication was discontinued January 2, 1710. This was done, not because the publication was losing ground, but because the two friends had already in view another publication on an improved plan. "The Tatler" from the beginning was political. As both Addison and Steele were under some obligations to the Tories, who came into power in 1710, they decided to eliminate politics. "The Tatler" had appeared three times a week. "The Spectator," which made its first appearance March 1, 1710, came out daily until December 6, 1712. "The Tatler" had been written under the somewhat clumsy disguise of a publication by one fictitious name, Isaac Bickerstaff. "The Spectator" writes as the humble member of a club. His avowed object was to create a rational standard of conduct in morals, manners, arts, and literature. Particular attention was given to women, so much indeed as to excite the disgust of Swift. Of the papers, Addison wrote 274 and Steele 236. They were signed by one of the initials C. L. I. O. One writer says that these refer to the name of one of the Muses; another to Chelsea, Islington, London, and the Office, thus indicating the place of composition. The daily circulation seems sometimes to have reached fourteen thousand, and after the papers were collected into volumes it is said that nine thousand copies were sold at a guinea apiece. It became the fashion for all educated people to read the paper at breakfast, a scheme which might well be adopted by a student of to-day who wishes to enjoy in their perfection the flavor of these little essays, for they are nothing else. The "Spectator" was revived by Addison two years after its discontinuance, appearing three times a week between June 18, 1714, and December 20 of the same year.

During his travels in Italy, Addison had written four acts of a tragedy called "Cato." Upon his return to England he had shown it to several of his friends, among them Pope, who earnestly entreated him not to allow it to be acted but to be content with publishing it. Pope's advice was undoubtedly sound, for Addison, inspired by his classical studies, had constructed the play on the plan of a Greek drama as modified by the French tragic writers, Corneille and Racine. In Greek tragedy, man is represented as being the victim of external forces. In a Shakespearean drama, on the other hand,

he acts and fails on account of defects of mind and will. The Greek tragic writers also observe what are called the unities of time, place, and action. In other words, they do not permit a change of scenery, the entire action of a play is confined by them to twenty-four hours, and only one theme is allowed. Shakespeare, on the other hand, pays so little attention to these requirements that Voltaire called him "an inspired barbarian." In his efforts to produce a play which should conform to the Greek rules of art, Addison succeeded in writing a drama entirely wanting in action and humor. Instead, though, he produced a poem that contains many quotable lines. For instance:

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it."

"My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?"

"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage."

"What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country!"

"When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station."

As every school boy knows, Cato was one of the Romans who perished in resisting the ambition of Julius Cæsar. In 1713, the Whigs and Tories were accusing each other of trying to overthrow the legitimate government of England. Some of Addison's friends, thinking that the public would read into Cato a series of allusions to the existing political situation, persuaded him to allow it to be acted. The result was a huge success. It ran for thirty-five nights, which was quite unprecedented at that time. The Whigs and Tories vied in detecting in its well-turned lines references to one another's shortcomings.

In 1714 Addison entered upon another period of political activity. In that year Queen Anne died, and with the accession of George I the Whigs entered upon a long period of power. During the remaining years of his life, Addison occupied, first the position of Commissioner for Trade and the Colonies, and, later, that of Secretary of State.

During the brief period when the position of George I was threatened by the rebellion in 1715, he published a paper called "The Freeholder," in which he effectively defended the policy of the Whigs.

He was married in 1716 to Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, and took up his residence at Holland House. He was not destined, however, to enjoy the fruits of his success, being so tormented by asthma that he was forced, on March 18, 1718, to resign his position as Secretary of State. He died June 17, 1719, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The scene is thus described by his friend, Thomas Tickell:

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn march inspire,
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er the closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh gone for ever; take this last adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague."

Few people are likely to-day to read "The Spectator" straight through for the mere pleasure of it. Yet most of the papers are still delightful and vital, being full of sweet wit and sunny humor. They contain a digest of the principles of behavior not yet obsolete and sorely needed in these days. The best way to read them is as our forefathers read them: one page each morning with the rolls and the coffee. This was Addison's suggestion. A person who should read one of "The Spectators" each morning instead of the current newspaper would, at the end of the year, probably know as much as he now does of what is going on in the world and would, in addition, be a better writer and a better man. The value and interest of these papers perhaps can be made clear through the medium of a little analysis:

Thursday, March 1, 1711.—The Spectator gives an account of himself.

Friday, March 2.—He describes his friends, Sir Roger de Coverley,

The Templar, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, Will Honeycomb, and the Clergyman.

Saturday, March 3.—He writes about public credit.

Monday, March 5.—He announces that he will address himself on certain days to the ladies and will advocate constancy in love affairs as much as constancy in friendship.

Tuesday, March 6.—He gives a criticism of Italian Opera in particular and of elaborate scenery in general.

Wednesday, March 7.—The thesis is maintained that it is better to cultivate virtue than manners.

Thursday, March 8.—He publishes a satire on such superstitions as spilling salt, crossing knives and forks, and having thirteen at table.

The paper of Friday, March 9, is a satire on public dance halls, and that of Saturday, March 10, is a delightful essay on clubs, which each student should read in its entirety.

To describe all of these papers is of course impossible. Let us pass to that of March 30, 1711. Addison on that day goes to Westminster Abbey and muses among the graves and tombstones. First he finds many persons recorded who are celebrated for nothing but having been knocked upon the head; their lives have left no more mark on the world than the flight of an arrow through the air. He sees a new grave and as shovel after shovel of dirt is thrown up thinks how the remains of men are there mixed in one indistinguishable heap of mortality. The Greek and Latin inscriptions seem to him excessively modest; nobody can understand them. In the poetical quarter he finds poets who have no monuments and monuments which have no poets. Some of the monuments are in bad taste; a sailor should not be represented as a beau. He closes with these words: "When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of Grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I see rival Wits placed side by side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with

Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that died Yesterday and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together."

In Paper 34, April 9, 1711, a meeting of the club is described. Each member commends the Spectator for the satire he has applied to everybody except his own class. Thus every subject of speculation is taken away from him until he finds himself in the condition of the good man who had one wife who objected to his gray hairs and another to his black. The clergyman, however, comes to his rescue and the club agrees to let him proceed. On his part he promises never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

Paper 45, on the influence of the French on the Manners of English Ladies, contains this: "What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her holding her tongue, in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?" This picture is precise and firm. Not less so is that of the lady at Macbeth who cried: "When will the dear witches enter?" The race to which she belonged is not extinct, nor is that of the ladies who thought it ill-breeding and a kind of female pedantry to pronounce a hard word right.

Paper 239, on debates, has a good framework. Addison says that there are several ways of overthrowing an opponent:

1. The Socratic, which is to agree with him.
2. The Aristotelian, or syllogistic, which is to dispute with him.
3. The Argumentum Basilinum (Club-Law).
4. The Logic of Kings (*i.e.*, Legions).
5. The Rack (a kind of Syllogism which has made Multitudes of Converts).
6. Gold (a wonderful clearer of the Understanding).

In 433 and 434, he discusses the segregation of the sexes with much humor. Two nations, one of men, the other of women, lived

side by side without commingling. The men were rough and ill-kempt. The little girls fought together like boys. No blush was seen nor sigh heard in the whole commonwealth. Military reverses overtook the women because one of their generals had the vapors; a union of the nations followed, and civilization began.

Number 441 is a very beautiful religious meditation, containing Addison's translation of the Twenty-third Psalm; similarly 465 is enriched with the fine hymn, "The spacious firmament on high."

In 478 we have a little lesson in rhetoric. It touches on the nature of the essay, on Seneca and Montaigne, and on the value of methodical arrangement. "Do not cast your pearls down before the reader in a heap," says Addison. "Take pains to string them."

Numbers 584 and 585 relate the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, who were antediluvian lovers. The humor of the paper is built up on the Mosaic account of the vast ages attained by Methuselah and his contemporaries. Hilpa was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah. When she was but a girl of 70 she began to be besieged by lovers. At 100 she married Harpeth, a rich rival of Shalum's. When she was 160 and had had 50 children, Harpeth was drowned. After a decent interval of ten years, Shalum renewed his court. One of his love letters, which she answered promptly (that is, after a year) is still extant. In it he invited her to a kind of entertainment, half house-party and half picnic, which lasted two years. So eloquent was he on this occasion that she gave him her promise to return a positive answer in less than fifty years. She was as good as her word, for she married him twenty years later.

Of Addison's innumerable beauties of detail, his delicate flashes of genius, the following specimens are neither better nor worse than thousands of others, but may serve to give an idea of their general character:

"I have observed that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of the like Nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author."

"It was said of Socrates, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven to inhabit among Men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-Tables, and in Coffee-Houses."

"The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right Adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their lives."

"I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience."

"The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English. . . . At length the Audience grew tired of understanding half the Opera, and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at Present that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue."

"It is infinitely more honorable to be a Good-Natured Man than a Wit."

"The profess'd Beauties . . . are a People almost as insufferable as the profess'd Wits."

"One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads."

"Singing the Psalms in a different Tune from the Rest of the Congregation is a Sort of Schism not Tolerated by the Act."

"Talking with a friend is nothing else but Thinking Aloud."

"I would recommend to every one of my Readers the Keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week and Setting down Punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves and incline them to consider seriously what they are about."

"He is not sensible of his own want of Strength when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the Person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is Powerful in His Power, Wise by His Wisdom, Happy in His Happiness. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loses his own Insufficiency in the Fullness of Infinite Perfection."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What was meant by the Grand Tour? What great predecessor of Addison took a journey similar to his?
2. How did the "glorious revolution" make a demand for skilful political pamphleteers?
3. What do you know of Richard Steele?
4. What were the characteristics and purposes of "The Tatler" and "The Spectator"?
5. What were the characteristics of Cato?
6. Why have the editorials in "The Spectator" remained a part of our literature, while the editorial you read in this morning's paper will in all probability be forgotten to-morrow?
7. What do you think constitutes a good style?
8. Translate "*Quidquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.*"
9. Addison watched life as it passed by. What do we learn from his observations?
10. Write a five-hundred-word composition upon the life in London reflected in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers.

Suggested Readings.—The de Coverley Papers, one and all, will repay reading and re-reading. Macaulay's "Essay on Addison," Thackeray's "Lecture," and Dr. Johnson's "Life" are all worth attention.

CHAPTER XXI

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

"The most faultless of poets."

—*Byron*.

"Was he a poet? Yes, if that be what
Byron was certainly and Bowles was not."

—*Austin Dobson*.

THE most conspicuous eighteenth century poet was Alexander Pope. His influence dominated English poetry, roughly speaking, from the death of Dryden until the appearance of what is known as the Romantic School. The classicists, as Pope and his followers are called, believed that poetry should be "correct"; by this they meant, first that it should be clear, and second that it should conform to certain artificial standards which they had derived from the French. Of these the easiest to understand is the rule that the end of a couplet should coincide with the end of a main clause or the end of a sentence. Examine the following lines from Pope's "Essay on Criticism":

"Where'er you hear 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line it 'whispers thro' the trees';
If 'crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep.'"

Set these side by side with the opening lines of Keats's "Endymion":

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us and a sleep
Full of sweet peace and health and quiet breathing;
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery chain to bind us to the earth."

In the lines from Pope there is a mark of punctuation at the end of each couplet, a kind of dam, so to speak. In the lines from Keats, on the other hand, the meaning flows from one couplet into the next.

To vary the metaphor, one may say that Pope's couplets are like square bricks, while Keats's have the irregularity of unhewn stone. They remind one of an old-fashioned New England stone wall. In a general way, it may be said that the difference between Shakespeare and Pope is that Shakespeare aims to hold the mirror up to universal nature, while Pope, to quote his own words, believes that

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed."

Alexander Pope was born in London in 1688. His father was a Catholic and the Catholic king of England, James II, within a few months after the poet's birth, was driven across the sea and replaced by the Protestant, William III. The elder Pope, who felt that he could not invest with a clear conscience in the funds of a Protestant government, thereupon withdrew to the hamlet of Binfield with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, which he locked in a chest, taking from it what he needed from time to time. He had amassed this fortune as a wholesale dealer in linen and was not credited, by those who knew him, with much poetical talent, but he took enough interest in the genius of his son to encourage his first attempts at writing.

His mother also possessed admirable qualities of head and heart. There is no nobler expression of filial love than in these lines, which Pope wrote in her honor after the death of his father:

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile and soothe the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

Pope may be called a self-educated man, the religion of his father making a career at Oxford or Cambridge out of the question for him. He began to read, however, at a very tender age and began to write almost as soon as he began to read. Though sent in due time to several schools, he quarreled, as other men of genius have done, with his instructors. As a child, he was remarkable for the mildness of his disposition and the fragility of his body. The weakness of his body, as Dr. Johnson puts it, "continued through his life, but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood."

At the age of fifteen he formed an acquaintance with the poet Walsh, who read his verses, gave him encouragement, and advised him to cultivate "correctness," on the ground that, whereas more than one of the poets of England had been great, none of them had



ALEXANDER POPE

1688—1744

From the portrait by William Hoare

been "correct." The seed fell on fertile soil. Within two years the young poet put forth some "Pastorals" which, as the work of a boy of seventeen, have been called in our own day a marvellous feat of melodious versification.

The first real evidence of his power, however, was afforded in

1711, in which year he gave to the world his "Essay on Criticism." This production is in the main a compilation from Horace's "Ars Poetica" and Boileau's "L'Art Poétique." It is intended as a guide for those who wish how to learn to judge poetry. Pope argues that it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill. True critical genius is as rare as true poetical genius. Nature is our best guide in all things. Art is only nature methodized. Issued as it was from the press of an obscure bookseller, the Essay failed almost wholly to attract attention. But Pope was equal to the occasion. At his suggestion, free copies were sent to many of the prominent people in London. The result was unexpectedly gratifying. The author himself was surprised at the sudden popularity into which the book sprang. He had expected, he said, that the "town" (Addison and Pope always speak of the "town" instead of the "nation") would be unable to appreciate a work so profound. In reality, the favor with which it was received need puzzle no one. Its thoughts are profound precisely as the epigrams in the last successful play are profound, and the brilliancy of the style would have made a far more difficult subject attractive. Though it delighted Dr. Johnson, De Quincey denounced it as being a mere versification of the most mouldy critical commonplaces, and Taine has called it a collection of very wise precepts whose only fault is that they are too true. Among these precepts we may quote the following:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

"Thus in the mind where memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
While beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away;
One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

"Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so."

"Be thou the first true merit to defend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend."

"Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men."

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found."

"In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

The young poet was now fairly introduced into the frivolous and brilliant society of the highest London circles. The "Essay on Criticism" had been the result of his researches among books; his next publication grew naturally out of his observation of this shallow but glittering life. Lord Petre had stolen a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's hair. The lady was indignant and a quarrel ensued. At the suggestion of a mutual friend, Pope wrote "The Rape of the Lock" in an endeavor to laugh them together again. Whether he succeeded or not in this laudable design, he produced a readable poem. Addison called it a delicious little thing. Macaulay pronounced it Pope's best poem. De Quincey declared it the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature affords, and Hazlitt the most exquisite piece of filigree work ever invented. It inspired one of Dr. Johnson's happiest epigrams. The severest critics of our own day have joined in praising it. Conington, Leslie Stephen, Austin Dobson, and Edmund Gosse are loud in its commendation. James Russell Lowell wrote of it as follows:

"There is no inspiration in it, no trumpet call, but for pure entertainment it is unmatched. There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand it; the second understands its age and tells it what it wishes to be told. Let us find strength and inspiration in the one and instruction in the other, and be honestly thankful for both."

Some idea of the quality of the poem may be derived from these citations:

"Here thou, Great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

"The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine."

"Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last,
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie ;"

"But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die.
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay."

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Elated by the success and praise which he had won, Pope conceived the design of rewriting the piece and introducing a supernatural machinery of sylphs and gnomes. Before entering upon the work of revision, he consulted Addison, who admitted that the plan was ingenious, but advised the ambitious youth to let well enough alone. It is highly probable that this counsel was disinterested. It was certainly judicious. Pope, however, did not follow it, and contrary to all the teachings of experience succeeded in improving the poem. The episode would not have tended to cement the friendship of most men, and in this case it was speedily followed by another episode which brought all amicable relations between the two to an end.

Since his introduction to London society, Pope's financial means, owing to the peculiar scruples of his father, had been steadily growing less. Successful from a literary standpoint as the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Rape of the Lock" had been, they had failed to add materially to the author's income. He therefore determined to translate into English the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," embarking upon the enterprise as much, probably, for business as for artistic reasons. It happened that Tickell, one of Addison's closest friends and most devoted admirers, was at the same time entering upon a similar undertaking. The rival versions of the first book of the "Iliad" appeared almost simultaneously. The public verdict was pronounced at once in favor of Pope. Addison and Addison's friends expressed the belief, however, that Tickell had more of the original. Pope accused them of a conspiracy to ruin the profits of his enterprise. Addison

was provoked by this charge to such an extent that he either wrote or caused to be written a pamphlet which stung Pope to the quick. While still furious, he composed and sent to Addison the following verses, which have been called the most brilliant individual passage in all his writings and indeed in all modern satirical literature:

“Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev’n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne’er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?”

“Addison,” said Pope, “used me very civilly ever after.” “No wonder he did,” comments Thackeray. “Such a weapon as Pope’s must have pierced any scorn. It flashes forever and quivers in Addison’s memory. He should be drawn, like Saint Sebastian, with that arrow in his side.”

If, in connection with Homer, Pope lost one old and powerful friend, he also allowed an opportunity of making a new and still more powerful one to escape him. The Earl of Halifax, having gained for himself a reputation as a statesman and an orator, was anxious also to pose as a critic and patron of letters. To this end he began to make overtures to Pope. Hints of a pension were not lacking. The poet was invited to read to the statesman the opening books of the translation of the “Iliad.” “In four or five places,” said Pope, “Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly. ‘I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite

please me. Be so good as to mark the place. I am sure you can give it a little turn.' ” At this Pope was in great perplexity, and communicated his embarrassment to Garth, who laughed heartily at him, saying, “ All you need do is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I will be answerable for the event.” “ I followed his advice,” said Pope, “ and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, ‘ Ay, now they are perfectly right.’ ” Pope was little in the habit of concealing contempt when he felt it. Doubtless on this occasion he made his feelings disagreeably manifest. At any rate, the talk of a pension was soon dropped and never revived.

The success of the *Homer* was such, indeed, that Pope could well afford to treat with scorn the flattery of the great. The conspiracy of Addison and his friends, if such there was, failed completely. The book sprang instantly into a popularity which it cannot be said to have lost entirely at the present day. The best of the critics were emphatic in their approval. Swift turned himself into a solicitor of subscriptions in its behalf. Even Addison spoke approvingly of it in “ *The Spectator*.” Dr. Johnson called it the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen. Gray declared that no other translation would ever equal it. Gibbon admitted that it had every merit except that of fidelity to the original. In the present century Hugh Miller, Byron, and Carlyle have re-echoed the approval of these earlier critics. Edmund Gosse says that, all in all, it was not surpassed by any single poem between “ *Paradise Lost* ” and the “ *Excursion*.” It must be admitted, however, that if it has excited warm approbation, it has also excited powerful dissent. The lack of faithfulness to the original, first pointed out by Addison, was censured bitterly by Bentley, and has since been the chief weapon in the armory of hostile critics.

The financial success of the *Homer* was not incommensurate with its literary success. Pope made a fortune out of the venture, his share of the profits on the “ *Iliad* ” being \$25,000; and Pope’s profits were far exceeded by those of his publishers. The “ *Odyssey*,” as it now stands, is only partially his work. In translating it he had the aid of Elijah Fenton (1683–1730) and William Broome (1689–1745). To

the former we are indebted for Books 1, 4, 19, and 20; to the latter for Books 2, 6, 8, 11, 12, 16, 18, 23, and the notes. For his labors Fenton received about \$1000, and Broome about \$2800. Pope's own profit on the "Odyssey" was nearly \$18,000. With the \$43,000 thus acquired, which was probably equal in purchasing power to \$120,000 to-day, he bought annuities amounting to what would now be \$12,000 a year and a villa at Twickenham, a charming village situated on the Thames a few miles west of London. In the retreat which he found there, he had opportunity to cultivate his taste for the art of landscape gardening, which was just then coming into popular notice. There he adorned the banks of the Thames with a noble lawn, exercised his ingenuity in laying out quincunxes, and spent his leisure hours in pruning vines. There, to this day, may still be seen the most famous of his architectural achievements—a short tunnel under the highway to connect his lawn and his house, which lay between the river and the highway, with his grounds. This passage, dignified by Pope's vanity into a grotto, doubtless witnessed some remarkable gatherings of distinguished men, though, as Leslie Stephen says, one would fear that it was better fitted for frogs than for philosophers with rheumatic pains. Thither were wont to flock the brightest men. Here the courtly, skeptical, and brilliant Bolingbroke, the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, the amiable and ingenious Gay, the witty Arbuthnot, Garth, and Peterborough, with all the prestige of a successful general fresh upon him, met, to mingle

" with the generous bowl

The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Here humble Joseph Spence eagerly listened to the words of the great men present, and then hastened away to write them down for the delight of future generations. Here Sir Godfrey Kneller, who bragged more, spelled worse, and painted better than any other Englishman of his day, talked on terms of easy familiarity with the Prince of Wales. Here Voltaire delighted his host by his condescension and enraged him by his frankness. Here, too, on state occasions might be seen courtly and witty ladies—Martha and Teresa Blount, Lady Bolingbroke, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the fair and intellectual Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had charmed the wits with her

classification of the human race into "men, women, and Herveys," and had won the admiration and excited the jealousy of the doctors by her introduction into England of the practice of inoculation for smallpox. Nor, at times, was the poet's retirement undisturbed by less welcome visitors. He complains bitterly in verses that the whole tribe of bad poets would persist in flocking thither to waste his time and spoil his temper. One came to read an execrable tragedy, another to beg, a third to solicit influence with a publisher or a friend. Some even had the impudence to try the effect of flattery:

"There are, who to my person pay their court.
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Great Ammon's son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir, you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal Maro held his head,
And when I die, be sure you let me know,
Great Homer died three thousand years ago."

As these lines hint, Pope's health had become a source of keen solicitude. Never strong, as he advanced in years he grew to be a chronic invalid. He could not get up himself; he had a servant to dress him; his legs were so slender that he wore three pairs of stockings to conceal their deformity; his body was so weak he could scarcely hold himself erect until he had been laced into a thick canvas bodice. Over this he wore a flannel waistcoat; next a fur doublet, for he was very susceptible to cold; and lastly a thick linen shirt. He was so small that he had to sit in a high chair at table.

It is not surprising that a man afflicted in this fashion was selfish and irritable, at one moment disgustingly tricky, and at another brutally frank. At dinner he ate too much. When cordials were offered him, he got angry, but did not refuse them. Lady Bolingbroke says that he played the politician about cabbages and turnips and hardly drank tea without a strategem. He was niggardly in his expenses. He allowed his guests only one bottle of bad wine at dinner. Swift called him paper-sparing Pope. The entire "Iliad" is said to have been written on the backs of old envelopes. Once his

publishers sent him good paper. Even then he did not give up his envelopes, but saved the paper, regardless alike of the eyes and oaths of the type-setters. He went to sleep at his own table when the Prince of Wales was reading poetry, certainly a severe infliction, says Leslie Stephen. When it suited him, he never hesitated to lie. In spite of all this he possessed admirable qualities. He loved his dog, and said he would have inscribed over his grave "O rare Bounce" but for the appearance of ridiculing "O rare Ben Jonson." Like all strong characters he was a good lover and a good hater. With the best men of his time he lived on terms of the closest intimacy.

"True friendship, warm as Phœbus,
Kind as love, and strong as Hercules,"

he was undoubtedly capable of appreciating and returning. Bolingbroke and Swift pay the highest tribute to the kindness of his heart. Nor was his consideration bestowed solely on the great. So well did he reward the servant who had the care of his personal comfort that she said she would want no wages in a family where she might wait on Mr. Pope.

His capacity for making foes, as has been hinted, was equally great; and his enemies were of a kind who did not hesitate to express their disapproval in language calculated to arouse all the malignity of a far less irritable spirit. One ambitious pedant declared that his wit was as thick as Tewksbury mustard. Another called him a portentous cub. A third, referring with peculiar spite and peculiar clumsiness to the deformity of his person, wrote: "He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods he was born a modern, for had he been born of Grecian parents his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day"; and not content with this added the following cruel touch: "If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you will have A. P. E." A fourth, in an exceptionally atrocious couplet, hinted that he had required help in construing his Homer. His peace of mind was disturbed by libellous pamphlets. Wycherley made sport of his "little, crazy, and crooked carcass." Orrery described him as "*mens curva in corpore curvo*." Chesterfield called him the most irritable of all the "*genus irritabile*."

Addison whispered aspersions about his character into the fair ear of Lady Montagu until she was induced to refer to him as the wicked asp of Twickenham.

The revenge which Pope took was ample, but it can scarcely be called dignified. His method of silencing Addison we have already seen. Even Lady Montagu did not escape that dreadful pen. But it was Theobald and Cibber, Dennis and Henley, who fared worst. It was their fate to be held up to the scorn of the world in "The Dunciad," or the Iliad of the Dunces, Pope's first serious attempt to write satire. As originally published in 1728 it contained three books and had for its hero Theobald, a pedantic but scholarly editor of Shakespeare, whose chief crime seems to have been that his edition of the great poet was better than Pope's own. In the edition of 1742 a fourth book was added; in that of 1743 Theobald was dethroned and Colley Cibber made King of the Dunces. The change was not a happy one, as Cibber, though shallow, flippant, and disreputable, was by no means dull. In wit "The Dunciad" yields to none of Pope's poems. The pensive poets who "painful vigils keep, sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep"; the king of the dunces, sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound; yet unintelligently happy "in pleasing memory of all he stole"; the poetess,

"With tresses starting from poetic dreams,
And never washed but in Castalia's streams;"

and the amateur poet, "A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits," are not unworthy of Juvenal. Pope's power of condensation is here seen at its best. One line,

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong,"

gives us the essence of a dozen political pamphlets; another,

"Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,"

a sad and yet ludicrous picture of the life of a struggling author in those days; and a third,

"Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe,"

an eloquent description of an unsavory episode in the life of the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Here and there, also, a ray of more natural

light breaks in upon the electric glare of the poet's wit. Wordsworth himself could have read this couplet with an approving nod:

"To happy convents, bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots purple as their wines."

But the climax of all is reached, as the climax should be, at the very end. "No poet's verse," says Thackeray, "ever mounted higher than the wonderful flight with which 'The Dunciad' closes."

The announcement of the poem had spread consternation among Pope's enemies. On the day of its publication a crowd of authors besieged the shop, endeavoring by threats and entreaties to prevent its sale. Its circulation was naturally increased by this circumstance; in fact, it succeeded so well in making his foes uncomfortable, that Pope owned afterward in a couplet of exceptional asperity and exceptional wit to a feeling of exultation:

"Yes, I am proud; I must be proud, to see
Men not afraid of God afraid of me."

Pope's methods of composition deserve the attention of those who aspire to learn the art. Writing was with him at once a passion and a business, a labor of love and a matter of the most painstaking care. "If conversation," says Johnson, "offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought or perhaps an expression more happy than was common rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines or parts of lines to be wrought upon at some other time. Lord Oxford's domestic related that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought." According to Swift, he always had some poetical scheme in his head. When he had written a work, he kept it at least two years in his desk. During this period he read and re-read it many times, and subjected it to the criticism of his friends. Each perusal by himself or others resulted in beneficial changes; and, when the poem had been published and attacked by his enemies, he amended it in accordance with their criticisms.

The elegant versification, the polished urbanity, and the serene Epicureanism of the satires and epistles of Horace were calculated in no ordinary degree to appeal to a man of Pope's tastes and habits. The form in which they were cast was peculiarly adapted to the needs of a poet who desired to string together many brilliant but disjointed thoughts. In a happy hour, therefore, Pope determined to give to England what he himself modestly termed imitations but what in reality are translations in the truest sense of the word of some of Horace's Satires and Epistles. De Quincey did not admire these productions, but few will now re-echo his condemnation. They probably constitute Pope's surest guarantee of immortality. Leslie Stephen says that the best way to learn to enjoy Pope is to get by heart the entire Epistle to Arbuthnot. Although we are occasionally gladdened by lines and couplets which everybody learns in the cradle, such as:

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined ;"

or

" Who shall decide when doctors disagree ;"

they are kept from growing wearisome by other lines and couplets equally good in themselves and far less hackneyed. The poet's knowledge of the human heart manifests itself in more than one noble epigram:

" Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;"

" Who builds a church to God and not to fame
Will never mark the marble with his name ;"

" Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;"

" Some odd old Whig,
Who never changed his politics or wig."

" Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old ;
It is the rust we value, not the gold."

Throughout all these years, Pope, though most of his attention had been given to poetry, had by no means neglected prose. While still busy with the "Odyssey," he had published an edition of Shakespeare which was wretchedly inaccurate, but which paved the way for later and better work by showing how the text might be amended;

contained an excellent introduction; and, more than all, called the attention of the public to the then comparatively neglected works of our greatest poet. He had also written occasional articles for publication in the periodicals of the day. But with this he was not satisfied. He yearned for fame as a letter-writer and yet feared to make an effort to secure such fame, for it was not the fashion in those days as it is now to publish private correspondence. In this dilemma he resorted to a trick. A collection of his letters was in some mysterious way "stolen," as he chose to call it, and conveyed to a disreputable book-seller called Curll, who printed it. Upon the publication of this pirated edition, the poet, in great apparent indignation, in order, as he said, to give the people an authentic text of what he would have wished altogether unpublished, put forth an edition of his own. This differed in no essential from Curll's, and there is circumstantial evidence that Pope was in collusion with him. The merit of the letters was such as to render still more needless than it would otherwise have been this miserable subterfuge. Pope, indeed, at once took rank as one of the best of English letter-writers. Thackeray said he did not know of more delightful volumes in the range of our literature. The collection of his letters as it now stands includes epistles to and from almost every eminent person of his day. Some of them are, however, nothing but exercises in literary composition, and were never sent to anybody; while others were sent to as many as two or three correspondents with the slightest alteration possible. His prose does not and could not be expected to glitter with the same continuous brilliancy that distinguishes his poetry, but the sentences are often witty and quotable. These specimens will serve to show their quality:

"Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

"I never knew a man in my life who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian."

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."

"Here I am dying of a hundred good symptoms."

Throughout the years just reviewed, the poet also had written from time to time a not inconsiderable number of short poems. These are usually treated with a contempt or at best a silence which they

hardly deserve. Many of them are amazingly clever and some contain real poetry. Among the earlier and more pretentious of these are "The Messiah," a well-versified imitation of Virgil's "Pollio," with added inspiration from Isaiah; "Windsor Forest," the only production of Pope which Wordsworth condescended to praise and which is in reality the dreariest and most commonplace of all his poems; "Eloisa to Abelard," a melodious but highly artificial love-letter; several cleverly written and eloquent but rather frigid imitations of Chaucer; and an "Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady," which, while immensely inferior to Gray's *Elegy*, is still powerful and pathetic. Sir James Mackintosh is said to have quoted the following passage from it to repel a charge of coldness brought against Pope:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be!"

Occasionally Pope wrote a clever epigram; this, for instance, is equal to the best of Prior's:

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said,
One-half will never be believed,
The other never read;"

this not unworthy of Martial:

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

His epitaph on Newton is a model of all that an epitaph should be:

"Nature and Nature's works lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light;"

and his epitaph on Gay has won the warmest encomiums of the best judges.

The student of Pope is forced indeed to return again and again to his friendships. So thoroughly are they woven into the fibre of his

life that they can be disposed of in no isolated paragraph. They influenced not only his hours of social ease, but they determined also to a great extent the direction of his poetical activity. This had been true of the "Pastorals," which were inspired in part at least by Walsh; of "The Rape of the Lock," which was the logical outcome of Pope's relations with what is called "society"; and of "The Dunciad," which may be traced to the brain of Swift. It was true to a still greater extent of a still loftier work, with the composition of which Pope had occupied the best efforts of more than ten of the most active years of his life.

Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, is one of the most striking figures in English history. In his early days his debaucheries had been the scandal and his intellectual powers the wonder of Oxford. With Dryden he had lived on terms of intimacy. He had risen at an age when most young men are still at the university to be regarded as the most brilliant orator and the foremost statesman of his time. Under Anne he had been Secretary of State. He had been prevented from attaining the highest political honors to which a British subject may aspire only by the suspicion, which his political enemies were not slow to take advantage of, that he was plotting to restore the House of Stuart. Upon the accession of George, fearing impeachment, he had fled to France. There he remained until pardoned, when he returned to England, purchased a magnificent estate, and devoted his enforced leisure to political and philosophical studies. While thus engaged, he was introduced to Pope; their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship; and it was not long before the poet, inspired by the fascinating metaphysics of the peer, was hard at work upon a grand philosophical poem, which, he fondly hoped, would prove to be the most enduring monument of his fame. There is a pretty picture, from the pen of Bolingbroke himself, of the happy hours in which he communicated to Pope his philosophical system, when they sauntered alone, or, as he says, "with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's," among the multiplied scenes of the little garden at Twickenham. The design was never finished, but several fragments of it were given to the public, chief among them the "Moral Essays" and the "Essay on Man."

Subsequent to the publication of his letters, Pope's literary activity sensibly declined. In spite of all his care his rickety constitution was beginning to break. That he had been able for so many years as he did to hold together a soul and body so ill cemented was really not the least of his achievements. He himself called his life one long disease. He was, however, cheerful to the last. Almost upon his death-bed he wrote to a friend, in words that recall the dying words of Charles II, "Here I am dying of a hundred good symptoms." His last work was a revision of "The Dunciad." He passed away early in the year 1744, and was buried in the chancel of Twickenham church.

Previous to his death he had opportunity to taste the sweets of fame to an extent that has been enjoyed by few poets. Swift in one quatrain had owned his admiration, his envy, and his despair of rivalling his friend's verse:

"In Pope I cannot read a line
But with a sigh I wish it mine,
For he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can put in six."

Hardly had he passed away, however, when the warmth of his eulogists began to decrease. Cowper charged Pope with having debased his art. Jeffrey thought him unnatural. Wordsworth declared that he had misused his talents. Lessing called him a literary mechanic. In our own time it has become quite the fashion among a certain class of brilliant but uncritical lecturers to refer with patronizing disapproval to "dear old Alexander, whom all of us quote and admire, and none of us read." In view of these facts, two questions naturally arise. Why was Pope so popular in his own day? Why has he since lost so much of the favor that he formerly enjoyed? The answers are not difficult ones.

Poetry, like dress, is subject to the changes of fashion. These are not really dictated by caprice but by a law which is inherent in the nature of the human mind. That law leads us instinctively to shun sameness and to seek for variety. Just as inevitably as the crest of a wave is followed by a hollow, just so surely is one fashion followed by another. If the gentlemen of one decade wear narrow

shoes, those of the next are pretty sure to affect wide ones; if the poetic taste of one generation demands that the emphasis be laid on Nature, that of the next is certain to find its chief satisfaction in what we must, for want of a better term, call Art.

Of course these changes come about gradually. In all human institutions, as in all natural organisms, the form remains long after the soul has fled, long after life is extinct. After the juice of an orange has been dried up for years, there is still left a dwarfed and shrivelled rind. It is so with a literary fashion. After Shakespeare's death men still kept on writing plays in Shakespeare's manner. All of the disagreeable peculiarities of the master—the bad puns, the anachronisms, the swelling blank verse—continued to be reproduced with mathematical precision. But the juice was gone from the fruit. The product was as flat and tasteless as a withered gourd.

The results that followed were perfectly logical. People will not eat withered gourds; neither will they go to see soulless plays. The great object of the Shakespearean drama, "to hold the mirror up to nature," ceased to be regarded as the cardinal principle of literary production. A new principle,

"True wit is nature *to advantage dressed*,
What oft was thought, but *ne'er so well expressed*."

took its place. The nation which had been so amply nourished by a literature of which the fundamental characteristic is freedom began to crave for a literature subject to rigid laws.

When Pope came into the world this craving was just beginning to take definite form. He understood it and satisfied it. His reward was an immense contemporary fame.

After his death, the same laws which had made the world tire for a time of the Elizabethan drama kept on operating. People had been surfeited with poetic freedom before; now they began to be surfeited with poetic rules. Pope's imitators preserved the form of his verses, indeed, but only the form. The result was a fresh literary revolution. King Alexander was dethroned. Wordsworth succeeded to the diadem.

It is certain, however, that the operation of the same laws which

caused his downfall will in time restore Pope to partial favor, just as it did in the last century rescue Shakespeare from oblivion. In fact, he has never lacked able apologists. Campbell boldly defended his appreciation of nature. Byron called him the most perfect of poets. De Quincey ridiculed the crusade against his title of bard. Thackeray called him the greatest literary artist England has ever seen. Lowell admitted that he was unrivalled as a wit. Taine called his "versified prose" the finest in the world. William Minto says that the polemic against his title to the name of poet would be contemptible were it not that beneath the dispute about the name there is a desire to impress on the public a respect for the highest kinds of poetry. Austin Dobson asks the question, "Was he a poet?" and answers it:

"Yes, if that be what
Byron was certainly and Bowles was not."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What were Pope's principles of versification?
2. Study these principles in a page of Pope; then write twenty lines in the same form upon some matter of common interest to the class.
3. What do you know of Pope's parents?
4. With what did Pope first win his reputation?
5. Tell of the relations between Pope and Addison.
6. What do you know of Pope's life at Twickenham?
7. Write as vivid a description as possible of Pope's character.
8. What were the cause, the content, and the consequences of "The Dunciad"?
9. What do you know of Pope's method of composition?
10. Why was Pope's poetry so popular in his own day and why has it since lost so much of that popularity?

Suggested Readings.—The "Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man," and "The Universal Prayer" should certainly be read. De Quincey's "Essay on Pope" and "On the Poetry of Pope" are revealing essays. Johnson's "Life of Pope" is admirable.

CHAPTER XXII

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

"A mass of genuine manhood."—*Carlyle*.

"Ursa major."—*Lord Auchinleck*.

"He has nothing of the bear but the skin."—*Goldsmith*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, who was known during his own lifetime as the great Cham of Literature and whose memory is preserved in ours chiefly by the records of his conversation enshrined in his Life by James Boswell, was born in Lichfield in 1709. From his father, who was a bookseller, a Tory, and a hypochondriac, he inherited a scrofulous taint and a superstitious disposition. His parents took him to be touched for the disease by Queen Anne, of course in vain. The result of this affliction was that his sight and hearing were seriously impaired. In spite of these handicaps, he was enormously strong and fond of athletic feats. It is recorded that on one occasion, when a stranger took his chair at the theatre, he threw both the chair and the intruder out of the door. He knew at least the theory of boxing. He would swim into dangerous pools, beat huge dogs into subjection, climb trees, run races, jump gates, and ride a horse as well as the most illiterate fellow in England. As late as his fifty-fifth year, he amused himself by rolling down hill. His intellect was as vigorous as his body, a combination which won the respect of his play-fellows to such an extent that they used to carry him to school on their shoulders. At the Lichfield Grammar School, a good deal of Latin, according to his own statement, was whipped into him, a process which seems to have met with his approval—after it had ceased. "A child," he said, "who is flogged, gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you make brothers and sisters hate each other." On another occasion, he said, "There is less flogging in our public schools now than formerly, but then less is learned there, so that what the boys gain at one end they lose at the other."

At the age of sixteen his schooling came abruptly to an end, owing probably to the decline in his father's prosperity. For the

next two years he sold and read books at Lichfield. His memory was already remarkable. He had the faculty, as somebody later has said, "of tearing the heart out of a book," and he thus absorbed a mass of learning remarkable in a youth of his years.

In 1728, he was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he



SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709—1784

From a mezzotint after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

remained until 1731. Owing to his poverty, his college course seems to have been throughout a kind of battle, in which his melancholy and his pride strove for mastery. Like Swift, he tried to fortify himself against the pity of his companions by affecting a kind of insolence and wildness of demeanor. On one occasion, a charitable fellow student who had observed his lack of shoes left a pair at his door; but Johnson

threw them away in a rage. Finally, in 1731, he gave up the fight, left Oxford, and returned to Lichfield, where shortly afterwards his father died, leaving him a legacy of only twenty pounds.

Johnson thereupon endeavored to make a living by entering what Leslie Stephen calls the most depressing of all employments; he became a schoolmaster. Failing in this, he sought literary employment and published a book called "Travels in Abyssinia." Failing in this, at the age of twenty-six years, he married a widow, a fat, painted widow, of forty-eight, whose chief merit to superficial observers was the possession of eight hundred pounds. The union, however, proved unexpectedly happy. Mrs. Johnson regarded her husband as the most sensible man she had ever met and he repaid her with a devotion which lasted during her life and through a widowerhood of more than thirty years. Immediately after his marriage he set up a school at Edial, but his inability to manage parents was such that he secured only three pupils, and his ability to teach was such that when, after some months of instruction in English history, he asked his pupils who had destroyed the monasteries, one of them could give no answer, and another replied "Jesus Christ." The third pupil was David Garrick, with whom, in March, 1737, he set out to seek his fortune in London.

One of Johnson's greatest distinctions is the fact that he was the first man to make the literary profession respectable. When he arrived in London it was at a low ebb. Most of the members of the profession lived, at that time, in wretched garrets in Grub Street and literary remuneration was so small that one publisher, to whom he applied for employment, advised him to become a porter. In later years, on at least one occasion, Johnson himself shed tears on recollecting the trials of this period. He dined for eightpence, a cut of meat for sixpence, bread for a penny, and a penny to the waiter, making out the charge. Sometimes, however, he was dinnerless, and sometimes he would walk the street all night with a friend when their funds could not pay for a lodging, the two warming themselves by denouncing the government.

In 1738, he appears to have obtained regular employment as a contributor to the "Gentleman's Magazine," for which he wrote

accounts of the debates in parliament, under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." Long afterwards one of the speeches that he had put into the mouth of William Pitt was praised in his presence as superior to anything in Demosthenes. Thereupon Johnson said, "I wrote that speech in a garret in Exeter Street." When the company applauded not only his eloquence but his impartiality, Johnson replied, "That is not quite true; I saved appearances, but I took care



The Cathedral at Lichfield

that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." In the same year, being reprov'd by Osborne, a publisher who had employed him to make a catalogue of the Harleian Library, Johnson knocked him down with a folio, an act which Leslie Stephen says has "doubtless refreshed the soul of many authors, who have shared Campbell's

gratitude to Napoleon for the sole redeeming action of his life—the shooting of a bookseller.”

In 1738 Johnson published the book which constitutes his first real contribution to literature, an imitation of Juvenal's Fourth Satire, entitled “London.” The theme of the poem is embodied in one couplet:

“This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd:
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.”

It also contains the familiar lines:

“Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.”

The poem attracted the attention of Pope and the patronage of General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, who became a warm friend of Johnson's.

Ten years later, in 1749, appeared “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” an imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. The undercurrent of the poem is much the same as that of “London,” being embodied in the lines:

“There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.”

For “London” Johnson received ten guineas and for “The Vanity of Human Wishes” fifteen.

While Johnson was thus toiling in obscurity and poverty, his pupil, David Garrick, had become the most successful actor of the age. In 1749 he put on the stage Johnson's tragedy “Irene,” which is the heaviest, the most unreadable, and the most undramatic play ever acted. Through Garrick's friendly zeal, however, it was carried through nine nights, and Johnson received as his share of the profits nearly three hundred pounds.

In 1747, he entered into a contract with certain publishers to make a dictionary of the English language, for which they agreed to pay him the sum of 1575 pounds, part of which, however, he had to pay to assistants. In fact, the entire sum was spent when, in 1755, he finished the job. Though this work afforded him no real opportunities to exercise his literary powers, some of the definitions bear the

impress of his personality. Thus, for example, he calls a lexicographer a "harmless drudge," and a pensioner "a hireling paid by the government to betray his country." The science of philology being then undeveloped, the work has, of course, been supplanted since by the labors of other scholars. Its publication, however, placed Johnson at the head of his profession. Henceforth he was the undisputed dictator among English men of letters. He finished it doubtless with a sigh of relief. When the last sheet of the book had been carried to the publisher, whose name was Miller, Johnson asked the messenger, "What did he say?" "Sir," said the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything."

The publication of the dictionary was marked by an explosion of Johnson's temper which Carlyle says "marks an epoch in the history of English literature, the far-famed blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of the listening world, that patronage should be no more." When in 1747 he published the prospectus of his dictionary, he addressed it to the Earl of Chesterfield, who rewarded him by studiously ignoring his existence until seven years later, when the book was on the point of publication. Johnson was righteously indignant and took revenge by saying, "I thought that this man had been a lord among wits; but I find that he is only a wit among lords." Just before the appearance of the dictionary, Chesterfield put forth two articles in its praise. Johnson thereupon bestowed upon the noble Earl a piece of his mind in a letter, part of which is as follows:

"My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the 'World' that two papers, in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outer rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour.

"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to

take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM JOHNSON."

The loneliness to which he alludes was due to the death of his wife, which occurred in 1752. During the years of struggle when the Dictionary was in the process of manufacture he had published a paper called the "Rambler" from March 20, 1750, to March 14, 1752. This periodical was conceived somewhat upon the plan of Addison's "Spectator," but Johnson had neither Addison's lightness of touch nor his ability to appeal to the public. Accordingly, while the "Spectator" had a circulation at times as high as fourteen thousand, the "Rambler" seldom reached a circulation of more than five hundred. It was, however, dignified and impressive in a heavy way, and among conservative Englishmen enjoyed and still enjoys a sort of popularity. Johnson followed it, between 1758 and 1760, with another paper along similar lines, called the "Idler." In 1756 he undertook an edition of Shakespeare, for which he received generous subscriptions. These he proceeded to spend, but owing to his indolence he did not complete the work until, in 1764, it had been hinted to him in no gentle terms by the poet Churchill that he had obtained money under false pretenses. While the notes and emendations which he made are of little value, his introductions are marked by such strong sense and eloquence that they are readable to this day.

In 1759 he was still so poor that, on the death of his mother, he was obliged to beg for money to defray her funeral expenses. In order to pay this debt he wrote his story "Rasselas," which is a kind of philosophical treatise on the "Vanity of Human Wishes," the narrative being only just sufficient to hold the chapters together and having no intrinsic interest. It is, however, one of Johnson's most interesting books. In his day it was more popular, probably, than any of his other works and in our own it is still read by all students who aspire to be educated.

With the publication of "Rasselas" Johnson's years of hardship

came to an end. George III was told upon his accession to the throne in 1760 that he ought to become a patron of literature, and he accordingly bestowed upon Johnson a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Though Johnson had defined a pension in his Dictionary as "generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country," he accepted it on the understanding that he was not to lose his independence. Of the roar of indignation which greeted his apparent inconsistency he said, "I wish that my pension were twice as large that they might make twice as much noise."

The chief occupation of his remaining years was the cultivation of the noblest of all arts, the art of friendship. He was one of the most clubable men who ever lived.

He counted that day lost on which he made no new acquaintance. From his earliest years he had taken pains, according to his own statement, to keep his friendships constantly in repair, and in order to do this he had always talked as well as he could. In spite of his immense consumption of food and tea, the frequently unsanitary condition of his clothes, and the occasional ferocity of his manners, he succeeded in keeping on excellent terms with most of the best men of his time. Among his intimate companions was David Garrick, whom he abused but permitted no one else to abuse. When Garrick died he said that his death had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasures." Boswell ventured to criticize the observation. "Why nations?" says he. "Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?" "We may say nations," replied Johnson, "if we allow the Scotch to be a nation, and to have gaiety—which they have not." Then there was Dr. Bathurst, whom Johnson loved because he was a very good hater; he hated fools, rogues, and Whigs. Sir John Hawkins, a solemn prig, remarkable chiefly for the fact that he thought all virtue consists in respectability and called by Johnson a "very unclubable man," found a place in this company. There, too, were Richardson, the novelist, and Bennet Langton, whose exceedingly tall and slender figure was compared by someone to the stork in Raphael's cartoon in the Miraculous Draught of Fishes. He was remarkable for the amiable sanctity of his life. Topham Beauclerk, a man of fashion, was another of Johnson's friends. Though



Interior view of the Cheshire Cheese

both much younger than Johnson, these two were his companions, at least on one lark which lasted till morning and ended by Johnson scolding Langton for leaving the party to visit a "parcel of wretched unidea'd girls." Sir Joshua Reynolds, the greatest painter and one of the most amiable men of the age; Edmund Burke, incomparably the greatest writer upon political philosophy in English literature, the master of a style unrivalled for richness, flexibility, and vigor; and Oliver Goldsmith, himself, like Burke, a far greater writer than Johnson, were proud to be numbered among his friends. Among them also was a rich brewer of Southwark, named Thrale, and his wife, whose house gradually became a second home to Johnson. The most remarkable of his friends, however, was James Boswell.

Boswell was born in Scotland, 1740; studied law at Utrecht; and in 1762 made Johnson's acquaintance. His impudence and curiosity would have made him the prince of interviewers in these days. He scraped acquaintance with Voltaire, Wesley, Rousseau, and Paoli, as well as with Mrs. Rudd, a woman who had got herself imprisoned in Newgate. The extreme simplicity of his character made Boswell rather lovable in spite of his weaknesses. He won and kept Johnson's friendship and for twenty years worshipped the old philosopher, who returned his affection, and declared that Boswell was the best travelling companion in the world. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked someone. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith, "he is only a burr." The "burr" stuck until the end of Johnson's life. He soon began to take careful notice of Johnson's talk and thus gradually gathered material for the most fascinating biography ever written. His appearance, when engaged in this task, is described by Miss Burney. He concentrated his whole attention upon his idol, not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke, his eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the Doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable. Sometimes he was ordered back to his place like a faithful but over-obtrusive spaniel. Once Boswell said to Dr. Johnson, "I plan to write your life." "If I thought you were telling the truth," replied the Doctor, "I should take yours." The result of Boswell's devotion to his task was a new literary type. Previously biographers

had confined themselves to drawing a man's public career; Boswell gave the first full-length picture of a man's domestic life. We owe to Boswell's example such delightful books as Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," and Hallam Tennyson's "Memoirs" of his father. But no later biographer has equalled Boswell for the very good reason that no later biographer has been willing to take Boswell's pains in collecting material.

After the grant of the pension, which elevated Johnson above the fear of poverty, he wrote little. It was his custom to lie in bed until



The corner from which Dr. Johnson held forth

noon and to sit up until morning, talking to his circle of admiring friends and drinking oceans of tea. In 1766 he abandoned wine, thereby improving his health and diminishing his melancholy.

In February, 1764, Sir Joshua Reynolds founded a literary club, which numbered among its members Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Boswell, Gibbon, Adam Smith, and several other distinguished men. They met weekly at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, at seven o'clock. Here Johnson was in his glory and here he amused and abused his friends to his heart's content. Here

one night he said to Boswell, the subject of conversation being Pope's "Dunciad," "It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah! Sir, hadst thou lived in those days." Of Gray's "Elegy," Johnson remarked at another session of the club that he was dull in a new way and that made people think him great. Here are a few other examples of his wit, sense, and prejudice which have been preserved for us by Boswell:

"Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."



The Strand, London
In the centre, the church attended by Dr. Johnson

"The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England."

"If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

"Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves."

"Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

"This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to."

"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young."

"Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known."

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

"Hell is paved with good intentions."

"Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen."

"Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy."

"The applause of a single human being is of great consequence."

"I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

In 1773 Boswell persuaded Johnson to make a journey to the Hebrides. They started from Edinburgh in August, 1773, went north along the eastern coast as far as Inverness, travelled across the island to Glenelg, and took boat there for Skye. They returned in November via Inverary and Loch Lomond to Glasgow and Ayrshire. Throughout the journey, Boswell felt like a dog who has run away with a large piece of meat and is devouring it peacefully in a corner by himself. Johnson wrote an account of the tour, which was published at the end of 1774. The only other literary work which he did during the last twenty years of his life was to write a series of introductions to the works of the English poets, which has frequently been published separately under the title of "*Lives of the Poets.*" It is really Johnson's best work and is apt to become a valued treasure of anybody who has the patience to study it.

His closing years were devoted, for the most part, to doing good. Of his three hundred pounds a year, it is probable that he seldom spent more than eighty upon himself. The rest he used to aid those who were in distress. His house was always full of unfortunate men and women, most of whom were entirely without charm or interest. Johnson himself said that he hated to hear people whine about metaphysical distresses when there was so much want and hunger in the world. Boswell has recorded for us his love of children and his fondness for cats. His closing years were saddened by the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781, and by the fact that Mrs. Thrale a little later married an Italian named Piozzi. Piozzi was an amiable and honorable man, but

had the misfortune to be a musician. It is just possible that Johnson was a trifle jealous of him.

Johnson's death occurred in 1784. He was buried in Westminster Abbey near his friend Goldsmith. Boswell tells us that one day Johnson and Goldsmith had visited the Abbey together and that, as they gazed upon the statues of the dead, Johnson solemnly said:

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

"Perhaps *our* names also will be mingled with these." As they returned homewards through the Strand they came to Temple Bar, where, in those days, the heads of criminals were exhibited as a warning to evil-doers. Goldsmith, pointing at them, slyly repeated the line,

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

"Perhaps our names also will be mingled with *these*." Johnson, however, has proved the truer prophet. Though Johnson and Goldsmith are not buried together, their names appear together in Westminster Abbey.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an account of Samuel Johnson's life previous to his marriage.
2. Under what conditions did Johnson pass his first years in London?
3. What was meant by a "*patron*"?
4. What effect did the publication of the Dictionary have upon Johnson's reputation?
5. What was the occasion for the writing of "*Rasselas*"?
6. Name six members of the literary club at which Johnson presided.
7. What claim to fame have David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Richardson, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith?
8. Describe the character of James Boswell.
9. What makes a great biography?
10. What was the main difference in the literary atmosphere of the London of Shakespeare and the London of Pope and Johnson?

Suggested Readings.—Read at random for an hour or so in Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*." To most students this is all the advice necessary, but some should also read Macaulay's "*Essay on Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson*," the article on Johnson in the *Britannica*, and Carlyle's "*Essay on Johnson*."

Sam: Johnson.

CHAPTER XXIII

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

"He wrote like an angel."—*Garrick*.

"There was hardly any kind of writing that he did not attempt, and all that he touched he adorned."—*Johnson*.

To Oliver Goldsmith the world owes, with a single exception, the only novel written in the eighteenth century which can still be read by the average reader with pleasure; the most laughable farce comedy of all time; and the sweetest poem ever written in the heroic couplet.

He was of a Protestant and Saxon family, which had long been settled in Ireland. His father, Charles Goldsmith, was pastor of a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There Oliver was born November, 1728. The picture of the minister in the "Deserted Village," "passing rich with forty pounds a year," is probably a fairly accurate portrait of the elder Goldsmith. While Oliver was still a child, his father was presented with a living worth about two hundred pounds a year, and the family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent, in his seventh year, to a village school kept by Paddy Byrne, an old quartermaster on half pay, who, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, taught much local lore about ghosts, banshees, and fairies. This worthy lives and always will live in the picture of the schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village." From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. He learned also to know at this time the pangs of unpopularity. His features were harsh; the smallpox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. The ridicule naturally excited by his appearance among his companions was heightened by a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He was pointed out as a fright on the play-

ground, and flogged as a dunce in the schoolroom. On one occasion, however, at least, he is said to have turned the table upon his tormenters. At a dance, a fiddler, moved to laughter by his awkwardness, called Goldsmith in derision "Æsop," whereupon the worm turned and addressed the company in the following couplet:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing."

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and little for lodging; but they had to sweep the court, carry up the dinner to the fellows' table, change the plates, and pour out the ale of the rulers of the society. While he suffered all the humiliation, Goldsmith threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected his studies, stood low at examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture room, was reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a tutor for giving a ball in his attic room.

Finally, however, Oliver obtained his bachelor's degree, though he stood at the foot of his class. In the meantime his father had died, leaving a mere pittance. During some time he lived in the humble dwelling of his widowed mother. His education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress in gaudy clothes, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions without success. Then he determined to emigrate to America, but in six weeks came back without a penny. Then he resolved to study law, but was enticed into a gaming house and lost every shilling. Finally he thought of medicine, and, in his twenty-fourth year, was sent to Edinburgh, where he passed eighteen months in picking up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that university in his twenty-seventh year without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute, and set out upon a tour of Europe, rambling on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland. Somewhere, perhaps in Italy, he contrived to obtain a medical degree, though how

and where are equal mysteries. To the end of his days he was so ignorant of biology that his friends were wont to declare that he could not tell the difference between any two sorts of barnyard fowls until he saw them cooked and on the table.

In 1756 he landed at Dover without a shilling, without a friend,



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728—1774

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

and without a calling. Then ensued a period for Goldsmith of sharp distress. He turned strolling player. He pounded drugs. He joined a swarm of beggars. He was for a time the usher of a school and felt the misery of this situation so keenly that he turned booksellers'

hack; but he soon found the new yoke worse than the old and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment, which was speedily revoked on account of his inability to perform the duties of the place. Finally, at thirty, he turned as a last resort to literature.

During the next six years he produced a succession of articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; several children's books; an "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe"; a "Life of Beau Nash"; an epitome of "The History of England"; and some lively sketches of London society in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. Though all these works were anonymous, he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers, and the circle of his acquaintance widened. He became intimate with Johnson, who was then considered the first of living English writers; with Reynolds, the first of English painters; and with Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. In 1763 Goldsmith was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that adjective and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

He was still, however, often reduced to pitiable shifts. Toward the close of 1764 his landlady, exasperated by his failure to pay his rent, called in the help of a sheriff's officer. Goldsmith, in great distress, dispatched a messenger to Johnson, and Johnson sent back the messenger with a guinea and a promise to follow speedily. When he came, he found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea and was scolding his landlady over a bottle of wine. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and begged his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson examined it, saw that it had merit, took it to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds, and soon returned with the money. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

But before "The Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in print, Goldsmith had become famous. In Christmas week 1764 he published a

poem entitled "The Traveller." It was the first work to which he had put his name, and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. Its opening lines, in which he strikes the keynote of the poem, are as follows:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

The best critics declared that nothing finer had appeared in print since the fourth book of "The Dunciad."

While the fourth edition of "The Traveller" was being sold, the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time. The plot is exactly the same as that of the book of Job. A just man is tormented by impossible misfortunes, but finally is disentangled from his troubles. But the details of the story afford a delightful mixture of pastoral poetry and vivacious comedy, and the style is as witty and polished as that of Addison.

Goldsmith's success as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote "The Good Natur'd Man," which was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights and by the sale of the copyright no less than five hundred pounds, five times as much as he had made by "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" together. If "The Good Natur'd Man" was a failure, Goldsmith's next venture, "The Deserted Village," which appeared in 1770, was an immense success. In plan this poem is probably inferior to "The Traveller," but in sweetness it is far superior. The pictures of sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, of the village preacher, of the school-master, and of the maiden, sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn, immediately won and still continue to retain the affection of all lovers of poetry.

In 1773 Goldsmith produced a second play, "She Stoops to Conquer." "The Good Natur'd Man" had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of "The Good Natur'd Man" was sober when com-

pared with the rich drollery of "She Stoops to Conquer." On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. Seven generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on the night when "She Stoops to Conquer" was first performed.

While Goldsmith was writing "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer," he was employed on other works, from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a "History of Rome," by which he made three hundred pounds; a "History of England," by which he made six hundred pounds; a "History of Greece," for which he received two hundred and fifty pounds; and a "Natural History," for which the booksellers agreed to pay him eight hundred guineas. In these works he committed some strange blunders, for he knew nothing with accuracy. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the "History of Greece" an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. He informs us with perfect gravity that the furious tiger is a native of Canada. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoölogy." In spite of these defects, however, the clearness, purity, and simplicity of his style make these epitomes of his always readable and not seldom highly amusing.

Goldsmith should now have been a prosperous man. His fame was great and rising. He lived in the best society of the kingdom. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He was, however, by no means their equal in conversation. Horace Walpole, indeed, referring to his colloquial powers, described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." His associates seemed to have regarded him with a kindness which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but little to respect. He was so generous that he quite forgot to be just, and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with

difficulties which at last broke his heart. He did, indeed, go through much misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of "The Traveller" he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded four hundred pounds a year, and four hundred pounds a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as sixteen hundred pounds a year at present. But, if Goldsmith had had the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, it would not have sufficed. He always spent twice as much as he had. Finally he found himself more than two thousand pounds in debt, and he saw no hope of escaping from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, and undertook to prescribe for himself. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Now, in spite of this excellent advice, Goldsmith prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the disease. Finally he called in real physicians, but too late. He died April 4, 1774, in his forty-sixth year.

A short time after his death a little poem of his called "Retaliation" was published. Among his other weaknesses was that of never being on time. On one of the occasions on which he had kept a number of his friends waiting, they amused the interval in writing epitaphs on the late Dr. Goldsmith. Of these, Garrick's, perhaps, was the most famous:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called 'Noll,'
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll."

In order to revenge himself upon these friends, he betook himself to his pen and produced "Retaliation," which contains two matchless portraits, those of Burke and Garrick, which have ever since been associated with their names.

Some of Goldsmith's friends honored him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, for which Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable memorial of his friend. A Life of Goldsmith would have

been an invaluable addition to "The Lives of the Poets." Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Among them have been Washington Irving, Forster, the friend and biographer of Charles Dickens, and Lord Macaulay. Irving's "Life of Goldsmith" is a delightful work; that of Forster is interesting and scholarly; but the highest place must, in view of its brevity, the clearness and simplicity of its style, and its admirable framework, be assigned to the essay of Lord Macaulay.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read "The Deserted Village" and determine whether the economic condition described has any analogy in the community in which you live.
2. What do you know of Goldsmith's career at Trinity College, Dublin?
3. Give an account of Goldsmith's life up till his thirtieth year.
4. Who was Beau Nash?
5. How was "The Vicar of Wakefield" ushered into the world?
6. In how many forms of literature did Goldsmith excel?
7. Name one of his productions in each.
8. What do you know of his conversational powers?
9. Where is he buried and next to whom?
10. Do you believe automobiles, moving pictures, and the other "speeders" in our life to-day are conducive to the development of the conversational power possessed by the men in Doctor Johnson's circle?

Suggested Readings.—"The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," "She Stoops to Conquer," and excerpts from "The Citizen of the World" will give the student a taste of Goldsmith's many-sided genius. The essay by Thackeray in the volume "English Humorists" will be found interesting. Washington Irving's "Life of Goldsmith" is delightful.

*I am Sir
your most obedient Servant
Oliver Goldsmith*

CHAPTER XXIV

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797)

"An extraordinary man."—*Johnson*.

"In amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern."—*Macaulay*.

EDMUND BURKE, the greatest of the English orators and one of the best prose writers of all time, was born January 12, 1729, at Dublin. His youth was passed in a period full of spiritual and national expansion. The year 1730 witnessed the beginnings of Methodism, the year 1732 the birth of George Washington and the foundation from philanthropic motives of the Colony of Georgia, and the year 1733 the publication of the first number of "Poor Richard's Almanac" by Benjamin Franklin. In 1741 we find Burke at school at Ballitore under a Quaker named Abraham Shackleton, who seems to have accomplished at least two things for his distinguished pupil. First, he made him his life-long friend, a feat of which any teacher might be proud, and, second, he imparted to him a brogue which likewise persisted to the end of Burke's days.

In 1743, Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, where Oliver Goldsmith was also at that time a student. During his college days, Burke was inspired successively, to use his own words, with the *furor mathematicus*, the *furor logicus*, the *furor historicus*, and the *furor poeticus*. His college letters, like all of his writings, are full of illuminating ideas. He spoke even then of Ireland feelingly as our "own poor country." He found it easier to follow the gospel in the country than at Trinity. He said, "The best way to kill thought is to sit three hours daily in a college library." His favorite authors at this time were Cicero, Milton, and Spenser. He was graduated in 1748.

Two years later he was sent by his father to London to study law. As Augustine Birrell says, in his brilliant lecture on Burke, "He arrived in the metropolis without any desperate purpose to make his fortune and immediately, like the sensible Irishman he was, pro-

ceeded to fall in love with Peg Woffington." For the next ten years, he lived in comparative obscurity. During this period he frequented debating clubs; spent his vacations in wandering about England, lodging, on these excursions, with quaint old landladies who thought he must be an author until they observed that he never got drunk and always paid his bills; and was everlastingly interested in everything, from law to carrots. Of the former he said in words which a student will do well to remember, "The law does more to quicken and invigorate the natural understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together." Of the latter Birrell says for him that his letters to Arthur Young on carrots still tremble with emotion. It has been hinted that during this period he visited America incognito. He himself says of these years, "I was not swaddled and dandled and swathed into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even, for me."

During these years, his father supported him loyally with money, though it appears that he at last became a trifle impatient for his son to give some definite evidence of success. His son replied in 1756 by publishing two books, the one "A Vindication of Natural Society," the other an "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." In "The Vindication of Natural Society," Burke argues ironically that, if human laws are based on reason, religion also should be based on reason. He really believed nothing of the sort, but felt that civil institutions cannot be safely judged by the tests of pure reason. His argument was that, if you overthrow religion, you overthrow established government. This same scorn of rationalism in government, which he thus showed at the beginning of his career, flamed out in overwhelming passion at its close when he was confronted by the French Revolution. The "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" was a crude but significant effort to establish a new basis of literary criticism. He made one fundamental contribution to the science in the idea that it must be based upon psychology. The book attracted the commendation of the great German critic, Lessing, and it brought from Burke's

father a substantial gift of money, conduct which, on his part, Birrell says, must be counted both sublime and beautiful.

The next year Burke published a book entitled "European Settlements in America," which shows that he was already a close student



EDMUND BURKE

1729—1797

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

of American affairs, and in 1759 he became editor of a publication called the "Annual Register," which was a sort of year-book somewhat like those which our great newspapers now publish annually. At about the same time he secured a position as secretary to Gerard Hamilton.

This notorious politician is remembered in our day chiefly as "single speech Hamilton," because, after making one successful speech in parliament, he never ventured to attempt another, being afraid that he might injure his reputation as an orator. Hamilton soon discovered Burke's ability and made him a proposition which amounted to this, that he should feed and clothe Burke for the term of his natural life and that Burke should devote his brains to his employer's interests. Burke indignantly resented the offer, left Hamilton's service, and vented his indignation by writing to his friends letters in which he described his opinion of Hamilton. In one of them he says that he was a sullen, vain, proud, selfish, canker-hearted, envious reptile. Augustine Birrell says of these outbursts that he thanks Burke for permitting him, after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years, to warm his hands at this indignation.

With the Hamilton episode Burke's period of obscurity may be said to have come to an end. He speedily found a new position as secretary to the Earl of Rockingham, who was at that time leader of the Whig party, and in spite of indolence appears to have been an amiable and honorable man. At all events he won Burke's lasting regard. He also paid his debts, which were neither few nor small. In return Burke furnished the brains during the next twenty years or more for the party and what was equally important forced his colleagues by his own energy to be energetic themselves. In order to understand the importance of the service which Burke thus rendered to mankind, it is necessary to get firmly in mind the political situation at the time when he entered Rockingham's service.

In 1760, upon the death of George the Second, a serious menace to English liberty arose in the person of George the Third. Upon the advice of one of his female relatives he had decided to be king in reality as well as in name. As the age was past when he could attain this end by decapitating and imprisoning his subjects, he undertook to reach the same result through bribery, and actually succeeded during a period of rather more than twenty years in so corrupting the House of Commons that English liberty was little more than a hollow show. Historically, the most famous of his attempts to carry out his purpose is found in those attacks he made on American

liberty which culminated in the American Revolution. Burke soon perceived, and perhaps was the first Englishman to do so, the tyrannical purpose of the king, and he clearly set this forth in a pamphlet called "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," published in 1770.

In 1774 he made a further contribution to this great campaign by his pamphlet on "American Taxation." In 1775, he delivered in parliament a speech on "Conciliation with the Colonies," and in 1777 he published "A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol." These three documents, says Henry Morley, constitute the most perfect manual in our literature for one who approaches the study of public affairs. They are the best of Burke's works. In fact, as somebody has said, they are the one monument of the struggle between the Mother Country and the Colonies on which an Englishman can look back with pride. They are characterized throughout by deep ethical quality, complete mastery of facts, and a style which unites the best qualities of business-like prose with the highest imaginative power.

Of the three pieces, the speech "On Conciliation with America" is the most interesting to an American student. It should be read as a document of first-rate importance in American history and regarded as being in the same class with the Declaration of Independence and the speeches of Patrick Henry as a milestone in the history of American independence. It contains, perhaps, the most accurate and instructive analysis of the American character ever made and the most illuminating of all explanations of the fundamental principles of American liberty. Though Burke did not succeed in convincing the corrupt House of Commons before whom he delivered the speech, the principles of colonial government which he laid down in it now constitute the fundamental law of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

When the king's policy finally broke down in 1782 with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and Burke's party came into power, he was rewarded only with the minor office of paymaster of the forces. Why the man who had taken the leading part, as Burke had, in the struggle which thus ended in a triumph for his principles was not made a member of the cabinet has puzzled many people. The explanation is perhaps found in three facts: (1) Burke was an Irish-

man with a pronounced Irish brogue; (2) he was always in debt; (3) he was eccentric and quick tempered. His conduct in his office as paymaster of the forces, however, was admirable, and he instituted in connection with it one reform of lasting benefit to England. Previous paymasters had pocketed the interest on the public money which they held. Burke diverted this to the coffers of the state and fixed his own salary at the comparatively modest sum of four thousand pounds a year.

Burke's public life has been said to fall into three divisions. The first of these, which has already been described, dealt with America; the second with the Empire of the English in India; and the third with the French Revolution.

The student who wishes to obtain a vivid picture of the foundation of the English Empire in India will do well to read Macaulay's brilliant essays on Clive and Hastings. In 1785, the latter had been for some time viceroy of India, and, in order to send dividends to his employers, the East India Company, had been guilty of extorting large sums of money from the natives. In that year, Burke, to whom injustice in India was the same as injustice to England and who probably knew more about India than any other man who had never visited that country, made a speech in parliament on the "Nabob of Arcot's Debts." It is a masterpiece of invective and it caused the impeachment of Warren Hastings by the House of Commons. Hastings' trial was begun in 1787. Macaulay's description of the opening scene is one of the most brilliant passages in his works. In part it is as follows:

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine,

were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive and splendid.

“The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man.

“His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession. But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so

much notice as the accusers. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern.

“ The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, ‘ Therefore,’ said he, ‘ hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons’ House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly,

in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

The trial thus begun lasted for fourteen years and ended with the acquittal of the defendant. Those years of labor, however, were not thrown away. The fruit of Burke's efforts has been a century and a quarter of better government for a nation of two hundred and fifty millions of people.

When the French Revolution broke out in 1789, Burke viewed the movement with alarm and hostility. Some of his critics have accused him of inconsistency because, while he supported the Americans in their resistance to tyranny, he opposed the French. In reality he was thoroughly consistent. In upholding the Americans he felt that he was defending the ancient British principle, "No taxation without representation." In opposing the French he believed that he was likewise defending an established system of government against the attacks of radicals. As a matter of fact Burke was the High Priest, as somebody has called him, of law and order. He believed that only a thin crust of law and custom protects mankind against the lava of anarchy. In his opinion, says one of his critics, the mountains of prejudice and the rivers of custom were necessary protections for such civilization as the human race has been able to attain. At all events his "Reflections on the French Revolution," which he published in 1790, found a responsive chord in the hearts of the English public. The book speedily ran through fourteen editions. The Revolution was followed in 1793 by the reign of terror and in 1799 by the foundation of the first Napoleonic Empire. The book had the effect of a prophecy, for in it Burke had foretold the downfall of the French Republic, bloodshed, and anarchy. Right or wrong, Burke's attitude with regard to the French Revolution was not inconsistent with his attitude toward the American Revolution. In each case, he was defending liberty connected with order. His "Reflections on the French Revolution" is an important book because in it he employs his sagacity to discover the latent wisdom in existing institutions instead of trying to upset them. When the fundamental principles of social order are questioned and when the foundations

of society seem to be crumbling underneath our feet, the teachings of Burke are peculiarly valuable. The world needs him and his wisdom to-day.

It is not to be supposed, however, that his views on the French Revolution were philosophically correct. He was, perhaps, too close to it to understand fully its real nature. It is altogether probable, indeed, that nobody analyzed it correctly until Carlyle published his "History of the French Revolution." Thomas Paine asked pointedly, having reference to Burke's fine talk about Marie Antoinette, if men were to weep over the plumage and forget the dying bird, meaning that the fate of the French aristocracy mattered little while the people were starving. Burke quarrelled with Fox concerning the French Revolution and Fox said of him that it was lucky for Burke that he took the royal side, because his violence would certainly have got him hanged if he had taken the other.

Burke died in 1797.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read to the class a paper upon England's colonial policy in India and America between 1720 and 1776.
2. What was the characteristic of the youthful Burke's mind?
3. To what political party would Burke belong if he lived to-day in the United States?
4. Why was there an impeachment of Warren Hastings?
5. How could Burke consistently support the Americans in the American Revolution and oppose the French in the French Revolution?
6. How do you feel Burke's attitude toward public affairs may be compared with that of our public men to-day?
7. What were the Irish traits in his character?
8. What other great Irishman have we considered in reading of the eighteenth century?
9. In considering Burke are you prompted to think of the relation of literature and thought to life?
10. Who were Burke's greatest contemporaries in the House of Commons? (Refer to any English history.)

Suggested Readings.—Reading of "Conciliation with the Colonies," "A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," and "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" will make for better citizenship. In the works of William Hazlitt you will find a vivid essay on the oratory of Edmund Burke. Augustine Birrell's essay on Burke in "Obiter Dicta" is witty, just, and eloquent.



CHAPTER XXV

OTHER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WRITERS

"Jove tuned the lyre when ancient Homer sung,
But God himself inspired Doctor Young."—*Burke*.

"Except by 'Clarissa Harlowe' I was never so moved by a work of genius as by 'Othello.'"—*B. R. Haydon*.

RICHARD BENTLEY (1662–1742) was master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the first classical scholar of his time. He had the distinction of being attacked by Swift in "The Battle of the Books" and by Pope in "The Dunciad," and of being left after both encounters in complete mastery of the field.

Matthew Prior (1664–1721) was an accomplished writer of light verse. Thackeray compares him to Horace. Among his good things are these:

(a) "On his deathbed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair;
With equal grief and mutual cries
They both express their care.

"'A different cause,' say Parson Sly,
'The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he may die,
His wife that he may live.'"

(b) "Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
A son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?"

Daniel Defoe (1659–1731), in addition to writing "Robinson Crusoe," was an active pamphleteer. His "True-born Englishman," 1701, written to support the policy of William III, had a circulation of 80,000 copies. "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," 1703, was burned by order of parliament, and the author was sentenced to stand thrice in the pillory and to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure. From 1704 to 1713 he published a newspaper called "The

Review," in addition to 80 other works aggregating 4720 pages. "Moll Flanders" and "A History of the Plague" as works of fiction are only a little below "Robinson Crusoe" in merit. Though not a poet, he sometimes wrote good verses. For example:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there:
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the larger congregation."



ROBINSON CRUSOE

A reproduction of frontispiece in first edition (1719)

John Gay (1683–1732) wrote the first musical comedy in English, "The Beggars' Opera," and the best "Fables" in the language, always excepting George Ade's. Swift loved him, and of him Pope wrote:

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Among his sayings the following have passed into proverbs:

"How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

"Where yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her booby for another?"

"Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

"And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place."

"Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it."

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) wrote about 500 hymns, some of which are poetical and many familiar. For example:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature, too."

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

"And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

Ambrose Philips (1675-1749) was distinguished by Addison's friendship and Pope's enmity. The latter described his style as *Namby Pamby*, a nickname that stuck, being at once descriptive of his person, his poetry, and his name. Its felicity is seen from these lines to a little girl in her mother's arms:

"Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,

Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
 Pleasing without skill to please,
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,
 Tattling many a broken tale,
 Singing many a tuneless song,
 Lavish of a heedless tongue."

John Philips (1676–1709) loved Milton, and wrote a mock heroic poem in Miltonic blank verse called "The Splendid Shilling," which Addison pronounced the finest burlesque poem in the English language.

Edward Young (1683–1765) in his youth wrote tragedy and satire. Having lost all of his family by death, at the age of fifty-nine he turned to moral poetry and produced his best work, his "Night Thoughts." These as a whole are sombre and none too readable, but they contain passages of power and beauty. A few of his best thoughts follow:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss."

"Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer."

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay;
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same."

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

"Beautiful as sweet,
 And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
 And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"

"Wishing of all employments is the worst."

"By night an atheist half believes in God."

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow."

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

"Be wise with speed;
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
 And trifles life."

George Berkeley (1685–1753) did three noteworthy things. He kept Pope's friendship; proved that the act of seeing, though it seems immediate, is really a reasoned interpretation of signs and hints; and showed that the world we see and touch is not a substance which produces our sensations but a substance which depends for its existence on being perceived. Byron alludes to this when he says:

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter
And proved it, 't was no matter what he said."

Berkeley had also great faith in tar water and the future of America, being the author of a poem on the latter subject which contains the famous line,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Joseph Butler (1692–1752), bishop and moralist, wrote "The Analogy of Religion," a book which won for him the name of the Bacon of theology. So closely did he apply himself to his studies that Queen Caroline thought he was dead, until the jolly old Archbishop of Canterbury informed her that he was only buried.

Colley Cibber (1671–1757) tried to rewrite Shakespeare's "Richard III" and was justly punished for his presumption by being made King of the Dunces by Pope. His version, however, has some good lines not found in the original. Among them are:

"The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it."

"Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

John Byrom (1692–1763) wrote several graceful poems and one immortal epigram, the following Jacobite toast:

"God bless the King—I mean the faith's Defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender.
But who Pretender is or who is King,
God bless us all! that's quite another thing."

James Thomson (1700–1748) between 1726 and 1730 published a poem in blank verse called "The Seasons." This work is the first conspicuous example in English of what is called the poetry of nature. It pleased Pope to such an extent that he bought three copies at a guinea each. Some of its lines are familiar to people who never heard of Thomson and more of them deserve to be. For instance:

"Come, gentle Spring! Ethereal mildness, come!"
Spring. l. 1.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."
Ibid. l. 1152.

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!"
Ibid. l. 1158.

"The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews."
Summer. l. 47.

"Ships dim-discovered dropping from the clouds."
Ibid. l. 946.

"Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain."
Autumn. l. 2.

"Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self."
Ibid. l. 204.

"Cruel as death and hungry as the grave."
Winter. l. 393.

"These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee."
Hymn. l. 1.

In 1748, just before his death, Thomson completed another fine poem, "The Castle of Indolence," which was written in playful imitation of Spenser's style and stanza. Four lines, which Irving chose as motto for his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," will show the spirit of the piece:

"A pleasing land of drowsyhead it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay visions in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

Thomson is also the author of the British national anthem, "Rule, Britannia," and of the unfortunate line,

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!"

which somebody parodied with

"O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, O!"

John G. Saxe, in his poem on early rising, has this appreciative stanza on Thomson:

"Thomson, who sang about the seasons, said
 That people always ought to rise in season;
 But then he wrote it, lying—in his bed
 At ten o'clock A.M., the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly; the simple fact is
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice."

Henry Carey, the author of "God save the King," also wrote the lively song, "Sally in our Alley," which is still sung and deserves to be; invented the word "namby-pamby"; and composed the funniest burlesque tragedy in the world. This was "Chrononhotonthologos, the King of Queerrummania." Among its characters are Aldeborontiphoscophornio and Rigdumfunnidos. It was said of Carey that he led a life free of reproach and hanged himself October 4, 1743. Among his characteristic lines and sayings are these:

"Nauty Pauty Jack-a-dandy
 Stole a piece of sugar candy
 From the Grocer's shoppy-shop,
 And away did hoppy-hop."

Namby-Pamby.

"Of all the girls that are so sweet
 There's none like pretty Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley."

Sally in our Alley.

"Of all the days that's in the week
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday."

Ibid.

"Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
 Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

Chrononhotonthologos. Act I, Sc. 1.

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called;
 And let the man who calleth be the caller;
 And in his calling let him nothing call
 But 'Coach! Coach! Coach!' Oh for a coach, ye gods!"

Ibid. Act II, Sc. 4.

John Wesley (1703–1791), the founder of the Methodist sect, travelled 250,000 miles, preached 40,000 sermons, kept one of the most interesting "Journals" ever written, and made about 30,000 pounds by his writings. The sayings, "Cleanliness is next to godliness" and "I am always in haste but never in a hurry," are his. His brother

Charles (1707–1788) wrote 6500 hymns, among them “Jesus, lover of my soul,” “Hark, the herald angels sing,” and “Come, O thou traveler unknown.”

Thomas Gray (1716–1771) spent most of his life in study and



THOMAS GRAY

1716—1771

From the portrait by J. G. Eccardt.

seclusion at Cambridge, varying this routine by travel, by writing exquisite letters to his friends, and by occasional ventures into the realms of poetry. Of this he wrote all too little, but all he wrote was so good that he was soon considered one of the best of the minor

English bards. His "Ode to Eton College," his "Ode to Adversity," his "Pindaric Odes," and his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" have a distinction and a power which place him far above Young and Thomson, on a level with Dryden, and not far below Milton. To quote from poems that are as well known is an impertinence; to quote from poems that are as good is a crime. The student should read them all and should learn "The Elegy" by heart.

William Collins (1721-1756) was a great lyricist. His "Ode to Evening," his "Passions, an Ode for Music," his "Dirge in Cymbeline," and his "Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson" are all great poems. He is best remembered, however, by his "Ode written in 1745" after the collapse of the last Stuart rebellion:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!"

Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780) between 1765 and 1769 delivered at Oxford a series of lectures which were afterward published under the title of "Commentaries on the Laws of England." These were so well written and so easy of comprehension that they still remain the primer of the study of law both in England and in America.

The science of political economy rests on "The Wealth of Nations," which was published 1776 by Adam Smith (1723-1790). Among the principles which he established by this great work are these: that the only source of the wealth of nations is labor; that the individual's wish to gain riches is the cause of their accumulation; that the manufacturer and the merchant, as well as the farmer, produce wealth; that wealth is more effectively produced when each man has a function restricted to one line of work than when the energies

of each man are divided among many of these; that wealth, instead of consisting in gold and silver, depends on the abundance of food, clothing, and enjoyments; that what is good for individuals is good for society; and that regulations intended to force individuals into certain forms of activity are pernicious.

Aside from Goldsmith, the only dramatist of the eighteenth century whose plays still keep the stage is Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816). He came from a family who, during 250 years, produced twenty-seven authors and over two hundred books. He was also an eloquent orator and an honest statesman. His two best plays are "The Rivals" (1776) and "The School for Scandal" (1778). The chief glory of the former is Mrs. Malaprop, who is gifted with an oracular tongue and a nice derangement of epithets, or, as she calls them, epitaphs. Some of her sayings are as shrewd as they are funny. "'Tis safest," she says, "in matrimony to begin with a little aversion." "A circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." "No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman." The truculent Sir Lucius O'Trigger and the cowardly Bob Acres are also admirably drawn. In "The School for Scandal" there is one lovely metaphor, "You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin." There is also the familiar song:

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen;
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
 Let the toast pass;
 Drink to the lass;
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass."

A retort which Sheridan made in a speech in reply to Henry Dundas likewise sticks in the memory: "The Right Honorable Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts."

William Cowper (1731-1800) spent most of his life in the country in strict retirement owing to a constitutional shyness which occasionally assumed the form of a mild insanity. His poems, pure, pious,

and playful as they are, reflect his character. His first volume was published 1782. It contained poems on "Truth," "Expostulation," "Hope," "Charity," "Schools," "Conversation," and "Table Talk"—all written in Pope's couplet and all lively, sensible, and agreeable. In 1785 Cowper put forth his greatest poem, "The Task." It is in six books, "The Sofa," "The Timepiece," "The Garden," "The Winter Evening," "The Winter Morning Walk," and "The Winter Walk at Noon." The medium is blank verse. The contents were aptly described by Charles Lamb as divine chit-chat. "The Task" became immediately popular. Being dissatisfied with Pope's translation of Homer, because it is too ornamental, Cowper next proceeded to make one of his own. By doing forty lines a day he finished the 40,000 lines of his task in nine years. He did not, however, supplant Pope's version of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The sonorous couplets of the latter, with their swift vigor, are still read, while Cowper's exact and bald blank verse is forgotten. In addition to the poems already mentioned, Cowper wrote several shorter pieces of great merit. Among them are sixty-eight hymns called the "Olney Hymns" from the fact that he wrote them at Olney. Of these the last and possibly best is "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." Then there is "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," an excellent merry ballad. "On Himself," "Between Nose and Eyes a Strange Contest Arose," "On the Loss of the Royal George," "I am Monarch of All I Survey," "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture," and "To Mary" show in varying degrees grace, humor, and true deep feeling. The following quotations will give some slight notion of his style:

"Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, asked ages more."

Table Talk. 1. 556.

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!"

Ibid. 1. 415.

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."

Conversation. 1. 96.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not insult me, and no other can."

Ibid. 1. 193.

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home."

Ibid. 1. 303.

"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

Retirement. 1. 623.

"An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands."

Ibid. 1. 681.

"But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost."

Human Frailty.

"I sing the Sofa. I, who lately sung
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand
Escaped with fear from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song."

The Sofa. 1. 1.

"God made the country and man made the town."

Ibid. 1. 749.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more."

The Timepiece. 1. 1.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free."

Ibid. 1. 40.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country!"

Ibid. 1. 206.

"Variety's the very spice of life."

Ibid. 1. 606.

"The cups
That cheer but not inebriate."

The Winter Evening. 1. 40.

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year!"

Ibid. 1. 120.

"With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves."

Ibid. 1. 217.

"But war's a game which were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at."

The Winter Morning Walk. 1. 187.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Winter Walk at Noon. l. 96.

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Ibid. l. 560.

Gilbert White (1720–1793) began in 1767 and published in 1789 his "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne," a book which in charm of style is somewhat like Walton's "Compleat Angler." It has sent many boys to the intelligent study of birds. White used to carry a list of birds in his pocket, and, as he rode or walked, to note daily the continuance or absence of each bird's song.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Who wrote the first musical comedy for the English stage? It was a good one. Was it the last?
2. Who was John Wesley and what thing did he accomplish?
3. Read Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard." Write one hundred words presenting the philosophy contained therein.
4. Who was the author of "How Sleep the Brave"?
5. What are the qualities that have made "Robinson Crusoe" a classic?
6. What were the new principles presented in Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations"?
7. Who created the character of Mrs. Malaprop?
8. For what other production is the author of "The Diverting History of John Gilpin" famed?
9. Who was the author of "The Analogy of Religion"?
10. With any book of the eighteenth century that you have in mind as a background, write a five-hundred-word composition upon the aspects of the century illustrated in the book.

Suggested Readings.—Thomson's "Winter" deserves to be read by everyone interested in natural beauty. An excellent way to obtain familiarity with the work of the eighteenth century poets is to read the poems in any large encyclopædia of English poetry by those men mentioned in the text of this book. You should read Sheridan's "School for Scandal" for your own delight.

Dear Sir,

*Yours affectionately forward
John Berkeley*

CHAPTER XXVI

THE RENASCENCE OF WONDER IN POETRY

"The period of wonder in English poetry may perhaps be said to have ended with Milton. . . . The periwig poetry of Dryden and Pope crushed out the natural singing of the true poets. . . . Then came Thomson's 'Seasons' and showed that the worst was over."—*Theodore Watts-Dunton*.

THERE are two great impulses governing man—the impulse to take things as they are, and the impulse to look upon the world with eyes of inquiry and wonder. In some ages there is an overpowering tendency to accept as true Pope's maxim, "Whatever is, is right." In others there is a yearning to get as far as possible away from actual conditions, not only in dress and other material things, but also in the fine arts and in methods of thought. The tendency is for these opposite states of mind to alternate. Thus an age of acceptance is followed by an age of revolt and an age of revolt by an age of acceptance. The more intelligent a race the less is it governed by the instinct of acceptance and the more by that of wonder. In the poetry of an age of acceptance the humor consists in some departure from the laws of polite society, in that of an age of wonder in some departure from the normal as fixed by Nature herself. The first is called relative humor; the second, absolute humor.

In foreign lands the impulse of wonder has to its credit the whole magnificent cycle of Greek poetry, which includes Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; Pindar's odes; and the pastorals of Theocritus. It may claim also the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, the first of Italian poets, and the "Faust" of Goethe, the first of German poets. The impulse of acceptance, on the other hand, was back of the best Roman and French literature, and produced the matchless polish of Horace's odes and satires, the stately tragedies of Corneille and Racine, Voltaire's wit, and Moliere's exquisite comedies.

In England we find Chaucer influenced by both impulses, Spenser almost wholly under the influence of wonder, Shakespeare absorbing

the best elements of each, and Milton mainly ruled by wonder. Dryden and Pope, on the other hand, fell almost completely under the spell of Rome and France, produced verse distinguished by great brilliancy and wit, and so dazzled their contemporaries that for nearly a century their ideals were supreme in English literature. From the death of Milton, 1674, to the publication of Thomson's "Seasons," 1730, hardly a line of verse was written under the influence of wonder. Thomson, however, was only a single spy. Far into the nineteenth century battalions of poets continued to write in Pope's manner. Among these the most eminent were Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, George Crabbe, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Campbell, Lord Byron, and our own good Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, however, Chatterton, MacPherson, Bishop Percy, and Cowper led a revolt against the school of Pope and Dryden. Then came Burns, whose wit was equal to Pope's but whose literary impulses were diametrically opposed to those of the artificial school. Burns was followed in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century by seven great writers whose combined efforts drove the poetry of acceptance off the field and restored the note which had temporarily been lost when Milton died. These seven were William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Charles Lamb.

In these writers the principle of wonder produced a large variety of flowers and fruit. Wordsworth, believing that Nature is animated by a living soul, sought and found in common things both his theme and his inspiration. Coleridge, actuated by the same belief, peopled the air with supernatural beings. Shelley, who lacked their masculine vigor but surpassed both of them in delicacy of fancy, was obviously influenced by both and in some respects surpassed both. Keats's theory, which he must have held constantly in mind as he wrote, was that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." Scott gave the world both in prose and in verse a magnificent reincarnation of old romance. Byron, whose literary taste led him to admire Pope and indeed to try to write in his manner, was driven by the democratic spirit of the age, by his own rebellious soul, and by the example of these great contemporaries, to write, not indeed in their manner, but in a spirit not unakin

to theirs. In Byron, likewise, there was a contest. His appreciation of literary technique, which was as keen as Pope's, linked him with Pope's school, while his environment, his revolt against conventionality, his love of liberty, and his superabundant humor made him a poet of wonder. Lamb's contribution to the reformation of literature was his rediscovery of the old English dramatists and his republication of their chief works.

It should be added that all of the great English poets of the later nineteenth century belong to the natural rather than to the artificial school, though there is hardly one of them whose style does not show a precision which was far from common before the days of Pope.

In order to appreciate fully the spirit of the age of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of Shelley and Keats, it is necessary to hold firmly in mind a few historical facts. Of these the main ones are as follows: In 1789 the French rebelled against their kings. In 1793 this rebellion culminated in a series of bloody massacres which threatened France with anarchy and united Europe against the new republic. From both dangers the French were freed by the genius of Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821). In 1795 he put down anarchy in Paris. In 1796 he drove the Austrians out of Italy. In 1797 he dictated peace under the walls of Vienna. He was prevented from conquering Egypt and India only by Nelson's victory over the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir in 1798. Having been made first consul 1799, he again defeated Austria 1800, reconstructed France 1801-1804, and was made emperor 1804. In 1805 he crushed Austria at Austerlitz, in 1806 conquered Prussia at Jena, and 1807 forced Russia to sue for peace. From that time until 1812 England alone seemed to stand between him and universal dominion, having by Nelson's naval victory at Trafalgar 1804 become mistress of the seas. In 1812, however, he met disaster in Russia, in 1813 was beaten in Germany, and in 1814 was forced to abdicate. After a year's exile in Elba, he returned to France and again seized the throne, but was beaten by the English and Prussians at Waterloo and was exiled to St. Helena, where he died six years later. These events exercised a profound influence not only on the details but also on the spirit of contemporary English literature.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Name four of the early leaders in the revolt of the poets against the school of Pope and Dryden.
2. How do you define Classicism?
3. Name some aspects of Romanticism.
4. Give a brief outline of French History from 1793 to 1815.
5. In which are you the more interested: In facts and things as they exist, or in dreams and fancies of what might exist? Can you define the reason for your point of view?
6. Who wrote "Faust"?
7. Who were Corneille, Theocritus, Pindar, Voltaire, Molière, Sophocles? Name a work of each. (You are referred to any general encyclopædia.)
8. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Sidney, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson,—did they take the world as they found it, did they look upon the world with inquiry and wonder, or did they combine both points of view?
9. How does Pope still influence the literature of our day?
10. How do Bishop Percy, Thomson, and Chatterton influence it?

Suggested Readings.—Theodore Watts-Dunton's article on "The Renascence of Wonder in Poetry," in Chambers's "Encyclopædia of English Literature," vol. iii, p. 1, is the best discussion of this question. Macaulay's "Essay on Byron" contains a good explanation of the difference between the Classic and Romantic Schools.

CHAPTER XXVII *

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

"He showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth."

—Wordsworth.

"His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, words, that bid the warm tear start
Or the smile light the cheek.

—Halleck.

ABOUT the year 1750 a young man from Aberdeen named William Burness settled at Ayr, Scotland. At Ayr he built with his own hands a clay hut, set up as a market gardener, and in 1757 married Agnes Brown, a young woman who knew many ghost stories and could sing. From this union and in this hut was born, on January 25, 1759, Robert Burns.

The old hut still stands. It is now guarded with jealous care as being, on the whole, the most interesting structure in Scotland. There are in it only two rooms, a kitchen and a parlor; Burns was born in the kitchen; the parlor, if we are to believe his own words in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," was occupied by the cow. The place is bare of furniture and ornament, except for a copy of the following poem, which was written by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and entitles him on the whole to the distinction of being the most appreciative of all the thousands who have gone as pilgrims to Ayr:

"Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king, and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all,
Was loved and cradled here.

"'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm;
One window greets the day.

* From Edwin L. Miller's Introduction to Carlyle's "Essay on Burns." Eclectic English Classics Series. Copyright, 1896, 1911. By permission of American Book Company, Publishers.

"And yet I stand within this room
 And hold all thrones in scorn;
 For here, beneath this lowly thatch,
 Love's sweetest bard was born.

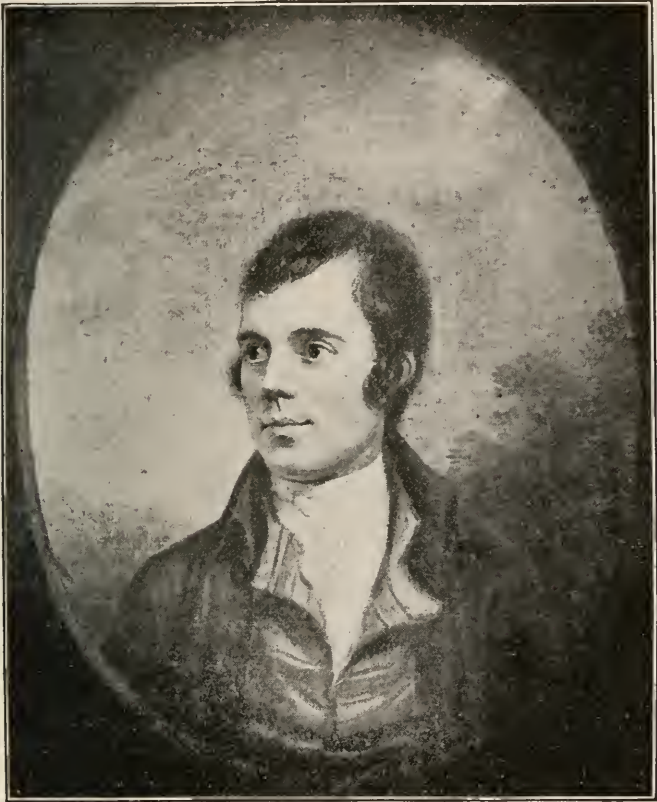
"And here the world, through all the years,
 As long as day returns,
 The tribute of its love and tears
 Will pay to Robert Burns."

A week after his birth a January blast blew down a portion of its flimsy wall, which fell on mother and child, so that it became necessary to carry them at dead of night to a neighbor's. "It is no wonder," to quote Burns's own words, "that one ushered into the world by such a whirlwind should be the victim of stormy passions." But, if the poet lost, the world gained by this accident, for it forms the subject of one of his songs, "There Was a Lad Was Born in Kyle."

At Ayr the Burnesses resided for seven years more. Then, in 1766, William Burness took a farm, Mt. Oliphant, of 107 acres, which lies about three miles to the east of Ayr. Here for eleven years Robert grew and hungered. In that household meat was unknown, shoes and hats a luxury. The only commodity of which they had an abundance consisted of demands for rent from their landlord. Often his agent's threats set the whole family in tears. William Burness, however, kept his courage, educated his children, and never lost his faith in God. There are few nobler pictures than that which has come down to us of this weary laborer, after his day's toil was over, painfully teaching his tired boys the rudiments of arithmetic and the principles of morality. Under his father's instruction Robert soon shot up into a tall stoop-shouldered lad and became the best farm hand in the parish. It is worth noting, however, that the future author of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Sweet Afton" could not be taught to sing. Everybody expected much greater things of his brother Gilbert, who did indeed eventually become two things which Robert did not—a good farmer and a highly respectable citizen.

During his eighteenth summer Robert had as partner in the harvest field a young woman who sang sweetly; and he stumbled, quite by accident, it seems, upon the important discovery that, when he held her hand in order to pick nettles out of it, the result was a peculiar

sensation in the region of the heart accompanied by a desire to write verses for her to sing. Thus it came to pass that he composed his first song, "Handsome Nell." Shortly after, to his father's great



ROBERT BURNS

1759—1796

distress and against his express command, Robert went to a dancing school to "give his manners a polish." From that moment he was always in love with somebody and generally in trouble because of it.

At this point, after eleven years of servitude at Mt. Oliphant,

that is, in 1777, the Burness family migrated to Lochlea, a farm of 110 acres in the parish of Tarbolton. Here, for four years, they enjoyed what seemed to them good times, Robert and Gilbert each receiving the munificent salary of seven pounds a year, when their father did not find it convenient to be in arrears. Here Robert organized a debating club; and fell in love successively, when not simultaneously, with a kaleidoscopic procession of braw and sonsie lassies. There was not a comely (or indeed a homely) girl in the parish about whom he did not make at least one song, and then he wrote one which included them all. He also won a reputation as a discreet confidant, which resulted in his being in the secret of half the loves in Tarbolton, a fact to which a good deal of the excellence of his love songs can probably be traced.

Intellectually he was growing at a gigantic rate. At nine he had shown a nature already sensitive to literary effect by an indignant outburst against the brutality of Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus." At ten he had been charmed by the delicate humanity of Addison. In the midst of love-making and plowing he had acquired enough French to translate Fénelon's "Télémaque" and enough Latin to misquote Virgil. He was now reading incessantly; at table he always had a book in his hand. He also began to write and to write well. Among the songs that he composed at Tarbolton are "My Nanie, O," "Green Grow the Rashes," and probably "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

From 1781 to 1784 the family's fortunes declined. With all his virtues, it is to be feared that William Burness was a trifle litigious. At any rate, he quarrelled with his landlord, his health began to break, and his affairs went from bad to worse. In order to relieve the situation, Robert was sent in 1781 to Irvine to learn the art of dressing the flax that was one of the staple products of the farm. It is not on record that he succeeded in this undertaking, but it is certain that at Irvine he joined the Masons and read his first novel. He met also at Irvine with Fergusson's "Scottish Poems," a book which produced a deep and lasting effect on his mind; indeed, it solidified his poetical ambition, which had begun to evaporate, and determined to a great extent the quality and direction of his future work. As the net result of the Irvine business Robert went back to Lochlea without

a penny in his pocket and with his head full of poetical schemes.

William Burness had early perceived his son's genius. "Something extraordinary," he was accustomed to say to his wife, "will come of that boy, either for good or evil." It was not permitted to him, however, to witness the fulfillment of this prophecy. He died early in 1784. Though he left his money affairs in ruin, there are few students of Burns who fail to conceive a lasting respect for his father's character. The essential loveliness of his home life lives forever pictured by his son's pen in the "Cotter's Saturday Night"; and in "John Anderson, my Jo," there is every reason to believe that Robert has given us a true record of the love that from first to last Agnes Brown bore for William Burness. In these two poems we have an imperishable monument, creditable alike to parents and son, of the real nobility of Burns's father and mother.

The events which followed the death of William Burness are the most interesting in the poet's life. With his brother Gilbert he took a farm named Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline. From the stony fields of this domain he proceeded to extract, not indeed flax and oats, but an extraordinary crop of poetical sheaves. Here a daisy, which his plowshare destroyed, bloomed again in deathless song. Here a mouse, whose nest suffered the same fate, was raised to a similar immortality of fame. It was here, too, that the "Cotter's Saturday Night" was written. So rich, in short, in literary achievement was this period that 1785 has been called the *Annus Mirabilis* of Burns's career. Thanks to his pen and luckily for mankind, the very sheep and cattle of Mossgiel are better known to-day than the generals who fought in India and the statesmen who wrangled at Westminster during that generation.

Burns also began to write satire, and, what was more ominous, religious satire. He spoke familiarly of the deil and disrespectfully of the Rev. Mr. Moodie. He became known as the "king of gude fellows." He ran in debt. And, as was to be expected, he fell in love again. His new sweetheart was the belle of the parish. Her father was a highly-respected stone mason and a deacon in Mr. Moodie's church. Her name was Jean Armour.

The poet's suit was successful. The lovers plighted their troth.

The news was broken to Jean's father. To say that he was filled with rage and alarm is to put the matter mildly. Nor can we deny that, from his point of view, the course he took was justifiable. He was a respectable stone mason and a pillar of the church. Burns was bankrupt, frivolous, a poet, and an infidel. He had dared, among many other scandalous things, to pen this couplet as part of an epitaph:

"If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the most of this."

For such a ne'er-do-well to think of marrying into a decent family was preposterous. Adam Armour forbade the union and took, or caused to be taken, such legal steps that the bard's personal liberty was in danger. Jean, like a well-conducted daughter, at this crisis obeyed her father and refused to see her lover.

Burns was equally sensible. He sought and found such solace as he could among his friends, fell in love with another girl, and decided to marry and go with her to America. The other girl was Mary Campbell, a servant in the household of Robert's landlord. In her sweet and pure nature he seems to have found just the balm that was needed to heal his cruelly lacerated spirit. In literature we shall scarcely find nobler verses than those which were inspired by his love for her. "To Highland Mary," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and "To Mary in Heaven" are among the most perfect lyrics in any language.

The American scheme presented one difficulty. Burns had no money to pay for their passage. A friend suggested that he raise the necessary funds by publishing his poems. Accordingly, in August, 1786, there was issued from the press at Kilmarnock, a thin volume entitled "Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. By Robert Burns." It is to be observed that the name Burns was adopted by the poet as a sort of *nom de plume*; he now laid aside permanently the old form Burness. The opening piece was the "Twa Dogs." The volume also contained, in addition to a number of shorter poems, the "Jolly Beggars," the "Address to the Deil," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night." The book which Scotland considers the most priceless of all her possessions was thus, as Alexander Smith puts it, printed to raise ten pounds to carry the author into exile.

Burns himself had embarked in the undertaking with little enthu-

siasm. He had written to a friend that the publication was the last foolish act he intended to commit. His misgivings proved groundless. The sale of the book was rapid. The poet soon had twenty pounds in his pocket. He had already obtained a place as overseer on a plantation in Jamaica. He now hastened to take passage in a ship that was nearly ready to sail from Greenock. To his friends he said farewell. To his country he addressed some touching lines. Looking upon himself as a man already dead to all that he had hitherto held dear, he composed what has been called his most sincere and touching effort at self-criticism, a "Bard's Epitaph."

But the departure of his ship was delayed from day to day. His fame began to spread. Ayrshire was soon ringing with his praise. The young farmer had fired a poetic shot that was destined to be heard round the world. It happened that Dugald Stewart, professor of metaphysics in the University of Edinburch, was visiting that summer near Mauchline. The book fell into his hands. He saw its merit, sent a copy of it to Edinburch, and made the author's acquaintance. The result was that Burns was invited to go to Edinburch and publish a second edition. Accordingly, in November, 1786, he left America and set out for the Scottish capital.

His progress thither was a sort of triumphal march, marked by signal fires and much hearty Scotch hospitality. He entered Edinburch November 28. For a few days he wandered about from Holyrood to the Castle. He found the house where the poet Ramsay had lived, and he knelt, with feelings wherein pity struggled with indignation, at the neglected grave of Fergusson. Then he began to swim into the ken of Edinburch. A friend introduced him to Lord Glencairn. By Glencairn he was presented to Creech, the leading publisher of Scotland. Within a fortnight of his arrival there appeared in the "Lounger" a review of his poems by Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," after the Bible Burns's favorite book. In this review the Ayrshire Plowboy was hailed as one of the greatest poets of the world. On December 20 the attention of Edinburch was again called to his existence by the publication in the "Caledonian Mercury" of "An Address to a Haggis."

Soon Burns found himself the lion of the hour. Edinburch was

then the home of a brilliant coterie of scholars and writers. Among these men Burns moved like the moon among the stars. Nor were his triumphs confined to what may be called intellectual circles. The leaders of society, especially the Duchess of Gordon and Lord Glencairn, strove to do him honor. Young Francis Jeffrey stared at him in the street. Young Walter Scott met him at a dinner party; remembered the source of a quotation which all the other guests had forgotten; was rewarded by a smile and a kind word; and ever afterwards remembered the poet's great black eyes.

To this happy picture there is, however, another side. Burns moved amid these scenes with a heavy heart. His Highland Mary was no more. What he might have made his life had she lived we do not know, but she was gone and he looked about him with sad and cynical eyes. He was in the society of the great but not of it. His grand vacation was drawing to a close. With unavailing wrath he pictured himself again milking cows and mowing wheat, while fools, whose ancestors had been lucky enough not to get hanged in the days of Robert Bruce, remained to simper at the smiles of Lady Gordon and yawn while Henry Erskine convulsed the learned with his wit. His diary at this time has been described as a very pool of Marah.

Meantime the printing of his second volume was far advanced. It appeared April 21, 1787. Three thousand copies were struck off. The list of subscribers covered thirty-eight pages. One nobleman took forty copies and another forty-two. No such patronage had been given to literary effort since Pope's day. Burns's profits came to £500.

The first use to which he put this wealth must be set down as a credit to his manhood. He sent nearly forty per cent. of it to his mother and to his brother Gilbert, who were still struggling on the farm at Mossgiel. He then made three tours, one along the southern border of Scotland, one to the western highlands to visit his Mary's grave, and a third to Stirling, Inverness, Dundee, and Aberdeen. In June he was at Mauchline.

When the mother who had seen him go forth an unknown and penniless outcast held him in her arms the most famous man in Scotland she could say nothing except: "O Robbie!" The people of Mauchline received him cordially, and Adam Armour now ex-

pressed a willingness to have him for a son-in-law. Jean was also gracious; but Burns was disgusted with their servility and soon returned to Edinburgh.

Here he did three noteworthy things. He closed a lease for the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries; he obtained an appointment to the excise waiting list; and he engaged in a correspondence with Mrs. McLehose, a lady who had the knack of writing capital letters. The most important outcome of this affair was the song, "Ae Fond Kiss," the second stanza of which, according to Sir Walter Scott, contains the essence of a thousand love songs. Mrs. McLehose appears to have been a sensible woman, and the whole story of her relations with Burns is probably contained in the first couplet of the song:

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! forever."

At all events they parted, Burns going back to Mauchline and to Jean, who, late in April, 1788, became Mrs. Burns.

The enterprise at Ellisland promised well. For a year the poet was happy there.

His poetical activity, which had lapsed in Edinburgh, began to revive at Ellisland. He had become interested in a scheme for collecting and publishing the best of the airs sung popularly in Scotland. The words of many of these were crude and unspeakably vulgar. Burns took upon himself the task of supplanting them with verses of his own. His success was so complete that the old words are now for the most part forever lost. The effect on the refinement of the Scotch people has been incalculable. The social uplift which the poet's genius produced probably entitles him to a place among the regenerators of human morals side by side with John Knox. At Ellisland, too, in 1790, Burns did what has been called the best day's work done in Scotland since Bannockburn. He wrote "Tam O'Shanter."

Unfortunately, the farm at Ellisland did not pay. The soil was poor. On seeing it for the first time one of Burns's friends had cried: "Mr. Burns, you have made a poet's, not a farmer's, choice." His poetic fame, indeed, constituted a formidable if not an insuperable obstacle to his agricultural prosperity. His work was continually interrupted by visitors. From his financial troubles he took refuge

in an appointment as an excise officer; but from these guests no one but himself could save him, and he was too weak or too jovial to shut the door against them.

In November, 1791, he abandoned Ellisland for a little house in Dumfries. It was a moment when all eyes were fixed on France. The Revolution there, as yet unstained with blood, had apparently freed the people from agelong servitude. In spite of the fact that the government in whose pay he was stood on the verge of war with



Burns's birthplace, at Alloway

the new republic, Burns was all aglow with sympathy for the revolutionists. The verses which he wrote at this time are saturated with this feeling. "Scots wha ha wi' Wallace bled" certainly owed its genesis to the parallel, real or fancied, between the Scotch and the French struggles for freedom. To the same cause may be traced the composition of a still greater poem, "A Man's a Man for a' That." It is for this that Burns has ever since been chiefly valued in those countries on which the oppressor's hand has been laid most heavily.

With these poetical expressions of his political creed, however, the poet was not satisfied. He publicly declared Washington a bet-

ter man than Pitt, which was more true than politic; and he secretly bought some cannon and sent them to the French. It is a wonder that he was not cast into jail for this, but he appears to have suffered no inconvenience except that of being severely left alone by Dumfries society, which to most people would have been no great hardship.

He remained a social outcast until 1793, when his sympathies were alienated from the French by the events which are known to history as the Reign of Terror, and he joined the Dumfries Volunteers, a military organization designed to aid in repelling an expected invasion by the French. For them he wrote a stirring patriotic song, "Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?" which captivated England as well as Scotland, and effaced the disfavor into which he had fallen.

But his work was done. He was a mere shell of his former self. Passion and drink had burned him to a cinder. One night in January, 1796, he sat late at the Globe Tavern. On his way home he sank down and fell asleep in the snow. The shock was too much for his shattered constitution. For months he hovered between life and death. At last, thanks to the tender and skilful nursing of Miss Jessie Lewars, the daughter of a brother exciseman, he began to rally a little. As has been finely said, he had no money with which to repay her ministrations, but he rewarded them with what was far more precious, a song of immortal sweetness. One morning he said to her: "If you will play for me some tune for which you would like new words, I will try to make you some." She sat down at the piano and several times played over the air of an old song beginning

"The robin came to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in."

In a few moments the poet presented her with the lines, "O wert thou in the cauld blast."

This was the expiring flash of Burns's genius. Throughout June he rapidly grew worse. On July 4 he went as a last resort to Brow, a sea-bathing resort on the Solway. His closing days were embittered by lack of money. One of his creditors threatened him with a jail. He wrote piteous letters to his friends asking for loans. On July 18 he returned to Dumfries. When he alighted from his carriage he could scarcely stand. Three days later all was over.

Then appeared one of the most pathetic phenomena which history records. As soon as this great spirit had passed beyond the reach of human aid, the entire nation which he had loved and served so well awoke from its indifference to him and gave a spontaneous exhibition of esteem which, had it come to him a few years earlier, might have rendered tranquil and rounded one of the stormiest and most fragmentary of lives.

He was buried with military honors on July 24. Ten thousand persons followed his body to the grave. The whole nation put on mourning. A subscription sufficient to maintain his family in decency was speedily collected. An imposing monument soon rose to mark his resting place in the churchyard at Dumfries. The stream of pilgrims who shortly began to set their faces toward this shrine has not ceased to broaden and to deepen with the years. Thither in due time came William Wordsworth and John Keats and Thomas Carlyle and Alfred Tennyson. But the honor of being the most appreciative of all the visitors at Dumfries, like the honor of being the most reverent and loving of the pilgrims to Ayr, belongs to an American. It was Fitz-Greene Halleck who wrote the words that most fitly describe the emotions of all who go thither to do honor to Burns, and that refuse most persistently to leave their memories:

"Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What do you know of Burns's father? Does he resemble any type of American with whom you associate?
2. How much is there of personal characterization in "The Cotter's Saturday Night"?
3. What is the significance of Burns having written a poem to a field mouse?
4. To what noted poet did Burns owe a youthful inspiration?
5. Discuss Burns's mental state when being lionized in Edinburgh.
6. Read "A Man's a Man for a' That." Tell the class in a speech of one minute what it means to you.
7. Why do the Scotch honor the memory of Bobby Burns? Do you think a great soldier, a great statesman, a great prize fighter or baseball player as important as a poet like Burns?

8. What were those qualities which marked his genius?
9. As a special treat to yourself spend as much of your time as possible during a period of two or three weeks reading Burns's poetry. At the end of that period in a five-minute speech tell the class what he has given you that will stay with you.
10. In a five-hundred-word composition, write an account of Burns's life from your own point of view, not that of your teacher or of the author of this book. Was Burns a good man? If so, why?

Suggested Readings.—"Tam O'Shanter," "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," "A Man's a Man for a' That," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "A Red, Red Rose," "Highland Mary" are poems that have become part of the English language and should be read as a beginning. Carlyle's "Essays on Burns" and his "Hero as Poet" in "Heroes and Hero Worship" are the most appreciative estimates of Burns yet written.

Robert Burns

CHAPTER XXVIII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

"In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty."

—*Shelley*.

"I do not know a man more to be venerated for uprightness of heart and loftiness of genius."—*Scott*.

"To feel for the first time a communion with his mind is to discover loftier faculties in our own."—*Talfourd*.

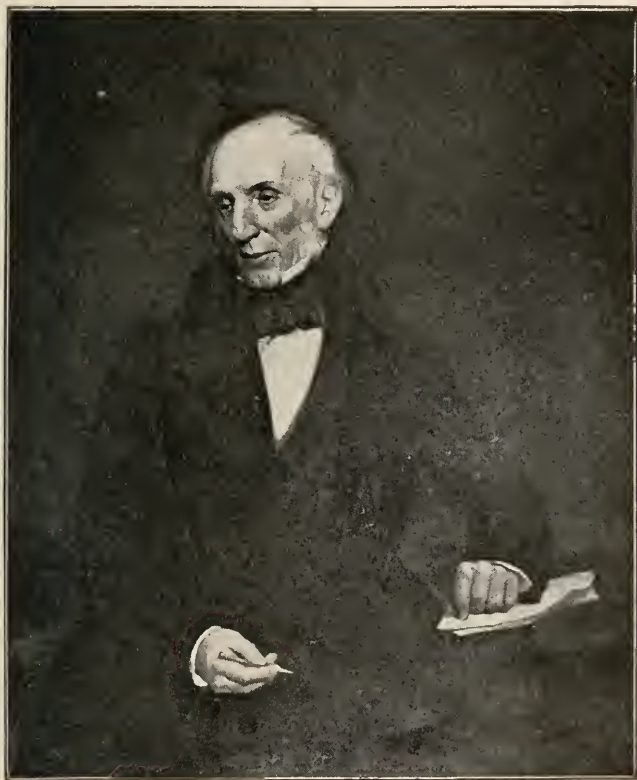
SHAKESPEARE by universal consent is entitled to the first and Milton to the second place among English poets. The third is more doubtful; but, though Chaucer, Spenser, Tennyson, and Browning all have their advocates, none of them has a clearer title to this distinction than William Wordsworth. His claim rests, first, upon his imaginative power; second, upon the fact that his felicity of diction is such that, aside from Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, no English poet has produced more unforgettable lines and stanzas; and third, upon the still more significant fact that he introduced into English literature a new note, or rather several new notes. At a time when verse had become so artificial that it was no longer poetry he turned the attention of men back to Nature. He taught poets to describe what they saw instead of something which they had read or dreamed. He showed how verse may build a princely throne on humble truth. He felt and taught that Nature is not dead but is the body of a living soul. Hence he became and is more than a poet. He is a prophet, a seer. Realizing all this, Matthew Arnold said of him:

"Time may restore us, in his course,
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But when shall Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?"

This is a precise and illuminating statement of the influence which his poetry has had. To the casual reader he is likely, in consequence of his lack of humor and of dramatic power, to appear unattractive.

It is only after patient study that the beauty and dignity of his poems are revealed. He is like the poet whom he himself describes:

“He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a shady grove,
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.”



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770—1850

From the portrait by Pickersgill

But, once known and understood, the poems of William Wordsworth are a priceless and permanent possession.

He was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, April 7, 1770, the

second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. This nobleman, owing to the fact that he borrowed practically all of John Wordsworth's fortune and refused to pay it back, now possesses a secure place in the annals of English literature. The poet's mother was Anne, only daughter of William Cookson, mercer, of Penrith. William was the second of five children. Richard, the eldest, became a successful lawyer. Dorothy, the third, described by Coleridge as his "exquisite sister," was a woman of great intellectual and spiritual gifts. John, the fourth, was a sea captain. Christopher, the youngest, took orders and rose to be master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The poet's mother died 1778 in consequence of a cold contracted by sleeping in the "best bedroom" of a London friend. His father survived her five years. The care and education of the children were therefore assumed by uncles, who proved worthy of the privilege.

William's infancy and boyhood were passed partly at Cocker-mouth and partly at Penrith. His disposition in these early years was so stiff, moody, and violent that his mother said he was the only one of her five children about whose future she was anxious. He, she added, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. Once, after being punished, he went into the attic with the intention of destroying himself with a foil. He took it in hand, but his heart failed. On another occasion, in a spirit of braggadocio, he ruined the portrait of one of his female ancestors by striking through it with a whip.

This violence of temper was somewhat mollified by the gentleness of Dorothy, who speedily became his inseparable companion. His "Poems Referring to the Period of Childhood" contain some imperishable records of the influence she had on him. In "The Sparrow's Nest" he says:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears:
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy."

In "To a Butterfly" he thus contrasts her gentleness with his own impetuosity:

"Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
 The time, when in our childish plays,
 My sister Emmeline and I
 Together chased the butterfly.
 A very hunter did I rush
 Upon the prey:—with leaps and springs
 I followed on from brake to bush;
 But she, God love her! feared to brush
 The dust from off its wings."

The power of the lovely scenery in which he grew up was also at work before long upon his fiery temper. Long afterward he wrote:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is Father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

His earliest school days were profitable, because his teacher, an old dame of Penrith, had never heard of modern pedagogy, and hence thought it no crime to train the memory of her pupils by making them learn by rote. In her school he sat by a little girl named Mary Hutschison, of whom we shall hear more anon. At Hawkshead School, whither he was transferred in his ninth year, he was happy because he was left at liberty to read Fielding, "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Tale of a Tub." The first verses that he ever wrote were a task imposed by his master here. The subject was "The Summer Vacation," and of his own accord he added others on "Return to School." They were almost as bad as such compositions usually are, but nevertheless in 1785 he was called upon to celebrate in verse the second centenary of the founding of the school, and responded with an imitation of Pope, which, having all of Pope's faults and none of his merits, was much admired and praised. Like many other boys he found more sympathy and inspiration in the masters of this humble school than later among his university professors; of one of them at least, whom he calls Matthew, he has left some verses which any teacher might be proud to have inspired. Yet Wordsworth was a perfectly normal boy. It was his habit to walk five miles around the Lake of Esthwaite before school

hours; in the winter evenings he and his comrades all shod with steel hissed along the polished ice in games confederate; and on holidays fishing and hunting were his games. He wrote

"Nothing at that time
So welcome, no temptation half so dear,
As that which urged me to a daring feat:
Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
And tottering towers—I loved to stand and read
Their looks."

From Esthwaite he was transplanted in October, 1787, to St. John's College, Cambridge. The flatness of the Cambridge fens and the severity of the Cambridge discipline were in marked contrast to the hilly lake country and the freedom which he had left. Though inferior in scholastic attainments to most of his fellow students, he was already superior in spiritual growth to many of his instructors. His residence at Cambridge was therefore not as profitable as it should have been. Though he found welcome companionship among his fellow students, sauntered, played, and rioted with them, read lazily in trivial books, galloped through the country in blind zeal of senseless horsemanship, and felt the inspiration that comes to all who dwell in that garden of great intellects where grew Newton, Spenser, and Milton—the glory of lecture and examination was little sought by him and little won. He felt that he was not for that hour or for that place. And, when his first long vacation came, he escaped with a feeling akin to exultation back to his native hills.

There he sauntered like a river murmuring and talking to itself. There perfect joy of heart returned to him like a returning spring. There he exclaimed:

"When from our better selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude!"

And there, finally, his purpose in life was definitely revealed to him and he was happy. "To the brim," he wrote afterwards,

"My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives."

To him the joy of this moment seemed another morn risen on mid-noon. He went back to Cambridge possessed with the idea that he might leave behind him some monument which pure hearts should reverence. There he plunged into the study of geometry, finding in its abstractions a corrective for the imaginative power of poetry. When summer came again, he gladly exchanged what he called the luxurious indolence of college life for tramps about England, in which he made quest for works of art and scenes renowned for beauty. In his third long vacation, with a friend named Jones, in hardy slight of college studies and their set rewards, he made a pedestrian tour of fourteen weeks to the Alps. The French Revolution had just begun. They landed at Calais on the very day when the king took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. Everywhere as they journeyed south they found benevolence and blessedness spread like a fragrance, when spring has left no corner of the land untouched. From hill to vale they dropped; from vale to hill mounted; from province on to province swept; beheld Mont Blanc; and crossed the Simplon Pass into Italy. To Wordsworth the immeasurable height of woods decaying, never to be decayed, the stationary blasts of waterfalls, the thwarting winds, the torrents shooting from the clear blue sky, tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—were all like workings of one mind. In Italy he was impressed with the garden plots of Indian corn tended by dark-eyed maids. The travellers left the Swiss rejoicing in the emancipation of France, crossed the Brabant armies on the fret for battle in the cause of liberty, and went back to Cambridge, where in January, 1791, Wordsworth took his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

After graduation, disregarding the wish of his guardians that he should take Holy Orders, he loafed for four months in London, which had had for him all of the wonder and obscure delight of golden cities ten months' journey deep among Tartarian wilds. His illusions were soon dispelled. He heard Burke speak; attended religious services conducted by a comely bachelor, fresh from a toilette of two hours, who stole his ideas from Ossian; heard for the first time a woman swear; beheld one of those parliaments of monsters which we in America call a dime museum; and half despised yet understood it all. Then, after a short pedestrian tour in Wales, he returned alone in November, 1791, to France.

Here in the ferment of the Revolution he remained until the end of 1792. He was all alive with enthusiasm for the movement, and wrote:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

He passed a few days at Paris, listened to harangues in the National Assembly, attended a meeting of the Jacobin Club, gathered up a stone as a relic from the Bastille, and became a violent patriot. From Paris he went to Orleans, where he formed an intimacy with General Beaupuis and found the material which he afterwards embodied in the story of "Vaudracour and Julia." He remained in Orleans until September, 1792. In that month the Jacobins overcame the Brissotins, with whom he was closely associated; Paris was deluged with blood; atheism triumphed over religion; and his dreams of a golden age of peace and justice vanished. He escaped to England just in time to avoid such adventures as Dickens has recorded in his "Tale of Two Cities."

In the following year he published two poems, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches." The first describes scenes from his own lake country; the second is a record of his travels on the Continent. In matter and versification these pieces suggest Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and "Traveller," but in spirit they are highly original. There is not in them an image which the author had not himself observed. They attracted little public notice and it was long before a second edition was required; but "The Descriptive Sketches" arrested the attention of one young man who had entered Cambridge the same year Wordsworth left it. Of it long afterward he wrote: "Seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." The opinion was important, for the young man was Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Wordsworth had now attained his twenty-third year, and, like Milton, had shown no bud or blossom. Unlike Milton, however, he had no indulgent father to support him in what seemed to his relatives his aimless idleness. Impelled by their discontent, he now sought employment on a London newspaper, but was put off. In the meantime Raisley Calvert, a young friend of his, fell ill. For many months the poet nursed him, but could not nurse him back to health. Calvert died, leaving to the poet a bequest of 900 pounds, which, carefully

husbanded, left Wordsworth free to devote himself to poetry. Upon this sum he and his sister contrived to exist until the death of Lord Lonsdale in 1801 enabled his successor, Lord Lowther, to repay them the loans made to him by John Wordsworth. Wordsworth's gratitude to Calvert is recorded in one of his finest sonnets.

In the autumn of 1795 we accordingly find William and Dorothy settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. The place was very retired, with little society and a post only once a week. Here they employed themselves industriously in reading, writing, and gardening. Here Wordsworth wrote a tragedy in the style of Shakespeare called "The Borderers" and hither in June, 1797, came Samuel Taylor Coleridge with his own tragedy of "Osorio." It was a case of love at first sight all round. Dorothy at once pronounced Coleridge a wonderful man. Coleridge immediately perceived Wordsworth's genius and described Dorothy as his exquisite sister; and within a month the Wordsworths moved to Nether-Stowey in Dorsetshire in order to be near Coleridge.

Here, all the ensuing summer, the two poets roved upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge, composing immortal verse—Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner" and "Cristabel"; Wordsworth, among other pieces, "We are Seven," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," and "Lines Written a few Miles above Tintern Abbey." These were published by Amos Cottle of Bristol, in the autumn of 1798, in a volume of 210 pages, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads." The edition consisted of only 500 copies, but its sale was so slow and the reviews so severe that the copyright was considered valueless and returned to the authors.

The volume which was ushered into the world under these discouraging circumstances is now justly considered the most precious contribution made during the eighteenth century to English poetry. The aim of the authors had been, first, to excite the sympathy of readers by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and, second, to give to that truth the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of the imagination. Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner" had undertaken to invest a supernatural theme with such truth that readers would feel it to be natural; Wordsworth in his poems, on the other

hand, had tried to give the charm of poetry to common things by directing attention to the unseen loveliness that lies about us in everyday life. Coleridge, to put the matter in Dr. Johnson's way, had undertaken to make new things familiar, while Wordsworth's effort had been to make familiar things new. While Coleridge had succeeded perfectly in his effort, and Wordsworth in most of his pieces had attained conspicuous success, neither the one nor the other at once impressed the reading public. Aristocrats nurtured on Pope did not care for ballads modelled on the folk-songs of the fifteenth century or for poems written in common language about common people. And some of Wordsworth's language, it must be confessed, was so common that it failed to make familiar things poetical. Two stanzas in particular excited much ridicule:

“And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a muddy little pond
Of water, never dry;
I've measured it from side to side,
’Tis three feet long and two feet wide.”

“A household tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes,
This carried the Blind Boy.”

Wordsworth himself saw the fault and the Blind Boy now sets sail in a very different vessel, but a new generation of readers had to grow up before “The Lyrical Ballads” came into their own.

Fortunately Wordsworth was made of stern stuff. The public indifference neither frightened nor discouraged him. Feeling that it is the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level and not to descend to theirs, he went in the autumn of 1798 with Dorothy and Coleridge to Germany; met at Hamburg the poet Klopstock; argued with him about Wieland, Goethe, and Kant; and proceeded to Goslar, where throughout the winter he avoided society, froze, and wrote imperishable verse. Of the pieces that he then and there composed every student should read at least “I travelled among unknown men,” “She dwelt among the untrodden ways,” “Strange fits of passion have I known,” “Three years she grew in sun and shower,” “A slumber did my spirit seal,” “A Poet's Epitaph,” “Lucy Gray,” “The Two April Mornings,” “The Fountain,” and “Nutting.” Here, too, he began an autobiography in

blank verse entitled "The Prelude," or "The Growth of a Poet's Mind." Finally completed in fourteen books in 1805, it was not published until after his death in 1850.

The Poet Gray had visited Grasmere in 1769 and described it as a little unsuspected Paradise. Here, on their return from Germany, Wordsworth and his sister settled, and here for the next eight years they lived. The first edition of "Lyrical Ballads" being finally exhausted, he now prepared a second, in two volumes, of which the first was a reprint of the first edition, while the second contained the poems written in Germany, together with some others, notably "Hartleap Well," "The Idle Shepherd Boys," "Poor Susan," "Rural Architecture," and "Michael, a Pastoral." For this priceless offering of song he received 100 pounds. Its reception was a strange mixture of censure and approval. One critic pronounced it worth its weight in gold. Another could make neither head nor tail of it. In a third it excited only feelings of disgust. A fourth was filled with delight. A second edition was required 1802 and a third 1805.

Meantime at Grasmere the days passed in wonderful walks, in the still more wonderful companionship of Coleridge and Dorothy, and in the unhampered exercise of the poet's high art. A few extracts from Dorothy's diary for 1802 will show the manner of their life:

Friday: W. wrote "Alice Fell."

May 7: W. wrote "The Leech Gatherer."

June 17: W. added to the "Ode" he is writing.

In July they made a brief excursion to France. As they left London on the top of the Dover coach Wordsworth wrote his "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge." Three poems of this period should become a part of every student's mind. He is advised to copy them into his note-book and to learn them by heart. They are "The Daffodils," "The Cock is Crowing," and "The Ode on Immortality." The two best lines of the first,

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

were written by Dorothy. The second was deservedly a favorite

with Joanna Baillie. The third was considered by Ralph Waldo Emerson the greatest poem of the nineteenth century.

Wordsworth seldom wrote letters. In one of this period he says he has not written five letters of friendship during the last five years. Then he proceeds to answer a charge that "The Idiot Boy" is not a fit subject for poetry, as it does not please, with the question, "Does not please whom?" His poetry, he explains, is meant to please, not the people of high rank, but those who live in cottages. Among these, he points out, idiots are considered a blessing to the families to whom they belong, as their life is hidden with God. "It is not enough for me as a poet," he adds, "to delineate such feelings as all men do sympathize with; but it is also highly desirable to add to these others, such as all men may sympathize with, and such as there is reason to believe they would be better and more moral beings if they did sympathize with."

On Monday, October 4, 1802, Wordsworth was married to Mary Hutschison, with whom he had sat as a child in the school at Penrith. It was a wonderful union and is wonderfully commemorated in his verse. In the third year of their married life he wrote probably the finest poem ever addressed by a husband to his wife:

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A haunting shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

"I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

“ And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.”

Important poetical results also flowed from a tour which Wordsworth made in Scotland in 1803 with his sister. They were away from home from August 14 until September 25; and visited, among other places, Burns's grave at Dumfries, Loch Lomond, Rob Roy's Caves, the Inversneid Waterfall, Loch Katrine, the Isle of Mull, the Falls of Bruar, the Pass of Killiecrankie, Edinburgh, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Carlisle. Dorothy's diary of the journey is in itself a classic. Among the poems in which their experiences were commemorated by William are "To the Sons of Burns," "The Highland Girl," "Rob Roy's Grave," "Stepping Westward," "The Solitary Reaper," and "Yarrow Unvisited." The student should read them all.

Scarcely less important as a source of inspiration was an intimacy which Wordsworth formed in this same year with Sir George Beaumont and which continued until the latter's death in 1827. Before the two met, Sir George had perceived Wordsworth's genius and had bought for him a beautiful spot near Keswick, where Coleridge and Southey lived, hoping thus to bring the three poets together. Wordsworth acknowledged the gift in a fine sonnet, but the design was not fulfilled, Coleridge being forced to go for his health to a warmer climate. At this time Wordsworth himself could not hold a pen five minutes without having a perspiration start out all over him and being strangely oppressed in the chest. The long letters he wrote to Sir George are therefore a mark of great affection. In one of them we find that the poet had enlisted to fight Napoleon. Sir George was an excellent painter and depicted with skill scenes from "The Thorn," "The White Doe of Rylstone," "Peter Bell," and "Lucy Gray," while the poet, in his verses on the picture of "Peele Castle in a Storm," painted by Sir George, gave his friend more fame than his

own pictures ever brought him. When Sir George died he left Wordsworth a hundred pounds a year for an annual tour.

John Wordsworth, the sea captain, was also in these times a prop to his brother's courage. William called him a silent poet, and he in turn was not unappreciative of William's high desert. In 1804 he was appointed to the command of the Abergavenny East-Indiaman, 1500 tons burden, bound for India and China with 70,000 pounds in specie, a cargo worth 200,000 pounds, and 402 persons. Off the Bill of Portland, owing to the incompetence of a pilot, the ship struck a rock and sank with most on board, including her captain. The poet's great and abiding grief on account of this tragedy is preserved in the poem on Peele Castle, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and John Wordsworth's portrait stands fixed for all to read forever in "The Character of the Happy Warrior," which is one of his brother's noblest poems.

In his sorrow Wordsworth sought relief in hard work. He completed the "Prelude" 1806 and put forth two fresh volumes of shorter poems 1807. Among these the most noteworthy were, in addition to the pieces already mentioned as having been written between 1801 and 1807, "To a Daisy," "To the Small Celandine," "To a Skylark," and numerous sonnets. Like their predecessors, these volumes contained enough great verse to have made the reputations of a dozen poets, but, also like them, they had to create their public. The great critics were now actively hostile because, in view of the fact that Wordsworth's earlier poems would not die, their judgment had been proved wrong. Sorely tried but with courage unshaken by adversity, he still adhered, however, like his great predecessor Milton, to his own high purposes.

In this resolve he was helped by a steady though small demand for his poems, by the stanch friendship of Sir George Beaumont, and by his appointment in 1813 to be distributor of stamps for Westmoreland. This position raised his income to an easy competency and freed him from private cares without oppressing him with public ones. Meantime in 1811 he had removed from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, where he lived until his death. Here in 1814 he completed a poem in nine books of blank verse entitled "The Excursion."

After its publication he had need of all his courage. The leading reviewers doomed it to oblivion. The first edition, which consisted of only 500 copies, satisfied the public demand for six years. A second, also of 500 copies, published 1827, lasted until 1834. In the face of this neglect Wordsworth wrote to Southey: "Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write with, I trust, the light of Heaven upon me." A certain celebrated critic had boasted that he had crushed "The Excursion." Of him Southey said: "He crush the 'Excursion'! Tell him he might as well fancy that he could crush Skiddaw."

If he could not crush Wordsworth, however, it is altogether probable that he succeeded to some extent in drying up the sources of his inspiration. At all events, after 1814 his literary activity declined. The great poems that he wrote during the remaining 36 years of his life can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. He lived as he had lived before, walked, travelled, mused, and read, but his significance as a bard was gone. In proportion as his poetic power declined, however, his reputation increased. In 1839 Oxford honored him with the degree of D.C.L. Four years later the Queen made him Poet Laureate. During the last few years of his life he was lionized by society and acknowledged by all competent judges to be the greatest living English poet. And when, in 1850, he had passed away, Tennyson, who succeeded him as Laureate, received the crown in two lines that fittingly describe Wordsworth's work, when he spoke of having received the laurel

"Greener from the brows
Of him who uttered nothing base."

It is impossible to read a page anywhere in Wordsworth without lighting upon some happy phrase or sentence. To search for these and find them is a profitable and a pleasant if not an exciting pastime. For the purpose of stimulating this quest a few of these gems are presented here. The student must remember, however, that they form only a small proportion of those which are worth knowing:

"How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless!"

To a Butterfly.

"The beetle panoplied in gems of gold,
A mailed angel on a battle day."

In Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

"The cock is crowing,
 The stream is flowing,
 The small birds twitter,
 The lake doth glitter,
 The green field sleeps in the sun;
 The oldest and youngest
 Are at work with the strongest;
 The cattle are grazing,
 Their heads never raising;
 There are forty feeding like one!"

Written in March

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
 Taught both by what she (Nature) shows and what conceals,
 Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
 With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

Hart-Leap Well.

"That best portion of a good man's life,
 His little nameless unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love."

Tintern Abbey.

"The still sad music of humanity."

Ibid.

"Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her."

Ibid.

"The Gods approve
 The depth and not the tumult of the soul."

Laodamia.

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace."

Ibid.

"An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpleal gleams."

Ibid.

"A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more."

Peter Bell.

"Only the Ass, with motion dull,
 Upon the pivot of his skull
 Turns round his long left ear."

Ibid.

"Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room,
 And hermits are contented with their cells."

Sonnet.

"Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,
 Together in immortal books enrolled."

Sonnet.

"The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

Sonnet.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration."

Sonnet.

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Sonnet.

"Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."

Sonnet.

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

Sonnet.

"How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root and in that freedom bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its own divine vitality."

Sonnet.

"The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!"

On Burns.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
From old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago."

The Solitary Reaper.

"The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can."

Rob Roy's Grave.

"I grieved for Bonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that man's mind—what can it be? What food
Fed his first hopes? What knowledge can he gain?"

Sonnet.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice.
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

England and Switzerland.

"Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone! our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws."

Sonnet.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

Sonnet.

"Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

Sonnet.

"Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold."

Desultory Stanzas.

"Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were made for immortality."

Sonnet.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good
 Than all the sages can.

The Tables Turned.

"And 't is my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes."

In Early Spring.

"The gleam,
 The light that never was on land or sea,
 The consecration and the poet's dream."

Elegiac Stanzas.

"Not without hope we suffer and we mourn."

Ibid.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream;
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

Ode on Immortality.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy.

At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

Ibid.

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction."

Ibid.

"In years that bring the philosophic mind."

Ibid.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Ibid.

"The good die young
 And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket."

The Excursion.

"Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

The Excursion.

"Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god."

Ibid.

"Central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Ibid.

There is only one way to study Wordsworth. He confided his secrets to his lyre. To it he communicated his feelings and his thoughts on every occasion of public and private interest. He wrote as he lived and he lived as he wrote. Hence his life is written in his works, and his works to a great extent are unintelligible without a knowledge of his life. His poems to be studied profitably should therefore be read chronologically. His works must be taken as a whole. They must be read with habitual reference to the time in which they were composed. A complete key for this sort of study will be found in the "Memoirs of William Wordsworth" by Christopher Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster, published 1851 by Edward Moxon, London.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Discuss Wordsworth's place in English literature.
2. Why does it take time, study, and maturity to make one an enthusiastic Wordsworthian?
3. Compare Wordsworth's ancestry, education, poetry, and character with Milton's, Pope's, and Burns's.
4. By what poets was he influenced at the beginning of his literary career?
5. Discuss his fondness for wandering and his attitude toward Nature.
6. How was he affected by the French Revolution?
7. Write a sketch of his friendship with Coleridge.
8. State precisely the aims of the two poets in "Lyrical Ballads."
9. Does Wordsworth possess the "high seriousness" that characterizes the greatest poets? Why do you think so?
10. Quote from his poems the ten lines that you like best.

Suggested Readings.—The sonnet, "The World is too much with us," "The Solitary Reaper," "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," "Daffodils," "Michael," "The French Revolution," "Character of the Happy Warrior" and the "Ode to Duty" are representative of Wordsworth's various forms. The prefaces to the early editions are most revealing of the poet's purpose. Professor George McLean Harper's "Wordsworth" is an excellent mine for further investigation.

CHAPTER XXIX

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

" Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptered king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate."

—*Wordsworth.*

" When I am very ill indeed I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read."—*Coleridge.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT has three titles to distinction. First, he wrote three great narrative poems, " The Lay of the Last Minstrel," " Marion," and " The Lady of the Lake "; second, he was the author of twenty-nine of the most fascinating novels ever penned; and, third, in his old age, when overwhelmed by debts contracted through the incompetence of business partners, he heroically set himself to the task of repaying their obligations, though he might have availed himself of the bankrupt laws. As Thomas Carlyle says, no sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time.

Every Scotchman has a pedigree. One of Scott's ancestors was a Walter Scott who, being captured and given his choice of being hanged or marrying meikle-mouthed Meg, the ugliest of Sir Gideon Murray's daughters, wisely chose the lady, who acquired great skill in pickling the beef which her husband stole. Another was a chieftain named Beardie, so called because, after the Stuart kings were expelled, he ceased to use a razor. Scott's father was an attorney, or, to be technical, a Writer to the Signet. Walter was born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh. When he was eighteen months old, a fever made him lame for life. In the hope of curing this deformity, he was sent to live at Sandy Knowe, the farm of his paternal grandfather. There he was swathed in the warm hides of newly slain sheep, nourished on mountain air, contracted a strong antipathy to George Washington, drank in tales of border warfare from the lips of his grandfather, and learned to shout the ballad of Hardyknute, which disgusted the parish clergyman, who said: " One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." In his fourth

year the child was sent to Bath, a famous English watering place, to have his leg treated. Here he lived about a year without any particular benefit except what he derived from being taken by an indulgent uncle to see "As You Like It." He was charmed by the witchery



SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771—1832

From the portrait by Sir Edwin Landseer

of the play but so scandalized by the quarrel between Orlando and Oliver that he screamed out: "Ain't they brothers?" On his return home he found, however, that quarrels do sometimes occur in actual life even between brothers. Indeed he felt so severely the change from

being a single indulged brat (his own word) in his kind grandmother's house to one member of a large family that he later took particular pains in the rearing of his own children to guard against habits of self-willed caprice and domination.

Among the books which he first read were Pope's "Homer" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In 1778 he began the study of Latin in the high school of Edinburgh. Among his companions here his good nature and inexhaustible fund of stories rendered him more popular with the boys than with the masters, though he finally contrived not only to understand but also to enjoy Cæsar, Livy, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, and Terence. He also stumbled on and read the plays of Shakespeare, the poems of Spenser, Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." The latter stuck so marvellously in his memory as to cause a certain clergyman to compliment him, but Scott replied: "I remember only what hits my fancy. Probably if you were to preach two hours, I could not remember a word you said." Greek, however, proved such a stumbling block to Scott that he was known in school as "The Greek blockhead." In 1785 he began in his father's office the study of the law, and though he detested he conquered the barren wilderness, as he called it, of forms and conveyances. His chief interest, however, soon came to be adventurous and romantic literature. Everything which touched on knight-errantry was particularly acceptable to him, and he soon tried to imitate what he so greatly admired. This passion drove him to learn French and Italian in order to read the romantic literature not reachable save in those languages, and to wander far afield both afoot and on horseback for the purpose of viewing the scenes where Scottish history had been made. In spite of his lameness, he sometimes walked as much as thirty miles a day. In the midst of these studies, he completed his apprenticeship in law and was admitted 1792 to the Scottish bar.

As a lawyer he was industrious and reasonably successful. His fees rose from twenty-four pounds in 1792 to 144 pounds in 1797. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, a post which secured him an annual salary of 300 pounds. In 1806 he obtained in addition the post of Clerk of the Edinburgh Court of Sessions,

which was worth £1300 a year. The two jobs would have kept an ordinary lawyer busier than most lawyers are, yet he held both during his greatest literary activity, discharging their duties ably. In politics he was always a Tory and sometimes a violent one.

Soon after his admission to the bar, Scott made an expedition to Liddesdale, which lies on the border of England and was then a wild and inaccessible region. Here he explored the hills, studied the ruins, began to gather the ancient ballads, and enjoyed himself so thoroughly that he repeated the raid, as he called it, for six successive summers. He varied these trips by long expeditions into those parts of Stirlingshire and Perthshire which he later made familiar to all readers in "The Lady of the Lake." The first literary result of these adventures was the publication in 1802 of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which succeeded so well that his profits were 600 pounds. The second was an original epic, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which came out 1805, netted him 769 pounds, and won such popular favor that he decided to make literature his main business. "Marmion" followed in 1808 and "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810. Of his poems "Marmion" on the whole is the best, but, though by 1830 it had reached a circulation of 30,000, it was hardly as popular as "The Lady of the Lake," which netted him over 2000 guineas and started toward the Scottish lakes a stream of tourists which has not yet begun to ebb. Of his great poems "The Lay" is generally considered the most natural and original, "Marmion" the most powerful and splendid, "The Lady of the Lake" the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful. Later he produced other narrative poems of great power and beauty, "Rokeby," "The Bridal of Triermain," "The Lord of the Isles," and "Harold the Dauntless," but none of these attained or deserved the popularity of his earlier efforts.

Scott's poetry is vigorous and full of action. He tells tales of adventure with fire and power. The following quotations will give some notion of the quality of his verse:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto VI. Stanza 1.

"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

Marmion. Canto VI. Stanza 14.

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion."

Ibid. Stanza 32.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Lady of the Lake. Canto V. Stanza 10.

"And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Ibid.

Fine as this in its way is, it falls far below the poetry of Scott's contemporaries, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, in the essentials of great verse; and in that brilliancy which produces popular applause it is somewhat inferior to Lord Byron's best work. Probably Scott himself was thoroughly aware of this. At all events in a fortunate moment he turned his attention to another branch of letters.

A romance is a story the interest of which depends mainly, if not wholly, on the events it relates. Tales of this character both in prose and verse have been common in England, at least since Chaucer's day. The reign of Queen Elizabeth witnessed the production of the stories of Green, Lodge, Nash, and Peele, which, though crude in comparison with the fiction of to-day, may be said to mark the beginnings of the English novel. The fundamental difference between these tales and the old romances is that in the former the people are depicted as real people, not as puppets. The transition which then began was far advanced at the beginning of the eighteenth century, as is evident from the finished portraiture of character in Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley papers in "The Spectator," 1711-1712. A further advance is seen in Daniel Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," which, published in 1719, continues to this day to be the delight of all normal children and adults. But the honor of writing the first real English novel, or rather the first novel in any language, at least in the modern sense of the word, belongs to Samuel Richardson (1689-1754).

He was a printer by trade. In his youth he developed such a

talent for letter-writing that the young women of his acquaintance often employed him to compose their billets-doux. In 1739, when he was fifty, a publisher hired him to compile a book of model letters for the benefit of the illiterate. In executing this task he hit upon the plan of joining the letters together by a thread of narrative. He did this in a style so agreeable and with such an insight into feminine character that he produced a real work of art. In other words, he intended a complete letter-writer and it turned to "Pamela," the first novel. This book, which was published 1740 in two volumes, achieved an immense popular success, especially among women and clergymen. He followed it in 1747-1748 with "Clarissa" in seven volumes, which set not only England but France and Germany sobbing and which was such a favorite of Lord Macaulay's that he said he could, if necessity arose, have reproduced it from memory. "Pamela" represents virtue triumphant; "Clarissa," virtue beset. The villain in the latter book, named Lovelace, is a masterpiece of character drawing. In his third and last novel, "Sir Charles Grandison," Richardson undertook to draw a good man.

Though heartily loved and honored by Dr. Johnson, Richardson was unmercifully laughed at by Henry Fielding (1707-1754), whose first novel, "Joseph Andrews," was written primarily with the idea of poking fun at "Pamela." It was followed 1749 by "Tom Jones," which, according to Coleridge, shares the honor of having the best plot in the world with the "Ædipus Rex" of Sophocles and Ben Jonson's "Alchemist." His third and last novel, "Amelia," was published 1751. Fielding was a much greater novelist than Richardson, whose rather namby-pamby morality he heartily despised. In "Joseph Andrews" Parson Adams, in "Tom Jones" Squire Western and Partridge the barber, and in "Amelia" the heroine are living persons.

Three other eighteenth century novelists were men of real genius. These were Tobias Smollett (1721-1771), Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), and Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Smollett's "Roderick Random" 1748, "Peregrine Pickle" 1751, "Ferdinand Count Fathom" 1753, and "Humphrey Clinker" 1771, are rich in humor, abound in exciting adventures, and contain pictures of contemporary naval life of priceless historical value. His Tom Bowling and

Admiral Trunnion are admirably drawn, he was one of Scott's favorite authors, and Thackeray thought "Humphrey Clinker" the most amusing story ever written. Smollett has the distinction, if it be one, of having introduced the bad spelling which has formed so large a part of the stock in trade of later humorists. Sterne, who was a most unclerical clergyman, produced "Tristram Shandy" 1760 and "The Sentimental Journey" 1768. Both have much style and little plot, yet both, in spite of the latter defect, had great vogue in their day. To modern readers, however, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne alike are apt to appear both dull and coarse. Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which has been already noticed in Chapter XXIII, is the only eighteenth century novel, aside from "Robinson Crusoe," in which the average reader of to-day can still take much pleasure.

During the period from 1768 to 1815, no novel equal to those just mentioned was published, though Miss Fanny Burney (1752-1840) delighted readers with "Evelina" 1778 and "Cecilia" 1782; Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823) terrorized and mystified the young with "The Mysteries of Udolpho" 1794 and other weird creations; William Beckford (1760-1844) published his Arabian tale of "Vathek" 1782, and Maria Edgeworth (1767-1844) by means of "Castle Rackrent" 1800 and "The Absentee" 1812 introduced to the English their amiable Irish cousins. Jane Austen (1775-1817) had indeed published three of the most exquisite novels ever written, "Sense and Sensibility" 1811, "Pride and Prejudice" 1813, and "Mansfield Park" 1814, but these were as yet little known. Scott had practically a clear field when in 1814 he published "Waverley."

Begun in 1805, this work had been thrown aside for nine years, partly because of his interest in poetry and partly by reason of the unfavorable criticism of friends. In 1814 he found the almost forgotten manuscript of the first seven chapters and in three weeks completed the book. It was published July 7, and before the end of the year had netted the author over 1000 pounds. Its popularity was well deserved. In its fascinating pages Scott had contrived to combine, as none of his predecessors had done, the merits of the romance and the merits of the novel. Here were the strength of Smollett, the ele-

gance and humor of Goldsmith, a tragic power second only to Shakespeare's, and an indescribable faculty of narration which was all the author's own. The extraordinary success of the story determined the nature of Scott's literary activity throughout the rest of his life. During the next eighteen years he produced over twenty-five great novels. To describe them in detail within the limits of this book is impossible. The following table may, however, give the student some idea of their variety and their value:

Name of Novel	Published	Historical Setting	Country	Date
Waverley.....	1814	Stuart Rebellion	Scotland	1745
Guy Mannering.....	1815	Scott's Youth	Scotland	1770
The Antiquary.....	1816	Scott's Early Manhood	Scotland	1795
Black Dwarf.....	1816	Queen Anne's Reign	Scotland	1700
Old Mortality.....	1816	Scotch Covenanters	Scotland	1679
Rob Roy.....	1817	Reign of George I	Scotland	1715
Heart of Mid-Lothian...	1818	Reign of George II	Scotland	1736
Bride of Lammermoor...	1819	William III	Scotland	1695
The Legend of Montrose.	1819	Civil War in England	Scotland	1645-6
Ivanhoe.....	1820	Reign of Richard I	England	1189-1199
The Monastery.....	1820	Reformation (Edward VI)	Scotland	1550
The Abbot (Sequel to Monastery).....	1820	Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots	Scotland	1567-8
Kenilworth.....	1821	Reign of Queen Elizabeth	England	1575
The Pirate.....	1821	Orkney Islands	Scotland	1700
The Fortunes of Nigel ..	1822	Reign of James I	England	1604
Tales of a Grandfather..	1822	(a) French History (b) Scotch History	France Scotland	
Peveril of the Peak.....	1823	Reign of Charles II	England	1678
Quentin Durward.....	1823	Reign of Louis XI	France	1468
St. Ronan's Well.....	1823	Modern (Scott's Scotland)	Scotland	1812
Redgauntlet.....	1824	Young Pretender	Scotland	1763
The Betrothed.....	1825	The Third Crusade (Henry II)	Wales	1187
The Talisman.....	1825	The Crusades (Richard I)	Palestine	1189-92
Woodstock.....	1826	Reign of Charles I	England	1651-2
Chronicles of Canongate.	1827	George III	Scotland	1775-95
Fair Maid of Perth.....	1828	Robert III of Scotland	Scotland	1402
Anne of Geierstein.....	1829	Henry VII of England, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, Hussite Wars	Switzerland, France, Germany	1474-7
Count Robert of Paris...	1831	Fall of Eastern Empire —William Rufus	Constanti- nople	1098
Castle Dangerous.....	1831	Edward I and Robert Bruce	Scotland	1306-7

In producing these novels, Scott seemed, according to Lockhart, not so much to exercise as to enjoy his genius. They were all written with

great rapidity, at least two-thirds of "Waverley," for instance, in three weeks, and all of "Woodstock" in less than three months. Large portions of "The Bride of Lammermoor," all of "The Legend of Montrose," and most of "Ivanhoe" were dictated from a sick-bed, but as soon as he was again able to hold a pen Scott resumed the practice of writing everything with his own hand, saying that he would no more think of dictation when able to write than of riding in a sedan chair while he could walk. He published "Waverley" anonymously, because he was afraid that the reputation he had already won would be injured if he were known as the author of such a muddling work. Although his disguise was at once penetrated by discerning critics, one of whom said the author must be Walter Scott or the devil, he did not formally cast off his disguise until 1826. Long before that date, however, the Waverley novels had won a permanent place in literature. The only controversy now possible is not as to their absolute but as to their relative value. While most Scotchmen claim first place for "Guy Mannering" or "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," the favorite of most English and American readers is probably "Ivanhoe." Indeed they are all as good reading now as in the days when they first set the world on fire with enthusiasm and filled the author's purse to overflowing. In comparison with the sums earned by earlier writers, his pecuniary gains from the novels were prodigious, probably averaging from 1815 to 1830 not less than 10,000 pounds a year.

They needed to be prodigious, for Scott was at once one of the most prodigal and improvident of mortals. His chief ambition appears to have been not to gain literary fame but to become a member of the landed aristocracy. Married in 1797 to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he soon found himself responsible for the maintenance of a fairly expensive family. In addition to a house in Edinburgh, he leased from 1804 to 1811 a farm called Ashestiel, and in the latter year purchased on the banks of the Tweed near Melrose the beginnings of an estate which he named Abbotsford. This grew year by year until it comprised about 1000 acres. Here he planted trees, built a noble mansion, and entertained his friends with lavish hospitality. He kept a flag to summon his neighbors by telegraph to partake of the cheer of Abbotsford. Among his favorite sports was "burning

the water," or spearing salmon in the Tweed at night with the aid of torches, a pastime which produced more duckings than fish. As an annual event he instituted the Abbotsford hunt, which was so delightful that at least one honest laird on returning from it told his wife that he would like to sleep during the entire interval between hunts. Records of his hospitality and of the spirit of the place have been left by Wordsworth in his Yarrow poems and by Washington Irving. How, in the midst of his professional duties and this busy country life he ever found time to write was a mystery to the latter. The explanation was simple. He was always busy. He rose at five o'clock and worked until ten, thus breaking the back of the day's work. At ten he breakfasted with his family and guests. After breakfast he sat two hours longer at his desk and was thus by noon "his own man," with a right to say to his writing box "Out, damned spot!" and be a gentleman. As became a gentleman, he owned and rode horses whom nobody else could manage, was always surrounded by dogs, and was by no means averse to cats. His children had always free access to his study; he was always ready to answer their questions; and they thought that no sport could go on in the right way unless papa were of the party. In his opinion the one essential thing in education was to arouse the young curiosity. On Sundays the family usually had a picnic in some wild spot, the occasion being improved by talks from Scott on religion or history. In short, to man and beast, to high and low, he was the quintessence of kindness and courtesy. On Sundays he always walked that his horse might not be deprived of his rest. "Sir Walter," said one of his servants, "speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations." He himself said: "I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit."

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

From 1812 on, Scott's professional income was 1600 pounds a year. Besides what he made by virtue of his poems and novels, he also earned large sums by odd jobs of writing. Among these was the editing of the works of Dryden 1808 in 18 volumes octavo and those of Swift 1814 in 19 volumes octavo. In 1822 he wrote in two rainy

mornings a dramatic sketch of the Battle of Halidon Hill and sold the manuscript for 1000 pounds. His expenses and his desire for land were, however, so great that he did not save as much as prudence required. His baronetcy, which was the first conferred by George IV after his accession, did not reduce Scott's expenses. He contrived, however, between 1805 and 1809 to invest about 9000 pounds in the printing and bookselling firms of John and James Ballantyne. The results were disastrous. The Ballantyne brothers were amiable and they worshipped Scott, but they could not keep books. As early as 1814 the firm was in deep water and was saved only by the extraordinary success of "Waverley." Their history for the next eleven years was a succession of narrow escapes from bankruptcy. Finally, in 1826, the business collapsed and Scott found himself at the age of fifty-five worth about 130,000 pounds less than nothing. It was then that the true nobility of the man displayed itself. He might have taken refuge behind the bankrupt laws and begun life afresh, but he offered instead to be the vassal of his creditors for life and dig in the mine of his imagination to make good their losses. He was allowed to keep Abbotsford but was compelled to give up all of his other property and to live within the limits of his official salary. On these terms he set doggedly to work. In three months he had completed and sold "Woodstock" for £8228. In June, 1827, he finished a life of Napoleon, which still further diminished his obligations to the extent of £18,000. By 1831, he had reduced his debt to £56,000.

His health, however, broke down under the strain. He kept his honor untarnished but he lost his life in its defense. The example of his stainless probity is probably the most enduring of his legacies to mankind. As Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges finely says,

"The glory dies not and the grief is past."

In 1831 he suffered a stroke of paralysis. In spite of the warnings of his physicians, he insisted on returning to his task as soon as he had partially recovered.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it,"

he said playfully. In spite of painful physical sufferings he completed "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous." Then, and not till then, he consented to spend the coming winter in Italy and in com-

plete abstinence from literary labor. As soon as his intention was known, the government placed the frigate *Barham* at his disposal. He sailed from London October 29, 1831. The change, however, had come too late. After passing the winter in Italy, he returned, or rather was brought back, to Abbotsford July 11, 1832. Here, on September 21 of the same year, he died. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

Of the 54,000 pounds which he still owed at his death, all but 30,000 pounds was at once paid by his life insurance and some small sums in the hands of his trustees. The entire debt was finally extinguished 1847 and Abbotsford left in his family's possession through profits arising from the copyrights on his works.

In 1838 Scott's son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, published in seven volumes a life of the great story-teller and minstrel. In 1848 this work was abridged by the author to two volumes and in our own day it has been reduced by Mr. O. L. Reid to the limits of one of Macmillan's pocket classics. In this latter form, at least, it should be owned and read by every student, for it is one of the best biographies in the world, as good as Trevelyan's "*Macaulay*" and second only to Boswell's "*Johnson*," and it contains the picture of a man whose virtue was like precious odors, sweetest when crushed.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Do you think a boy or girl who is brought up to read the *Waverley* Novels more lucky than the one who has spent his or her leisure reading stories of baseball, automobiles, and detectives?
2. What are Walter Scott's three titles to distinction?
3. Name the forces that bore upon the boy Scott's imagination.
4. In what respects does the poetry of Scott differ from that of Pope?
5. Name some of the forerunners of Scott in the field of the English novel. Who were the first English romancers?
6. In a three-minute talk present "*the Spirit of Abbotsford*." What aspects of the feudal lordship were presented in the life of Sir Walter Scott?
7. Does the characterization or description of the times or the action appeal to you the most in that novel of Scott's which you like best?
8. Was Walter Scott a "man" as well as a poet and a novelist? Was Burns a "man"; was Milton; was Johnson? Of the four, who strikes you as being most thoroughly a man?
9. What do you know of Scott's method of composition?
10. Write your own impressions of Scott's life, his poetry, or his novels.

Suggested Readings.—"The Lady of the Lake" is but one of a group of magnificent narrative poems; if you have time read the others. Also read one of his novels other than those you are required to read; you will like it. Lockhart's "*Life of Scott*" from the beginning to the end is charming.

CHAPTER XXX

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead."—*Wordsworth*.

"Magician, metaphysician, bard!"—*Lamb*.

"All other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength."—*Southey*.

"A cloud encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls."
—*Shelley*.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, October 21, 1772. While his great friend and rival, Wordsworth, grew up in the fields, Coleridge passed his childhood among books. His father was a preacher, who regarded Hebrew as the immediate language of the Holy Ghost and quoted it as such to his parishioners. He used to call the ablative case in Latin the *quippe-quare-quale-quidditive case*. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that Samuel Taylor ran away from home and slept all night in a storm and in consequence contracted the ague. Later at school we find him, on a dare, swimming across a river in his clothes and not stopping afterwards to change them, a prank which resulted in rheumatism, neuralgia, and the use of opium to the everlasting detriment of his usefulness in the world.

In 1781 he lost his father, and in 1782 was sent to a charity school in London known as Christ's Hospital. The student should read the description of this school which is given in Charles Lamb's essay "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago." The orphan described in this essay was Coleridge. At school he acquired a great reputation for learning. Lamb calls him "the inspired charity boy," and gives us a picture of him reciting Greek hexameters and expounding Jamblicus and Plotinus to passers-by. The discipline in this school was severe, the training strenuous, and the food bad. "Thank heaven!" said Coleridge, "I was flogged instead of being flattered." At one time he fancied himself an atheist, at another he decided to be a shoemaker. The book which most influenced him during these

school days was Bowles's sonnets, which impressed him because of their rare fidelity to nature.

In 1791 he went up to Jesus College, Cambridge. Here he became familiar with Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches." His residence at Cambridge, however, was short. In the December of 1793, he



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772—1834

From the drawing (Age 24) by R. Hancock

enlisted as a private in the army under the name of Silas Tompkins Cumberback (S. T. C.). One of his officers discovered his character and learning, however, by the fact that he had written the Latin line, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*. He was accord-

ingly discharged in the following April. In June, we find him at Oxford with Robert Southey, and in the autumn the two were engaged upon a grand sociological scheme called Pantisocracy, the three cardinal doctrines of which were: (1) That they should go to America; (2) That they should found there a commonwealth in which all property was to be held in common; (3) That each member of the Order should take unto himself a wife. The third item was the only one that ever came to pass. The two poets married two sisters named Fricker.

In 1795 Coleridge published at Bristol a small volume of poems. They were printed by Amos Cottle, a name with which Byron made merry in the line "O Amos Cottle! Phoebus! What a name!" "Once," Byron added, "he was a writer of poems nobody would print; now he is a printer of poems nobody will read." With regard to this early volume of Coleridge's, Byron's statement, for a time at least, proved correct. In order to earn bread and butter, he accordingly started a paper called "The Watchman." It appeared between March 1 and May 13, 1796, being issued every eighth day to avoid the stamp tax. The poet made a tour to get subscribers, but did not succeed. On September 19, his son Hartley Coleridge, himself a famous poet, was born. In December he settled at Nether Stowey, where he made his home for the next four years. On December 31, he wrote his "Ode to the Departing Year."

The year 1797 marks the beginning of Coleridge's maturity. The Wordsworths, William and Dorothy, settled at Alfoxden in July of that year. In June, at Racedown, Coleridge met Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy; as one of them said, "Three people were thereupon made one soul." Wordsworth immediately read his poem "The Ruined Cottage" to Coleridge; then Coleridge read to Wordsworth two acts of his tragedy, "Osorio." The next morning Wordsworth read to Coleridge his tragedy, "The Borderers." Under the influence of this inspiring companionship, Coleridge, on November 13, began the "Ancient Mariner," a poem which all school boys and girls should know by heart. During the fall of this year, he also began "Cristabel," "Kubla Khan," and his lines on "Love." Of these, he finished only the "Ancient Mariner," being already rendered indolent and

ineffective by the use of opium, to which he had been led by the neuralgia caused by his childish adventure in the water.

Somebody, indeed, has called him a man of magnificent beginnings. In spite, however, of the fragmentary condition in which he left these poems, George Saintsbury says of them and says truly: "Here is what one hears at most three or four times in English literature, at most ten or twelve times in all literature—the first note—with its endless echo—promise of a new poetry." What he means is that Wordsworth and Coleridge gave to English poetry a quality of truth illuminated by imagination which it had not possessed since the days of Milton. The fruits of the intellectual activity of these months was given to the world the next year in the form of a book called "Lyrical Ballads." This priceless volume contained, in addition to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Wordsworth's "We are Seven," "Expostulation and Reply," "The Tables Turned," and "Tintern Abbey." In this connection it is worth noting that all of Coleridge's best poetry was written under the influence of Wordsworth. In September of this year, the two friends went together to Germany; among other places, they visited Cologne, about which Coleridge wrote the following famous lines:

"The River Rhine, it is well known,
Does wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?"

The friends returned in July to England and proceeded to visit the Lake country, which they afterward made famous as their home. In December, Coleridge was offered two thousand pounds a year to take charge of the publication of the "Morning Post." He replied, "I would not give up the country and the lazy reading of old folios for two thousand times two thousand pounds—in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year I consider money a real evil."

The opening year of the new century was an eventful one for Coleridge. He published his great tragedy, "Wallenstein," and wrote several short poems,—“The Visit of the Gods,” “A Child’s Question,” his poem on “Metres,” and the “Knight’s Tomb,”—all of which should be read by every student. On September 14, Derwent Coleridge was born. Late in the year we find him visiting Charles Lamb

at Pentonville. Of this occasion Lamb writes: "I am living in a continual feast. Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks."

This bright picture now grows darker. He sought to alleviate the physical pain under which he constantly suffered, by a concoction called the "Kendal Black Drop," the use of which nearly ruined his mind. Between 1802 and 1816, his condition grew constantly worse. In the latter year, however, he was rescued from his troubles by Mr. Gilman, a physician, who lived at Highgate, near London. The work of this unfortunate period may be briefly summarized: In 1802 he wrote his fine poem, "Youth and Age," and in 1804 "Fancy in Nubibus"; in 1808 we find him delivering lectures at the Royal Institute, where he often kept his audience waiting and sometimes did not appear at all; in 1809 and 1810 he published for a time a paper called the "Friend," a literary, moral, and political journal, from the columns of which were excluded personal and party topics and the events of the day. To this period belongs the poem known as the "Devil's Thoughts," which contains some of his most pungent stanzas; for instance:

"From his brimstone bed at break of day,
A-walking the devil is gone
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
And see how this stock gets on.

"Over the hill and over the dale
And he went and over the plain;
And backward and forward he switched his long tail
As a gentleman switches his cane.

"He saw a cottage, with a double coach house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
'Tis pride that apes humility."

In 1813 his tragedy "Remorse" was played at the Drury Lane Theatre and he wrote the fine lines called "Complaint and Reproof."

The last seventeen years of Coleridge's life, while not characterized by much literary activity, were comparatively happy and calm. In 1817 he published a volume called "Biographia Literaria," which, as its name signifies, is filled with material about authors.

In 1824 he met Thomas Carlyle. In 1825 he published a book called "Aids to Reflections." His death occurred July 25, 1834. He composed his own epitaph, which is as follows:

"Stop, Christian passer-by!—Stop, child of God,
 And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
 A poet lies, or that which once seemed he,—
 O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
 That he who many a year with toil of breath
 Found death in life, may here find life in death!
 Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
 He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the same!"

The poetry of Coleridge, incomplete though it is, is genuine in the highest degree. It is best described, perhaps, by some of his own words. In speaking of another writer's work, he says that the reader will rise from its contemplation in a frame of mind which can be best described by the words "inspiration" and "exaltation,"

"For he on honey-dew hath fed
 And drunk the milk of Paradise."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Wordsworth passed his boyhood in the fields, Coleridge among books. How do these respective influences appear in the poetry of the two men?
2. What effect did opium have upon Coleridge?
3. Who was "Silas Tompky'n Cumberback"?
4. What do you think of the doctrine that all property should be held in common? What English poets had such a plan?
5. Read the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" through at one sitting with the door of your room locked to prevent interruption. Immediately write two hundred words expressing your feelings after having read the poem.
6. What significance had the publication of "Lyrical Ballads"?
7. Repeat to the class the anecdote of the offer of the London editorship.
8. Write a five-hundred-word essay comparing the work of Coleridge with that of Wordsworth.
9. Is there anything in Coleridge's poetry that you feel to be imitative of any of his predecessors?
10. Read Lamb's "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago" and tell the class what you discovered of Coleridge's youth.

Suggested Readings.—"Love," "The Ancient Mariner," "Kubla Khan," and "Cristabel" present the essence of romanticism. Pater in his "Appreciations" gives us an excellent monograph on Coleridge.

S. T. Coleridge

CHAPTER XXXI

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

"The frolic and the gentle."—*Wordsworth*.

"O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived."—*Ibid*.

"Love and charity ripened in that nature as peaches ripen on the wall that fronts the sun."—*A. Smith*.

CHARLES LAMB, one of the most engaging personalities in English literature, on April 18, 1827, wrote his autobiography for a dictionary of eminent Britons. It is as follows:

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialties in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*testê suâ manû*): below the middle stature; cast of countenance slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the product of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco; but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding on the public a tale in prose, called "Rosamund Gray"; a dramatic sketch, named "John Woodvil"; a "Farewell Ode to Tobacco," with sundry other poems, and light prose matter collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known

from that name without a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He was also the first to draw the public attention to the old English dramatists, in a work called "Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the time of Shakespeare," published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly.

He died —, 18—, much lamented.¹ 18th April 1827.

Witness his hand,

CHARLES LAMB.

¹ To *anybody*—please to fill up these blanks.—C. L.



CHARLES LAMB

1775—1834

From the drawing (1798) by R. Hancock

This tells everything except that he was almost the best letter-writer who ever lived, one of the most charming of essayists, and a good man, if ever a good man lived. In both him and his sister Mary

there was a strain of hereditary insanity. In the latter this culminated 1796 in a terrible tragedy. A maid irritated her; their mother intervened; and she killed the latter with a knife. Charles by becoming her guardian saved her from an asylum, and sacrificed all other ties and ambitions during thirty-eight years to the fulfillment of this trust. She was not unworthy of such love, being herself a woman of genius, as is evident from three books which the two wrote together: "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807; "Mrs. Leicester's School," 1807; and "Poetry for Children," 1809.

In Lamb's essays and letters we have an autobiography as complete as Boswell's account of Johnson and as attractive as Burns's poems. The first of the "Essays of Elia," that on the "South Sea House," contains several sketches of his official superiors and fellow clerks. We read of a certain Vice-superintendent, who had a stoop like a nobleman's and an intellect that did not reach to a saw or a proverb; of an accountant who thought an accountant the greatest character in the world and himself the greatest of all accountants; and of the inimitable solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation.

The paper on "Oxford in the Vacation" is full of good phrases and sentences. Toying with the theme of Elia's identity he invents the quaint punning verb, "agnize," *agna* being Latin for "lamb." He rhymes *red-letter days* with *dead letter days*. He speaks of the sweet food of academic instruction. He finds a quaint delight in the spits that have cooked for Chaucer. "Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford," he says, "what do most arride and solace me are thy repositories of old learning, thy shelves—" ending the sentence with a dash. In the paper on "Christ's Hospital" he draws a picture of his own school days and of two of his masters. One was the Reverend Matthew Field, who never made the boys work, whose only care was to shut himself up from their uproar, and who so mixed the useful with the agreeable that it would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle. The other was the Reverend James Boyer, a harsh pedant, who laughed at jokes of Terence that were too thin to have moved a Roman muscle even when they were new, who borrowed whips from Field with the sarcastic comment that they had not been

much used, and who applied them with *rabidus furor* to poor trembling children (the maternal milk hardly dry upon their lips). "Poor J. B.! May all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no nether parts to reproach his sublunary infirmities." The same paper sings thus of school friendships: "Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero *De Amicitia* (On Friendship)." Finally comes a picture of Lamb's school and life-long friend, Samuel Taylor Coleridge—even then logician, metaphysician, bard!—the inspired charity boy!

Of all these essays perhaps none makes one chuckle more than "The Two Races of Men." They are the great race and the little race—those who borrow and those who lend. The theme is the infinite superiority of the former. Where can you match Alcibiades, Falstaff, Sir Richard Steele, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan? What a contempt for money (yours and mine) and for the pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* (mine and thine)! Then there are reflections on borrowers of books, with especial reference to Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations! The paper ends with advice to lend books, if lend you must, to such an one as S. T. C., who will return them ahead of time enriched with notes that triple their value. The humor of this consists in the fact that the predatory Comberbatch and the admirable S. T. C. are one and the same, *i.e.*, the author of "The Ancient Mariner."

In the essay on "Ears," handsome volutes to the human capital, Lamb calls them, we find the author frankly confessing himself insensible to pretentious music. "Sentimentally I am inclined to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune," he says. Elsewhere in verse he writes:

"Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolesi?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For all I care, may take Beethoven.

Of Doctor Pepusch old Queen Dido
 Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.
 I would not go four miles to visit
 Sebastian Bach (or Batch, which is it?)”

We are led naturally from this to the essay on “Imperfect Sympathies.” “I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen,” says Elia, “and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me and in truth I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon them. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it was the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me that that was impossible, because he was dead. In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that your true Scot resents your admiration of his countryman even more than he would your contempt.”

There is good matter in all of these compositions, but perhaps extra good in “Dream Children,” “The Praise of Chimney Sweeps,” “The Dissertation on Roast Pig,” “Detached Thoughts on Books,” “Old China,” “The Melancholy of Tailors,” “Table Talk,” and “The Gentle Giantess.” For instance:

“Those tender novices, blooming in their first nigritude. Innocent blacknesses. Palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies. Those white and shiny ossifications (sweeps’ teeth). All is not soot which looks so.”—*Chimney Sweeps*.

“I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ* (love of filth), the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt. The adhesive oleaginous—oh call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud. See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou

have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany mature swinehood? ”—*Roast Pig*.

“ In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia abiblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large, the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and generally all those volumes which no gentleman’s library should be without, the histories of Flavius Josephus, and Paley’s ‘Moral Philosophy.’ With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.”—*Books and Reading*.

“ The adventitious lubricity of melted butter.—We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery.—The greatest pleasure I know is to do good by stealth and have it found out by accident.—’T is unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.—Furniture wives (empty-headed but pretty women).—‘ We read the “Paradise Lost” as a task,’ says Dr. Johnson. ‘Nobody ever wished it longer.’ ‘Nor the moon rounder,’ he might have added. Would we have a cubit added to the stature of the Medician Venus?—Kent, the noblest conception of Shakespeare’s divine mind.”—*Table Talk*.

“ She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. During the months of July and August she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. Softest and largest of thy sex, adieu! Not least, or least handsome, among Oxford’s stately structures. Oxford who, in its deadeast time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.”—*The Gentle Giantess*.

So much for Lamb’s essays. His letters are equally attractive. Somebody has well described them as “high fantastical.” Note these sentences: “My civic and poetic compliments to Southey, if at Bristol. Why, he is a very Leviathan of bards!—the small minnow I. Dream not of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad! I could forgive a man for not enjoying Milton, but I would not call that man my friend who should be offended with the divine chit-chat of Cowper. I am living in a per-

petual feast: Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks. Mary is just stuck fast in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' She complains of having to set forth so many female characters in boys' clothes. She begins to think that Shakespeare must have wanted—imagination! The first duty of an author is, I take it, never to pay anything. Have taken a room to be in between five and eight at night to avoid my *nocturnal*, alias *knock-eternal*, visitors! No new style here; all the styles are old, and some of the gates too for that matter. What a nice holiday I got on Wednesday by virtue of a princess dying! They are most like what we might suppose Petrarch would have written if Petrarch had been a fool. I have meat and drink and decent apparel; at least I shall when I get a new hat. It was quite a mistake to think that I could dislike anything you should write against Lord Byron; for I have a thorough aversion to his character, and a very moderate admiration of his genius; he is great in so little a way. Being asked if his father (William Wordsworth) had ever been on Westminster Bridge, he answered that he did not know. Harmless red ink, or, as the witty mercantile phrase hath it, clerk's blood. Leg of lamb, as before, hot at four. And the heart of Lamb forever! They (the custom-house people) could not comprehend how a waistcoat marked Henry Robinson could be a part of Miss Lamb's wearing apparel. So they seized it for the King, who will probably appear in it at the next levee. Shelley I saw once. His voice was the most obnoxious squeak I ever was tormented with, ten thousand times worse than the laureate's, whose voice is the worst thing about him except his laureateship. My essays want no preface; they are all preface. The pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. Why did you give it me? I do not like you enough to give you anything so good. A middle-aged gentleman and a half. I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; duller than a country stage when the actors are off (on?) it; a cipher, an O! I can't distinguish beef from mutton. My skull is a Grub Street attic, to let. A line of Wordsworth is a lever to lift the immortal spirit; Byron can only move the spleen. Summer, as my friend Coleridge waggishly writes, has set in with his usual severity. A Scotchman assured me he did not see much in Shakespeare. I replied, 'I dare say not.' He felt the

equivoke, looked awkward and reddish, but soon returned to the attack by saying that he thought Burns was as good as Shakespeare. I said I had no doubt he was—to a Scotchman. I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. I can't describe the howl the widow set up at proper intervals. Dash could, for it is not unlike what he makes. The story is as simple as George Dyer and the language as plain as his spouse. The burly old Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman, every stun of him. We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums.' Has Mrs. He-mans (double masculine) done anything pretty lately? Cats, put 'em on a rug before the fire, wink their eyes up, and then purr, which is *their poetry*."

And so one might quote on and on. Is it any wonder that Wordsworth called Lamb the frolic and the gentle? And yet extracts do him scant justice. His letters need to be read entire. In lieu thereof, look into a few of them. In 8 you will find tragedy. In 56 he runs riot in airy persiflage about George Dyer, the old dramatists, and mathematics. In 59 he invites the friendly, the mathematical Manning, to visit him; surely no mortal could resist the enticement of that note. In 78, to Wordsworth, he chants the charms of London as superior to those of the lakes and mountains of Cumberland. In 188 he moralizes on the coxcombry of taught charity. In 240 he tells of his manumission on a pension of 441 pounds from the slavery of Leadenhall Street. In 285 he relates with mingled pathos and humor the life, works, and death of old Norris, the librarian of the Temple. In 196 he tells, in a fashion that teachers and pupils must like, how he taught, or rather did not teach, Latin to Emma. Dogs, or rather his dog Dash, are the theme of 307.

Lamb was also a poet in a small way. His "Farewell to Tobacco" is rich in fancies and in images, while in "When maidens such as Hester die" there is real pathos. His best and most familiar verses, however, are these:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In the days of my childhood, in my joyful school days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

.

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What do you know of Lamb's family life; how is it reflected in his essays?
2. Who was Lamb's most famous school companion?
3. Aside from his essays, upon what form of literature rests Lamb's fame?
4. In what period of English literature did he succeed in awakening an interest?
5. Read "Dream Children" and write one hundred words upon its literary quality.
6. Who was Elia?
7. Writing was Lamb's recreation. Make a list of fifteen authors whom you have been studying and determine in the case of each whether he made literature his profession or recreation.
8. Imitating Lamb's form of treatment, write an essay of two hundred words upon his character.
9. Tell the class Lamb's mode of life. Does it correspond to our automobile-and-express-train existence?
10. Write two hundred words, comparing the appeal of Lamb's essays with that of any other man whom you have studied.

Suggested Readings.—In "Poor Relations," "Oxford in the Vacation," "Dream Children," "The Praise of Chimney Sweeps," and in any of his letters that you may obtain in the library you will find out more about Charles Lamb than you will in any book written by some one else about him.

CHAPTER XXXII

LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

"A person of the most consummate genius."—*Shelley*.

"The teeth-grinding, glass-eyed, lone Caloyer."—*Carlyle*.

LORD BYRON was born January 22, 1788, in London. He was descended from a family of Norse pirates, who had come over with William the Conqueror, who had received the Priory of Newstead from Henry VIII, who had fought bravely for Charles II against Cromwell, and among whom in the eighteenth century had been a distinguished sailor, John Byron, who was known as "Foul-weather Jack." Byron's father was a spendthrift and abandoned his wife and child. There may have been some excuse for this, as she was a woman of violent temper and singularly unfortunate lack of judgment. Her own son admitted that she was a fool. On one occasion she flung a poker at his head and she finally died in a paroxysm of rage caused by reading an upholsterer's bill. Her son inherited the temperament of his mother, his father's morals, a head the beauty of which artists loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which beggars in the street mimicked. The result was that, throughout his life, though he was one of the most gifted, he was also one of the unhappiest of men.

His secondary education was at Harrow, whither he was sent 1801. Here he became proficient with his fists, played on the cricket team, obtained a smattering of German, learned to read French, and mastered Italian. He was also a great reader, consuming much history and biography, some philosophy, a little divinity, all the novels then extant, some good Greek and many mediocre English orators, and all of the poets. He fought George Sinclair's battles and George in return did his school exercises. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, 1805, and took his degree 1808. At Trinity his most noteworthy exploits were to introduce a tame bear as a candidate for a fellowship, which pleased the faculty not, and to publish a book of

verses called "Hours of Idleness," which were just good enough to attract the attention of Lord Brougham and just bad enough to cause him to publish a scathing criticism of them in the "Edinburgh Review."

This event roused in Byron all the fury of the old Viking blood that filled his veins. For a year he studied Pope and then launched at his tormentor an imitation of the "Dunciad" called "English



LORD BYRON

1788—1824

From the portrait by R. Westall.

Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Though far inferior in wit and vigor to its original, it served its purpose well. Nobody thereafter ventured to doubt its author's ability to sting. Such couplets as these stick like burrs in the memory:

"Prepare for rhyme! I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme. Let satire be my song."

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

"With just enough of learning to misquote."

"O Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!"

Byron, indeed, spent most of his remaining years in explaining that youth and anger instead of judgment had dictated the insults to Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge contained in the poem, but nobody thereafter referred to his writings with contempt.

He celebrated his emancipation from Cambridge by entertaining a number of choice spirits at Newstead, where they entered the mansion between a bear and a wolf amid a volley of pistol shots; sat up all night talking philosophy, politics, and poetry; drank from a human skull; breakfasted at two in the afternoon; read, fenced, rode, cricketed, sailed, played with the bear, and teased the wolf. He then went abroad, travelling for two years in Spain, Greece, and Turkey. In Spain he had several interesting flirtations; in the Troad he shot snipes and visited the tomb of Achilles; he swam the Hellespont, as Leander had, a feat of which he was inordinately proud; he had as host in Turkey a poisoner and an assassin. Finally he settled down for a long visit in Athens, where he liked the history, the climate, and at least one of the ladies, to whom he addressed the famous song beginning:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give, me back my heart.
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now and take the rest.
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωὴ μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.
(Zoë mou, sas agapo)
(Life of mine, thee I love).

He returned to England in 1811, bringing with him a sort of poetic diary of his travels, written in Spenserian stanzas, which was published February, 1812, under the title of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

"Harold" captivated the public. As Byron himself said, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. The poem ran through seven editions in four weeks. Its early popularity has had no parallel among English poems save Pope's Homer, Burns's second volume, and Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Picturesque, powerful, and elo-

quent, it opened up a field of description new to English readers. Many of its sonorous lines speedily became and still remain part and parcel of the language. It is no wonder that the public was delighted with such verses as these:

"O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land (Spain)."
Canto I. Stanza 15.

"By Heaven! it (a battle) is a splendid sight to see
For one who hath no friend, no brother there."
I. 11.

"Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won and passed away; is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power."
II. 2.

"The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul."
II. 6.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms and view her stores unrolled."
II. 25.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"
II. 73.

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"
II. 76.

"When riseth Lacædemon's hardihood,
When Thebes' Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then mayst thou be restored, but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust."
II. 84.

"Land of lost gods and godlike men."
II. 85.

For two years after the publication of these two cantos, Byron

was the spoiled child of society. During this period he added to his fame by publishing "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "The Siege of Corinth," "Lara," and "Parisina," which are all vigorous Oriental romances, full of love, crime, and adventure. They were all written hastily, all won instant popularity, and all contain gleams of real poetry. For instance:

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

The Giaour.

"Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock."

Ibid.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime!
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul (rose) in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East! 'Tis the land of the Sun!
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
O wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell."

The Bride of Abydos.

"He makes a solitude and calls it peace."

Ibid.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

The Corsair.

"There was a laughing devil in his sneer."

Ibid.

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
Not as, in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Ibid.

"He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

Ibid.

During this period he also wrote "The Waltz," a savage attack on that dance, then newly imported from Germany; an "Ode to Napoleon," who had just fallen; and "Hebrew Melodies." The "Ode" contains a tribute to Washington, whom Byron calls the Cincinnatus of the West. Among the "Melodies" are several still familiar pieces, "She Walks in Beauty," "The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept," "The Wild Gazelle on Judah's Hills," "Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom," and "The Assyrian came down like a Wolf on the Fold." As a result of his poetry, he met the Prince Regent, narrowly escaped being appointed poet-laureate, and became fast friends with Walter Scott. As a result of his poetry plus his peerage and his beauty, he was besieged by women. To escape them he married Miss Milbanke January 2, 1815. She endured his society just a year, when she left him for reasons which the world does not yet know. He was accused of every possible and impossible vice, being compared to Sardanapalus, Nero, Tiberius, the Duke of Orleans, Heliogabalus, and Satan. Feeling that, if what was said of him was true, he was unfit for England, if false England was unfit for him, he left it forever.

He journeyed by way of Brussels and the Rhine to Switzerland. Here, in the congenial company of Percy Bysshe Shelley, he sought in fresh poetic enterprises to forget his troubles. Among other things he wrote in Switzerland the "Prisoner of Chillon" and the third canto of "Childe Harold." Finally he crossed the Alps, and settled November, 1816, in Italy, where he lived until 1824. During these eight years he completed the fourth and last canto of "Childe Harold"; wrote three more narrative poems, "Beppo," "Mazeppa," and the "Island"; produced a series of misanthropic and undramatic tragedies, of which "Cain" is the best artistically and the worst morally; wrote "Darkness," the most terrible, and "The Vision of Judgment," the funniest of his poems; and put together "Don Juan," a narrative poem in sixteen cantos, which is richer in humor and more accurate in description than any of his other works.

The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," which appeared 1818, revealed Byron's real power. In the third he takes his readers to Brussels; and paints a picture of the ball given by the Duke of Wellington the night before the battle of Waterloo. There was a

sound of revelry by night. Music arose with its voluptuous swell. Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again and all went merry as a marriage bell until the cannon's opening roar. Even then the ball continued.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The hurrying to and fro, the sudden partings, the awful morn after night so sweet, the mounting in hot haste, and then the battle, are depicted in words that live and will live for ages. Napoleon's fate causes Byron to exclaim:

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

He then journeys up the Rhine, to which he pays eloquent tribute; comes to the Alps, the palaces of Nature; and rests by the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. The fourth canto is devoted to Italy. It begins,

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,"

and goes on with tributes to Tasso; Dante; Ariosto, the southern Scott; Tully, Rome's least mortal mind; the starry Galileo and his woes; and Rome itself.

"O Rome! my country! city of the soul!"

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe."

"The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride."

"Alas the lofty city, and alas
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page.

"Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base."

He goes on to describe the gladiator, butchered to make a Roman holiday; the Coliseum; the Pantheon; the Laocoön; and the Apollo Belvedere. Sick of the ruin he has beheld, he cries:

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister."

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less but nature more."

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore."

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?"

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."

In "Beppo" and "Don Juan" Byron abandoned the somewhat grandiloquent style of his earlier poems and along with it some of their gloom. They are written in what is called ottava rima, the stanzas being constructed thus:

"I love the language, that soft broken Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables that breathe of the warm South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all."

This lends itself well both to serious description and to biting wit. For example:

"For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager."

Beppo. Stanza 27.

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly—have they not henpecked you all?"

Don Juan. Canto I. Stanza 22.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming and look brighter when we come."

Ibid. Canto I. Stanza 123.

"He was the mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

Ibid. Canto III. Stanza 41.

- "But words are things and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
Don Juan. Canto III. Stanza 88.
- "There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
Throws up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."
Ibid. Canto V. Stanza 5.
- "That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."
Ibid. Canto V. Stanza 49.
- "The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."
Ibid. Canto VIII. Stanza 3.
- "Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was *Grose*."
Ibid. Stanza 18.

Amid these poetical labors and the pleasures of Italian society, Byron grew prematurely old. Tired of Italy, tired of fame, and tired of life, he thought for a while of going to the United States. While he was yet undecided on this point, Greece rose in rebellion against the Turks. He had always loved the oppressed race and recently in "Don Juan" had included some of the finest of his verses in an attempt to rouse them.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone
I dreamed that Greece might yet be free.

"Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ.

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave;
Think ye he meant them for a slave?"

He determined to join the revolutionists, crossed over to Greece, and threw himself unreservedly into the labors of the campaign they were waging. The effort, however, was more than his broken constitution could bear; he contracted a swamp fever; and died at Missolonghi March 19, 1824, perishing, as he himself said, not *martially* but *marsh-ally*. On his last birthday, January 22, 1824, he had written and handed to Captain Stanhope some verses which sum up not ignobly his tragic career:

" 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love.

" My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

" Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest."

Byron's fame has undergone several fluctuations. In his own day and generation he was adored by most, execrated by some, and read by all. Among his admirers were Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and Thomas Campbell. Robert Southey regarded him as the principle of evil incarnate. Over the young and the susceptible he exercised a peculiarly powerful and baneful influence. From the poetry of the noble lord, to quote Macaulay's words, these enthusiasts drew a system of morals compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, a system in which the two chief commandments were to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife. Gradually he lost his popularity. A generation grew up to whom his poetry seemed only vigorous rhetoric. Little by little it was perceived that Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley were all greater poets. Nevertheless, at the present time it is generally acknowledged that, in spite of his literary faults, there is much of his verse that is destined to live as long as any English poetry. On the continent of Europe, where his pecu-

liar ethics do not shock and where his eloquent championship of liberty shines in contrast with real tyranny, he has never lost favor. Goethe, the greatest of German poets, regarded Byron as the greatest English poet.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What do you know of Byron's parents and ancestors?
2. Tell of Byron's temperament and career at school and college.
3. What was the motive for writing "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"?
4. What had Byron been doing the two years immediately preceding the publication of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"?
5. Describe his career immediately following the publication of this poem?
6. Discuss the lines:
 "He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below."
7. What are the great qualities in "Don Juan"? In what period of the author's life was it written?
8. Discuss in a composition of two hundred words the thought and stimulus you have derived from this poet.
9. Whom do you consider the greater poet, Scott or Byron; Wordsworth or Byron?
10. What are the qualities in Byron, the man, that you like?

Suggested Readings.—The third Canto of "Childe Harold," "The Isles of Greece," "Manfred," "Ode to Napoleon," and "She Walks in Beauty" will give you some conception of this poet's strength and beauty. Roden Noel's "Life of Byron" is an excellent little work; Edward John Trelawney's "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron" offers a most interesting intimate acquaintance with the two poets.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

"The best and least selfish man I ever knew."—*Byron*.

"Shelley, beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."—*Matthew Arnold*.

BORN August 2, 1792, Shelley was descended from an ancient and honorable family. He entered Eton 1804 and Oxford 1810. Next year he was expelled because of the publication of an anonymous pamphlet called "The Necessity of Atheism," an action which certainly was not justifiable on the ground of its damage to religion but perhaps pardonable on the score of its badness as a composition. He was twice married, in 1811 and 1816. His first wife, a silly girl, committed suicide; his second, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1797-1851), was a woman of genius.

In 1817 the Shelleys met Byron in Geneva, where they amused themselves by reading German ghost stories and imitating them. In consequence Mrs. Shelley wrote her romance of "Frankenstein," in which she tells, with a power akin to Poe's or Stevenson's, how a German student, after dabbling in magic and chemistry, constructs a monster eight feet high, which, being given the breath of life after revolting experiments, becomes the bane of his life and finally drives him to the Arctic regions and suicide.

During the remainder of his life Shelley lived in Italy, writing exquisite letters, composing immortal poetry, and reading until he became so stooped that he could not swim. In spite of the latter fact, on July 4, 1822, he went out in the Mediterranean in a yacht which, against the advice of his friend Trelawney, had been built on a defective model. On July 19, the poet's body was found on the beach.

Morally, Shelley was one of the best of men. Poetically, he belongs in the same class with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats. The delicacy of his nature led Arnold to describe him with felicity as "Shelley, beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." The truth of this characterization at once becomes

apparent to anybody who studies his longer poems. The first of these, "Queen Mab," is a work of impassioned reasoning and passionate rhetoric. The second, "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," reveals him as a master artist. The third, "The Revolt of Islam," says Swin-



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792—1822

From the portrait by Amelia Curran

burne, shows how Spenserian stanzas should be written as surely as "Childe Harold" shows how they should not. "Julian and Mad-dalo" contains the finest portrait of Lord Byron and the finest picture of Venice in existence. The song of the delivered earth and the final

chant of Demogorgon in "Prometheus Unbound" can hardly be compared with anything outside of Shakespeare or the Bible. "The Cenci" is as terrible, as noble, and as simple as any of Marlowe's tragedies. "Adonaïs," an elegy on Keats, is one of the four greatest poems of its class in English, the others being Milton's "Lycidas," Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

It is by his shorter poems, however, that Shelley is best known. Swinburne calls them scraps of heaven and shreds of paradise. The "Ode to the West Wind" is one of the supreme poems of all time, beyond and outside and above all criticism, all praise, and all thanksgiving. The "Letter to Maria Gisborne," the "Hymn to Hermes," and the "Witch of Atlas" are joyous and high-spirited little masterpieces. The "Ode to Liberty" and the "Ode to Naples" are noble expressions of the hatred of tyranny and the faith in republican government which from first to last characterized their author. "Are-thusa," "The Cloud," and "The Sensitive Plant" are fascinating fancies. But the "Ode to a Skylark" is perhaps the best, as it is certainly the best known, of Shelley's poems.

Coleridge, whose disciple Shelley was, lived twice as long as his pupil but did not do a twentieth part of Shelley's good work. How good that work was may be guessed from the following extracts and quotations:

"The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams."

The Spirit of Solitude.

"Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours."

Prometheus Unbound.

"Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes."

Ibid.

"The path through which that lovely twain

Have past by cedar, pine, and yew,

And each dark tree that ever grew

Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue.

And the gloom divine is all around;

And underneath is the mossy ground."

Ibid.

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,

Adonaïs.

"Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;

They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Julian and Maddalo.

"For Winter came; the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles."

The Sensitive Plant.

"O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

"Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

"The winged seeds . . ."

"O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Ode to the West Wind.

"In songs whose music cannot pass away,
Though it must flow forever."

Ode to Liberty.

"King-deluded Germany."

Ibid.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

To a Skylark.

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

Ibid.

"Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest."

To Maria Gisborne.

"As the ghost of Homer sings
Round Scamander's wasting springs;
As divinest Shakespeare's might
Fills Avon and the world with light."

The Euganean Hills.

"Our boat is asleep on Serchio's Stream:
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream."

The Boat on the Serchio.

"I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:

'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

Ozymandias.

"That orb'd maiden
With white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon."

The Cloud.

Macaulay, whose judgment of poets and poetry is usually sound, says of Shelley: "The strong imagination of Shelley made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold, dark metaphysical system he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic, and godlike forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and color. They were no longer mere words, but 'intelligible forms'; 'fair humanities'; objects of love, of adoration, or of fear. As there can be no stronger sign of a mind destitute of the poetical faculty than that tendency which was so common among the writers of the French school to turn images into abstraction—Venus, for example, into Love; Minerva into Wisdom; Mars into War; Bacchus into Festivity—so there can be no stronger sign of a mind truly poetical than a disposition to reverse this abstracting process and to make individuals out of generalities. Some of the metaphysical and ethical theories of Shelley were certainly most absurd and pernicious. But we doubt whether any modern poet has possessed in an equal degree some of the highest qualities of the great ancient masters. His poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration. Had he lived to the full age of man he might not improbably have given to the world some great work of the very highest rank in design and execution."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy." What effect do you believe it had upon the conservative England of one hundred years ago?
2. Who wrote "Frankenstein"?
3. How large a gap in form, in thought, in subject-matter, is there between the poetry of Pope and that of Shelley?

4. Shelley was a radical; from your English history discover the attitude of English statesmen to radicalism between the years 1815-1825.
5. How true an estimate of Shelley was Matthew Arnold's "a pale ineffectual spirit, beating his luminous wings in the void"?
6. Shelley's note was essentially lyrical. How great a part has lyricism played in the poetry of the romantic movement?
7. Compare Shelley's spirit to Byron's. In what were they alike and how did they differ?
8. In what poem are the following lines:

"Life, like a dome of many colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity"?

9. Macaulay said of Shelley: "His poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration." Discuss this thought.
10. Write a two-hundred-word composition upon the life and poetry of Shelley.

Suggested Readings.—"The Cloud," "To a Skylark," "Ode to the West Wind," and "Adonaïs" will give the reader but a taste of the consistent beauty of this poet. Dowden's "Life of Shelley" is excellent; T. J. Hogg's "Shelley at Oxford" is a delightful contemporary account.

CHAPTER XXXIV

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

"His fragment of "Hyperion" seems actually inspired by the Titans and is as sublime as *Aischylus*."—*Byron*.

"John Keats was one of those sweet and glorious spirits who descend like the angel messengers of old, to discharge some divine command, not to dwell here."—*W. Howitt*.

SOMEBODY has said of John Keats that, after he grew up, he was unable to write bad poetry. He certainly produced some of the most exquisite verse of all time. He was the eldest son of a London stable-keeper. His education, owing to the death of both his parents, stopped short in his fifteenth year.

He was then apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, where he worked until, in 1814, he removed to London in order to be near the hospitals. His passion for poetry led him, however, to abandon the medical profession and subsist on his small inheritance. In 1817 he published a volume of poems, which contained the famous sonnet, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Early in 1818 this was followed by his first long poem, "Endymion," which he himself condemned as immature and which "Blackwood's Magazine" and the "Quarterly Review" attacked so savagely that the story arose that his death was due to their fury. This legend has been kept alive by Byron's famous quatrain:

"Who killed John Keats?
'I,' says the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly,
"Twas one of my feats."

As a matter of fact they disturbed him little. Instead of worrying about the opinions of obscure hack writers or attempting to reply to their criticisms, he composed during 1818-1819 an answer which forever silenced them. In other words, he wrote "Isabella," "Hyperion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," several wonderful odes, a number of scarcely less wonderful sonnets, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and "The Eve of St. Mark." In the midst of these labors

he was attacked by consumption, during the early autumn of 1820 sought refuge in Italy from its ravages, and after much suffering died in Rome, February 23, 1821.

"Endymion" is a romance in four books. The adventures of its hero are the experiences of the poetic soul in its search for union with



JOHN KEATS

1795—1821

From the portrait by W. Hilton

ideal beauty. Keats's efforts to work out this conception resulted in a poem as fragmentary as a broken dream, but full of beauty and valuable as a record of the tumult of emotions and images in a youth-

ful poet's mind. Its vague random tunefulness is well shown in its famous opening lines:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of deep peace and health and quiet breathing.
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery chain to bind us to the earth
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble hearts."

The poem also contains this:

"He ne'er is crowned
With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."

In "Endymion" Keats had used heroic couplets modelled on those of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." That is, the couplets, instead of standing apart, had run together. In "Lamia," influenced by Dryden, Keats wrote with more firmness but less charm. The poem shows, however, a great advance in narrative skill, it has a sort of fire that takes hold of people, and it contains lines of great beauty. The following quotations show its power and style:

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust,
Is, God forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a shepherd's fast."

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things:
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings."

"Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," is a tale of unhappy love, written in the ottava rima and transplanted from an Italian original. It is a tragic tale told by a master hand, but in "The Eve of St. Agnes" Keats did still better. It is written in the Spenserian stanza. Its effectiveness grows from contrasting the cold, storm, old age, and enmity outside with the warmth, peace, youth, and bliss within Madeleine's chamber. Unlike "Isabella" it is a happy tale. Among its many fine lines are these:

"Sudden a thought came like a full blown rose
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot."

"And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna, and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

Keats's genius is seen at its best, however, in his odes. In the "Ode to a Nightingale," he writes:

"O, for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stained mouth."

In the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," amid a score of other perfect phrases, we find this:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

The idea on which these great poems and the almost equally great "Ode to Autumn" are built is that common things are transitory, and that escape from weariness, fever, and fret can be made only on the viewless wings of poetry.

Like Keats's own life, his last poem, "Hyperion," is a fragment. It ends before it is well begun. Written as it is in Miltonic blank verse and obviously in imitation of "Paradise Lost," its opening passages show Saturn after his overthrow by Jove, as "Paradise Lost" shows Satan after his expulsion from heaven. It begins in a style not altogether unworthy of its great model:

"Deep in the shady silence of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone.

"It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one . . .
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel.

"How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 . . . Some words she spake
 In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents—O how frail
 To that large utterance of the early Gods!"

Not altogether frail, however, is this passage even when used side by side with the corresponding passage in Milton:

"Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal . . . o'erwhelm'd
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,

 He soon discerns, and weltering by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began:
 'If thou beest he; but oh, how fallen! how changed
 From him who in the happy fields of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright!"

Keats died at twenty-six. Milton wrote this passage at fifty-two or thereabouts. At twenty-six Milton had not even written "L'Allegro," let alone "Paradise Lost." It is idle to speculate on what Keats might have done had he lived, but it is worth while to remember that, at twenty-six, he had done more than had been accomplished at the same age by Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, or Tennyson.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is the meaning of:
 "He ne'er is crowned
 With immortality who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead?"
2. What aspects of romanticism are illustrated in Keats's poetry?
3. How was "Endymion" received?

4. Some of Keats's greatest work is contained in his narrative poems. Name three other English poets who used this form.
5. Name some of the great Reviews published in Keats's day and still published.
6. What aspects of the world did Keats most cherish?
7. Keats is sometimes called "The poet of the senses." Why?
8. Tell to the class the story of Keats's life.
9. Of what importance do you consider the thought, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?
10. Read "The Ode to a Nightingale" and write one hundred words presenting its beauties, its subject, and its philosophy.

Suggested Readings.—"To a Grecian Urn," "To a Nightingale," "La Belle Dame sans Merci," "Ode to Autumn," "Fancy," Sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," Sonnet commencing "When I have fears that I may cease to be," and "St. Agnes's Eve" should all be read. Rossetti's "Life of Keats" takes its place as worthy collateral reading.

CHAPTER XXXV

OTHER EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY WRITERS

"My dear Rogers, if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered, and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."—*Sidney Smith*.

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."—*Byron* (of *Crabbe*).

"When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow I hate him; but, dash it, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.'"—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore."

—*Professor Wilson*.

GEORGE CRABBE (1754–1832), after a hard youth, attracted the notice of Edmund Burke, and through his influence became a happy country curate and a popular poet. "The Village" and "The Parish Register" are his best works. In them he depicts the rural life of his day with such fidelity and success that Byron called him "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." His usual metre is the heroic couplet modelled on Pope's. Horace Smith indeed called him a Pope in worsted stockings. Within his field Crabbe is a powerful and genuine poet.

William Blake (1757–1827) has been finely called the first who burst into that silent sea of imaginative poetry that was unknown to readers of Pope. His "Poetical Sketches" were written between 1768 and 1777, five years before the publication of Cowper's "Poems," nine before Burns's, and fifteen before "The Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge. It is probable that Blake was the poetical preceptor of both the last-named bards. At all events, Wordsworth wrote of him: "His poems undoubtedly are the production of insane genius, but there is something in the madness of this man that interests me more than the sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Blake died unknown, yet in his "Songs of Innocence" he left the world a priceless book. To this day it remains the best of all volumes of

children's poetry. To its songs may be traced the beginnings of the modern reverence for childhood. Every student of English literature should copy into his notebook, or, better, learn by heart, "The Introduction to Songs of Innocence," "Infant Joy," "Infant Sorrow," and "The Tiger."

Samuel Rogers (1763-1855) was at once a rich banker, a man of the world, and a popular poet. His chief works were "The Pleasures of Memory" 1792, "Human Life" 1819, and "Italy" 1822. Of



WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

From the portrait by Thomas Phillips

the first, fifteen editions were required before 1806. The first and second were written in heroic couplets, the third in blank verse. Rogers believed in making haste slowly; it took him nine years to write his "Pleasures of Memory," nine to finish his "Human Life," and sixteen to complete his "Italy." To authors in distress he was a generous patron, to those in prosperity a jovial host. He was noted

for his wit. When somebody said that a certain loquacious fellow was growing deaf, he said: "It is from want of practice." When a member of parliament criticized him, he wrote:

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it;
He has a heart—he gets his speeches by it."

In "Human Life" he describes a wife as

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing."

In one of his short poems, "On a Tear," he thus states Newton's law of gravitation:

"That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,—
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

Every student should read his story of "Ginevra" from "Italy." It is a tragic tale finely told. Rogers himself in the same poem described his own career and character with accuracy:

"Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action."

Byron admired Rogers excessively and recorded his admiration in a pyramid in which he undertook to show the relative literary eminence of his contemporaries. Every item in it is wrong. Observe that Shelley, Keats, Jane Austen, and Byron himself are conspicuous by their absence. To reconstruct the pyramid in accordance with the facts is a good exercise.

Scott
Rogers
Moore Crabbe
Coleridge
Wordsworth
Southey The many

About a hundred of the hymns of James Montgomery (1771–1854) are still in common use. Some of his poems contain bits of real poetry. For instance:

"Hope against hope and ask till ye receive."

The World Before the Flood.

"Joy too exquisite to last
And yet more exquisite when past."

The Little Cloud.

"Remembered joys are never past."

Ibid.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

Friends.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Life and Death.

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found?"

God's Goodness.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed."

Prayer.

Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1820) was a great original investigator in physics and chemistry, a good story-teller, a poet, and a fisherman. He founded the science of agricultural chemistry; was the first to decompose potash, soda, baryta, strontia, lime, and magnesia; and discovered laughing gas, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium, and magnesium. In 1815 he invented the safety lamp for miners. His "Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing," is an excellent imitation of Izaak Walton.

In 1799 there was published in Edinburgh a poem called the "Pleasures of Hope," which contained this passage about Poland:

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

"The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below,

The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Burst the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!"

The author of this tremendous sermon on the results of unpreparedness was Thomas Campbell (1777-1844). The "Pleasures of Hope" went through four editions in a year, and is still well worth reading. Campbell wrote several other poems that can hardly fail to interest American students. Among these are "Gertrude of Wyoming," a story in Spenserian stanzas of the 1778 Indian massacres in Pennsylvania; "Lochiel's Warning"; "The Battle of the Baltic," a superb battlepiece; "Ye Mariners of England," the best naval ode ever written; "Hohenlinden"; "The Exile of Erin"; "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a perfect ballad; "Ode to the Memory of Burns"; "The Soldier's Dream"; "The Last Man," and "The Song of the Greeks." Sir Walter Scott said that Campbell had wings that would bear him to the skies. Another critic declares that he is sure of an immortality of quotation. Some of his best lines and stanzas follow:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Pleasures of Hope.

"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

Ibid.

"Like angel-visits, few and far between."

Ibid.

"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

Gertrude of Wyoming.

"But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?"

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!"

Ibid.

"Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one."

Lochiel's Warning.

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before."

Ibid.

"Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the earth and his feet to the foe!
 And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame."

Ibid.

"Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!"

Ye Mariners of England.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."

Ibid.

"The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return."

Ibid.

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

Hohenlinden.

"But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night."

Ibid.

"The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave."

Ibid.

"Few, few, shall part where many meet."

Ibid.

"The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages."

The New Year.

"Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness."

Ibid.

"United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame."

To the United States.

"Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars;
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negroes' scars."

Ibid.

"An original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me,
Excepting Original Sin."

For an Album.

Charles Wolfe (1791–1823) wrote one poem, “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” which has made the names of both live. Every student should copy it into his note-book.

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was expelled from school 1792 for publishing an article against flogging; at Oxford learned a little swimming and boating; in 1794 met Coleridge and with him was infected by a disease called Pantisocracy, which led them to wish to get married and found in Pennsylvania a community in which all goods should be held in common; tried to master medicine but could not endure the dissecting room; failed at law because it was too dry; settled 1803 at Keswick in the Lake Country; published over a hundred volumes, not to mention over a hundred magazine articles; supported his own family and Coleridge’s; was appointed poet-laureate 1813; collected a library of 14,000 volumes; and died worth 12,000 pounds. There have been better poets than he was, but no poet was ever a better man. His literary fame rests on his “Life of Nelson”; on a few short poems, of which the best is “The Battle of Blenheim,” an immortal sermon against the folly of war; and on the fact that he succeeded in exciting the enmity of Lord Byron. Of Southey’s long poems, Byron said: “They will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but not till then.” Of the personal appearance of the unlucky bard, the noble lord wrote: “To have his head and shoulders I would almost be willing to have written his sapphics.” In 1821 Southey as poet-laureate wrote a piece called “The Vision of Judgment,” in which he described, with excellent intentions but a ludicrous lack of poetical or common sense, how George III was received in Heaven. Byron thereupon composed a “Vision of Judgment” of his own for the purpose of heaping ridicule on Southey, relating irreverently and wittily how George applied for admission to Heaven, how a fierce debate arose between devils and angels for possession of the monarch, how Southey was asked to assist in the deliberations, how he proceeded to do so by reading his own poem on the subject, how St. Peter thereupon knocked him down with his keys, how he fell like Phaethon into his lake at Keswick, and how in the confusion the old king slipped unnoticed into Heaven. The poem ends with this couplet:

“And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.”

To the roar of laughter which greeted this satire, Southey replied not ineffectually by describing Byron as high priest of the Satanic school, a name which stuck. Some of Southey's poems, however, are distinguished by admirable feeling, others by equally admirable humor. To get an adequate idea of the latter one should read "The Cataract of Lodore," "The Devil's Walk," and "The March to Moscow." Of the former one passage from "The Curse of Kehama" is sufficient proof:

"They sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly;
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
 Earthly these passions of the earth;
 They perish where they had their birth;
 But Love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame forever burneth;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An overpayment of delight?"

This age produced in William Hazlitt (1778-1830), Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), and Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), three great literary critics and essayists. Their writings for the most part are, however, too subtle and technical to be understood or appreciated by beginners in literature.

Sydney Smith (1771-1845) was a clergyman by profession, a liberal in politics, and in wit a second Swift without Swift's bitterness. Along with Jeffrey and Brougham in 1802 he founded the Edinburgh Review, proposing as its motto "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*," "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," but this was rejected by his colleagues because it was too true and too clever. Like Swift's, his writings were mostly for immediate practical effect and hence are no longer read. As Johnson lives chiefly to-day in the pages of

Boswell, Smith's best sayings are preserved for us in "A Memoir" by his daughter, Lady Holland, which is one of the most readable biographies in the language. Among countless other good things it contains these:

"It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding."—*Chapter II.*

"No one minds what Jeffrey says. He respects nothing. It is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the equator."—*Ibid.*

"He has been accustomed to live alone with his grandmother, which, though a highly moral life, is not an amusing one."—*Chapter VI.*

"Omnes ibimus ad Diabolum, et Bonaparte nos conquerabit, et dabit Hollandiam Domum ad unum corporalium suorum, et ponet ad mortem Joannem Allenium."—*Ibid.*

"Next to the Congreve rocket, he (Samuel Rogers) is the most mischievous and powerful of modern inventions."—*Ibid.*

"Does it make the chimney worse than before? for this is the general result of all improvements recommended by friends."—*Chapter VIII.*

"I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well."—*Chapter IX.*

"There are three sexes,—men, women, and clergymen."—*Ibid.*

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."—*Ibid.*

"Heat, ma'am? It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it to take off my flesh and sit in my bones."—*Ibid.*

"The frost is God's plough, which he drives through every inch of ground, opening each clod and pulverizing the whole."—*Chapter XI.*

"The apothecaries' boys change labels for their amusement. So Lady F. takes Lord D.'s embrocation, and Lord D. rubs his leg with her draught, but it answers just as well."—*Ibid.*

"I entered a room with glass all round it, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted of course."—*Ibid.*

"Macaulay is like a book in breeches. He has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful."—*Ibid.*

"In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style."—*Ibid.*

"I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, 'Out, damned Spot!' but she did not think it sentimental enough."—*Ibid.*

"God's centre is everywhere, his circumference nowhere."—*Ibid.*

"Mr. P. said to him, 'I always write best with an amanuensis.' 'Oh! but are you quite sure he puts down what you dictate?' "—*Ibid.*

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864), one of the acknowledged masters of English prose, "has a name extensively known and works universally unknown," said one reviewer. He himself declared that he esteemed ten accomplished men a sufficient audience. Like the red and blue flowers in corn, caprice, dogmatism, intolerance, and arrogance spoil in some measure the real nobility of his writing. His chief work, "Imaginary Conversations," comprises nearly 150 dialogues between Greek and Roman heroes, modern European statesmen and writers. During his life Landor quarrelled with everybody except Southey. He was, however, a good friend to boys. In their behalf he said: "Nicknames and whippings, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take off." "Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age." Of his poems, one, "Iphigenia and Agamemnon," should be read by all students. It gives, in a few lines of blank verse, the quintessence of a story to which Euripides, Racine, and Goethe each with less success devoted an entire play. The whole spirit of Landor's life is compressed into these four lines of his own:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.
I warmed both hands against the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Henry Hallam (1777–1859) published 1827 "The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII to the Death of George II," and 1837–1838 "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." Both works are so distinguished by solid learning and judicial views that

they remain standard authorities. Hallam was the father of the Arthur Henry Hallam (died 1833) whose death is the theme of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Reginald Heber (1783-1826), Bishop of Calcutta, wrote several familiar hymns. Of these the best known are "By cool Siloam's shady rill"; "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty"; and "From Greenland's icy mountains."

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was so ignorant of mathematics that he did not know the multiplication table, but so fond of books that he communicated his enthusiasm to countless readers of his prose. As a reward for calling the Prince Regent "a fat Adonis of fifty" he spent two years in jail; as a reward for his inability to add and subtract he was caricatured by Dickens in "Bleak House" as Horace Skimpole. His name lives to-day chiefly as the author of "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," a poem with which every boy and girl should be on speaking terms.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852) was the most successful Irishman of letters of the nineteenth century. In his teens he won the friendship of Robert Emmet and developed the talent for versification and the taste for music which he was afterward to combine to such advantage. At twenty-two his social talents and the publication of his translation of Anacreon made him the lion of the best London society. Though Moorish rather than Greek, these verses were not ungraceful. They were followed 1801 by "Juvenalia," the character of which is sufficiently shown by one poem:

In a Lady's Book.

Here is one page reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free.
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!

In 1803 Moore went to America, returning 1804 and 1806 publishing a volume of "Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems" as the result of his sojourn in the new world. They contain a good deal of stuff like the following translation from Martial:

"I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

"That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twined about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.



THOMAS MOORE

1779—1852

From the bust by Christopher Moore

"In short, I've learned so well to fast,
That sooth, my love, I know not whether,
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether."

The most agreeable thing about this volume, however, is the fashion in which the author, in bad heroic verse modelled on Pope, abuses the United States. "Upon Columbia's rising brow," he says, "the showy smile of young presumption plays. Her bloom is poisoned and her

heart decays. She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime. She is characterized by all youth's transgression and all age's chill. Her people, poor of heart and prodigal of words, born to be slaves, and struggling to be lords, pant only for license, while they spurn control. Only brutes call that soil their home. Bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs, form one dull chaos, devoid of soul, in which all the vices of the old world are combined with all the grossness of the new." Jeffrey in "The Edinburgh Review" castigated these outbursts so severely that Moore challenged him to a duel, but happily nothing was shed but ink. The year 1807 witnessed something better. In conjunction with Sir John Stevenson, who adapted to them the music of familiar Irish airs, Moore in that year published the first number of his "Irish Melodies." These delighted the Irish without offending the English, at once attained a popularity which has proved permanent, and netted the author in all about 13,000 guineas. Some of them are still sung wherever the English language is spoken. Among these are: "Go where glory waits thee"; "Oh! breathe not his name"; "When he who adores thee has left but the name of his faults and his sorrows behind"; "The harp that once through Tara's halls"; "Let Erin remember the days of old"; "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"; "Love's Young Dream"; "Nora Creina"; "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps"; "O the Shamrock!"; "The Last Rose of Summer"; "The Young May Moon is Beaming, Love"; "The Time I've Lost in Wooing"; "I Saw from the Beach"; "Dear Harp of my Country"; and "Sweet Innisfallen." Among the unforgettable phrases which enrich these lovely poems are:

"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone."

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me."

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

"National Airs," published 1815, were much inferior to "Irish Melodies," but contained "Oft in the Stilly Night," one of Moore's

most perfect lyrics. Moore in 1813 amused himself by lampooning the Prince Regent in "The Two-penny Post-Bag." In 1817, influenced by the success of Byron's Oriental tales, he published "Lalla Rookh," which brought him 3000 pounds and caused some critics to hail him as a rival of Scott and Byron. In 1827 he published a readable "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" and in 1830 his "Life of Byron." The latter has probably been more read and more abused than any other biography extant. Among his occasional poems are a good many clever light verses of the same character as this:

"Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself."

On the whole it must be said of Moore as a man that in him sincerity and rectitude formed the basis of a character at once lovable and loving; as a writer of songs he has had no equal and only two superiors—Robert Burns and William Shakespeare.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. The modern poet, Masfield, is compared to Crabbe. Read some of the poetry of each and discuss this comparison.
2. What aspect of romanticism is especially illustrated in the poetry of William Blake?
3. For what is Sir Humphry Davy famous?
4. Name some of the poems of Thomas Campbell.
5. Name four great essayists of the early nineteenth century.
6. Upon what rests the fame of Leigh Hunt, Charles Wolfe, and Robert Southey?
7. Who wrote "The Last Rose of Summer"?
8. Tell the class something of the quarrel between Southey and Byron.
9. Was the early nineteenth century an age of prose or poetry?
10. Write a five-hundred-word composition from any point of view that appeals to you upon the English literature produced between the years 1780-1830.

Suggested Readings.—Any part of Crabbe's "The Village" will be found interesting; William Blake's "Tiger," "Infant Sorrow," and "The Introduction to Songs of Innocence" are of an exquisite beauty; turn to an encyclopædia of poetry and read the poems selected from the work of Rogers, Campbell, Wolfe, Southey, Landor, Hunt, and Moore. De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and Hazlitt's essay on "The Fight" will give you an understanding of the style of these two masters of English.

Leigh Hunt

CHAPTER XXXVI

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

"A kingly, a most royal soul."—*Longfellow*.

"Hail, ye hills and heaths of Ecclefechan!
Hail, ye banks and braes of Craigenputtock!
T. Carlyle was born in Ecclefechan,
Jane his wife was born in Craigenputtock.

"She, a pearl where eye detect no speck can,
He, ordained to close with and cross-buttock
Cant, the giant—there, O Ecclefechan,
These your glories be, O Craigenputtock."
—*Browning*.

SCOTLAND, during the 150 years between 1750 and 1900, produced four writers who demand the attention of all students of literature. These are Robert Burns (1759-1796), greatest of peasant poets; Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), prince of romantic novelists; Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), discoverer of German literature, stylist, essayist, historian, moralist; and Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), master artist. Of these Carlyle in some respects was the greatest. Certainly he was the most emphatic. Somebody has said of him, with a grain of truth, that he divided mankind into two classes, the fools and the wise, the wise being the Carlyles, the Welshes, the Aitkens, and Edward Irving, the fools all the rest of the human race.

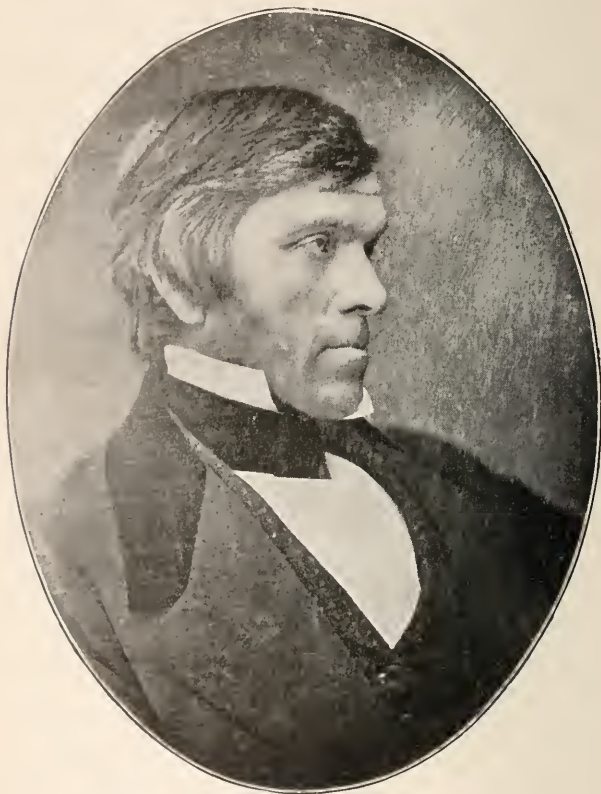
He was born at Ecclefechan. His remote ancestors were tough border fighters. When asked if any of them had been hanged, he is said to have replied that some of them no doubt deserved to be. His grandfather was a carpenter. His uncles and father were known as the five fighting masons, "pithy, bitter-speaking bodies and awful fighters." His father he considered one of the most interesting men he had known, of great natural endowment, gifted with the power of making word pictures, emphatic beyond all men yet in anger not needing the aid of oaths to smite the heart, scrupulously truthful, intolerant of clatter, afraid of no man, fearful of God, a man who could not be freely loved but who commanded respect. "Let me write

my books as he built his houses," wrote Thomas in later years. His mother learned to write only after he left home, but finally became an appreciative student and critic of his books, over which the two were wont to talk, smoking together, in old country fashion, by the hearth.

His youth was wholesome, but not joyful. An insignificant portion of it depended on schools. A school inspector pronounced him at the age of seven complete in English. In 1805 he was sent to the Annan Grammar School, where he was bullied by the big boys and called "Tearful Tom" until he forgot a promise not to fight which he had rashly given his mother. Of his teachers here he said: "They knew Syntax enough and of the human soul thus much that it had a faculty called Memory, which could be acted on through the muscular integument by the appliance of birch rods." Through these methods or in spite of them he learned at Annan enough Latin, French, algebra, Greek, and history to be sent up in 1809 to the University of Edinburgh, whither he made his way on foot, where he studied five years, and of which he wrote in "Sartor Resartus": "It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered universities." A diet consisting too exclusively of oatmeal imported from Ecclefechan, which laid the foundations of a life-long dyspepsia, was probably one cause of this growl at his *alma mater*. Another doubtless was irrepressible individuality, as in the case of Milton and Wordsworth, kicking against restraint. At all events, he was no idler. He distinguished himself in mathematics, soon finding the "Principia" of Newton prostrate at his feet and later saying that the man who had mastered the first 47 propositions of Euclid stood nearer to God than he had done before. He completed his course in 1814 without taking a degree and in the same year accepted the post of mathematical teacher at Annan. At Annan and at Kirkcaldy he taught four years, when he concluded that it were better to perish than to continue schoolmastering; went, with 90 pounds saved, to Edinburgh; and started in to be an author.

The struggle that ensued was almost as painful as Johnson's. He had no friends. Dyspepsia gnawed like a rat at its life-long tenement, his stomach. To get bread he tried everything but journalism, which he hated, and the church, to which his mother had destined him

but regarding which he had now become a doubting Thomas. He wrote encyclopædia articles, tried law, and taught mathematics. At one time he was even reduced to the necessity of translating a French geometry. Gradually, however, the horizon cleared. He took long



THOMAS CARLYLE

1795—1881

walks (50 miles in one day) alone and with Edward Irving, then a rising young clergyman and always his good friend. Then, in a happy moment, he lighted on the works of Goethe and Schiller, mastered the German language, became immersed in German literature, discov-

ered that it possessed riches hitherto unsuspected in Britain, and proceeded to lay those riches at the feet of his countrymen.

The first fruits of his German studies was a "Life of Schiller" (1759–1805), the German Shakespeare, which appeared serially in the "London Magazine" 1823–1824 and as a book 1825. It was translated 1830 into German and published with a commendatory preface by Goethe (1769–1832), the greatest of all German writers and one of the five or six greatest writers of all time. "The Life of Schiller" was followed 1824 by a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship"; 1827 by essays in the *Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews* on Goethe's "Helena," "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter," and "The State of German Literature"; 1828 by "Goethe" and the "Life and Writings of Werner"; 1829 "Novalis"; 1831 "Early German Literature" and "The Nibelungen Lied"; and 1832 by "Goethe" once more. These powerful papers, with translations from Musaeus, Tieck, Hoffman, Richter, and Goethe, established him as the English pioneer of German Literature.

In the meantime he was married 1826 to Jane Baillie Welsh (1801–1866), a descendant of John Knox with a dash of gypsy blood. She was a learned little lady, read Virgil at nine, and wrote a tragedy at fourteen. Cynic, beauty, wit, and heiress, she had had as many suitors as Penelope, could talk as well as Carlyle himself, and, some think, might have rivalled him as a writer. For eighteen months they were comparatively happy in Edinburgh. Then, poverty compelling, they went to live at Craigenputtock, a moorland farm fifteen miles north of Dumfries, which Carlyle called the dreariest spot in all the British dominions. Here for six years he allowed the dainty mocking-bird whom he had captured to cook, scrub floors, mend shoes, and milk cows for him. Later in London, it fell to her to perform all of the unpleasant practical work of the household, including the suppression of noises and the construction of a sound-proof chamber for her lord's workshop. She did it, but not without complaint. "Let no woman who values her peace of mind marry an author," she wrote to one friend. To another she said: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded my wildest hopes, and I am wretched." To a third she gave this admonition: "My dear, whatever you do, never

marry a man of genius." Tennyson, who knew the Carlyles well, said that he could not agree that they should have married elsewhere, for in that case there would have been four unhappy people instead of two. In spite of all this, Mrs. Carlyle was pathetically proud of her husband, trying no doubt thus to find compensation for the affection she missed. After her death he discovered from her journals that she had been unhappy and was filled with unavailing remorse. As John Nichol admirably puts it, "Their attraction increased, contrary to Kepler's law, in the direct ratio of the square of the distance, and



The "sound-proof" study in Carlyle's house upon Cheyne Row. It did not prove entirely satisfactory

when it was stretched beyond the stars the long latent love of the survivor became a worship."

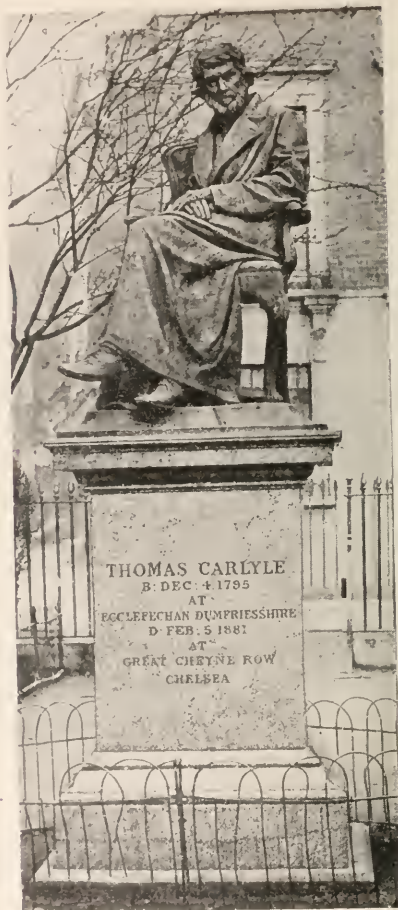
At Craigenputtock Carlyle completed two of his best works, his "Essay on Burns" and "Sartor Resartus." The former, published 1828 in the *Edinburgh Review*, still remains on the whole the best appreciation of the great poet. "Sartor Resartus" means "The Tailor Retailored." The book is a richly humorous, pathetic, and eloquent discussion of the philosophy of clothes, purporting to be

translated from the German. Its hero, Herr Teufelsdröckh (Mr. Devil-beset), is Carlyle himself and the Hinterschlag Gymnasium (The Hit-behind High School) is obviously the Annan Grammar School. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" is not fuller of fun. It takes a long time, however, to get a new joke into the British understanding and for two years "Sartor" could find no publisher. When it did at last appear 1832 in "Fraser's Magazine," one paper called it a heap of clotted nonsense. "Stop that stuff or stop my paper," wrote one subscriber. "When is that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor going to end?" cried another. So discouraging was its reception, indeed, that it was issued in book form only after "The French Revolution" had made Carlyle's fame secure. In the United States, however, it had a cordial welcome, thanks to Ralph Waldo Emerson and the openmindedness of the American public, who, by the way, accepted Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Browning while their own countrymen were still examining their credentials. As early as 1829, indeed, Emerson had perceived Carlyle's genius and had visited him at Craigenputtock, thus beginning a friendship that endured to the end and was of both practical and spiritual benefit to Carlyle. It was so great on the latter side that Matthew Arnold thought Carlyle might ultimately be remembered by his correspondence with Emerson rather than by his own works. While trying to sell "Sartor," Carlyle wrote for the reviews brilliant essays on "Voltaire," "Samuel Johnson," "Diderot," "Cagliostro," and "The Diamond Necklace," the last being a sort of proem to "The French Revolution." Then in 1834 he decided that Puttock was no longer good for him and migrated to London.

He took a modest house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he lived during the remaining forty-seven years of his life. Hither in due time came flocks of friends, distinguished and undistinguishable, attracted by the matchless conversational powers of both husband and wife. For a time, however, there was bitter economy in Cheyne Row. For two years Carlyle earned nothing.

In the meantime he devoted all of his powers to the composition of his "History of the French Revolution." In this enterprise he was assisted by John Stuart Mill, who had himself planned a work

on the same subject but desisted out of respect for Carlyle's superior genius. Mill's interest indeed was too great. It led him 1835 to



Carlyle's monument on the embankment at the bottom of Cheyne Row

borrow the manuscript of the first volume, which he left on his library table, where it was found by a maid, who burned it as waste paper. In the face of this disaster, which seemed to cancel the work of years,

Carlyle's chief concern was to spare Mill's feelings. He set courageously to work, like Scott, to repair his ruined fortune, and in 1837 the entire book was finished and published.

The "French Revolution" has been criticised because it is not accurate as history. One might as well criticise the Parthenon because it is not a pile of bricks. The reader who wants facts, statistics, chronology, and nothing else may well seek elsewhere. But the reader who wants a great story painted with a brush of flame must go to Carlyle. His "French Revolution" is a book with two morals: (1) Rulers who are intent upon their pleasures instead of their duties sow the wind and reap the whirlwind; (2) Anarchy is the father of despotism. The story, as Carlyle tells it, is a matchless prose epic, eloquent, humorous, pathetic, picturesque, powerful, and just. A faint idea of its brilliancy may perhaps be gathered from a few brief extracts:

"His majesty (Louis XV) has religious faith; believes, at least, in a devil."—*The Bastille*. Book I. Chapter 1.

"Boston harbor is black with unexpected tea. Behold a Pennsylvania congress gather; and, ere long, on Bunker Hill, democracy announcing, in rifle volleys death-winged, under her star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and, whirlwind like, will envelop the whole world."—*Ibid*. I. 2.

"D'Artois has breeches of a fabulous kind. Four tall lackeys hold him up in the air that he may fall into the garment without vestige of wrinkle; from which rigorous incasement the same four, in the same way, and with more effort, have to deliver him at night."—*Ibid*. II. 1.

"'The clatter-teeth (*claque dents*)' snarls singular old Mirabeau, discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jawbones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species."—*Ibid*. IV. 4.

"La Guillotine! 'With my machine, messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain'—whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it

were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe, his name like to outlive Cæsar's."—*Ibid.* IV. 4.

"Note lastly that globular younger Mirabeau; it is Vicomte Mirabeau; named oftener Mirabeau Tonneau (Barrel Mirabeau), on account of his rotundity and the quantities of strong liquor he contains."—*Ibid.* IV. 4.

"The jailer has no room; whereupon, other place of security not suggesting itself, it is written '*on les pendit*' (they hanged them)."—*Ibid.* V. 5.

"The curé of Sainte-Etienne du Mont marches unpacific at the head of his militant parish."—*Ibid.* V. 6.

"A patriot in liquor insisted on sitting to smoke on the edge of one of the powder-barrels; there smoked he, independent of the world—till the Abbé 'purchased his pipe for three francs' and pitched it far."—*Ibid.* V. 7.

"Vanished is the Bastille, what we call vanished; the *body*, or sandstones, of it hanging in benign metamorphosis, for centuries to come, over the Seine waters as Pont Louis Seize (Bridge of Louis XVI); the soul of it living, perhaps, still longer in the memories of men."—*Ibid.* V. 9.

"Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it *be* one, in exchange for the royalest sham."—*Ibid.* VI. 1.

"Sansculotism (without-breeches-dom) will burn much, but what is incombustible it will not burn."—*Ibid.* VI. 1.

"What a glow of patriotism burns in many a heart, penetrating inwards to the very purse!"—*Ibid.* VII. 1.

"To the blind all things are sudden."—*Ibid.* VII. 8.

"What was one roasted warhorse among so many?"—*Ibid.* VII. 8.

"In any corner of the civilized world, a tub can be inverted, and an articulate-speaking biped mount thereon."—*The Constitution.* I. 4.

"Your tickets of entry are needful; needfuller your blunderbusses!"—*Ibid.* VI. 6.

"There are depths in man that go to the length of lowest Hell, as there are heights that reach highest Heaven;—for are not both

Heaven and Hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting Miracle and Mystery as he is? ”—*The Guillotine*. I. 4.

“ That fair kind head (Princess de Lamballe’s) is cleft with the axe; the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments. . . . She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves: O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, god-descended, and poor sister-woman! why was not I there; and some Sword Balmung or Thor’s Hammer in my hand? Her head is fixed on a pike; paraded that Marie Antoinette may see. One, in the Temple with the Royal Prisoners at the moment, said, ‘ Look out.’ Another eagerly whispered, ‘ Do not look! ’ ”—*Ibid*. I. 4.

“ Man has transcendentalism in him; standing, as he does, poor creature, every way ‘ in the confluence of Infinitudes ’; a mystery to himself and others; in the centre of two Eternities, of three Immensities,—in the intersection of primeval Light with the everlasting Dark.”—*Ibid*. I. 6.

“ There is not truth enough in him to make a real lie of.”—*Ibid*. I. 6.

“ Lesource exclaiming: ‘ I die on the day when the People have lost their reason; you will die when they recover it.’ ”—*Ibid*. II. 3.

“ Tigresse Nationale: meddle not with a whisker of her! Swift-rending is her stroke; look what a paw she spreads;—pity has not entered into her heart.”—*Ibid*. V. 3.

Terrible as the French revolution was, Carlyle points out, at the end of his book, that less than 4000 persons perished during the Reign of Terror, which is about the two-hundredth part of the number killed 1756–1763 in the Seven Years’ War, which was waged to settle a personal quarrel between Frederick the Great of Prussia on the one hand, and Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine of Russia, and Madame de Pompadour of France on the other.

Warmly as the book was welcomed, for some years it produced little cash except for \$2000 which Emerson sent from America. To keep the pot boiling, Carlyle wrote more reviews and delivered four series of lectures. Their subjects were “ German Literature,” “ The History of European Literature,” “ Revolutions,” and “ Heroes and

Hero Worship." They netted him nearly a thousand pounds, but he went to the platform in the mood of a man going to be hanged. The last series, published 1841, continues to be widely read. His heroes are Odin as divinity; Mohammed as prophet; Dante and Shakespeare as poets; Luther and Knox as priests; Johnson, Rousseau, and Burns as men of letters; Cromwell and Napoleon as kings. The lesson of the series is based on Carlyle's growing distrust of the common people, belief that might is right, and reliance on leadership.

In 1842 the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother gave her a fixed income, and this, together with the growing popularity of his own writings, ended his financial troubles. The next year his interest in the poor resulted in the publication of "Past and Present," in which he advocated sympathy and paternal government. At the same time he was busy with "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," which, issued in 1845, soon went through three editions. In this work, by means of Oliver's own words, Carlyle showed that he was not a man of falsehood but a man of truth, thus reversing the judgment of him which had prevailed up to that time in the popular mind. In 1850 Carlyle showed still more emphatically his growing discontent with modern society and government by the publication of eight "Latter Day Pamphlets." These in large part are savage attacks on sham, democracy, and the existing order of things. They led some to believe that his philosophy could be summed up in the phrase, "Whatever is, is wrong," while others declared that, by disturbing the smug self-satisfaction of the age, the blasts of his displeasure blew health.

He was so discouraged by the criticism which the book produced that he decided to cease railing against the age and go back to history. In his search for a suitable subject he thought of Ireland, Simon de Montfort, the Norsemen, the Cid, John Knox, and Napoleon. His choice finally fixed, however, on Friedrich II of Prussia, surnamed the Great, as being the best example in not too remote history of the efficiency of autocracy. Born 1712, and King of Prussia 1740-1786, by his military genius and administrative ability, Frederick raised Prussia to the rank of a powerful state. As a general he belongs in the same class with Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, and

Napoleon. At Rossbach with 20,000 men he defeated 60,000 French; at Leuthen, with 30,000, he reduced 90,000 Austrians to a mob of 3000 disorganized fugitives; and at Zornsdorf with 40,000, he routed 60,000 Russians. His personal character and private life were also picturesque in a high degree. Carlyle studied him, as he studied all his subjects, until he knew all that could be learned, reading an enormous amount of rubbish and making two trips to Germany in order to master the subject. In consequence his book contains no mistakes. Military students in Germany are set to learn Frederick's battles in his account of them. The first and second volumes were published 1858, the third 1862, the fourth 1864, the fifth and sixth 1865. They were such a success that Mrs. Carlyle travelled thenceforward first-class, had two servants, and was presented with a brougham. Their popularity is not surprising. Mrs. Carlyle, no mean judge, called it the best of his books; forcible, clear, and sparkling as "The French Revolution"; compact and finished as "Cromwell." As a specimen of its style the opening paragraph, which is neither better nor worse than many others, will serve:

"About fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second* or Frederick the Second of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute softness if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse between the ears, say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old and certain to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast

of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished."

Our Civil War Carlyle failed to understand, as Samuel Johnson, with whose intolerant spirit he had much in common, failed to understand our Revolutionary War. Not sympathizing with the emancipation of the slaves, whom he considered unfit for freedom, he did not see that the North stood for the very assertion of Right as Might, for order against anarchy, in which he so heartily believed. Accordingly in 1863 we find him publishing this:

"*Peter of the North* (to Paul of the South): "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do. You are going straight to Hell, you——."

"*Paul*: Good words, Peter. The risk is my own. I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method."

"*Peter*: No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first! (And is trying dreadfully ever since but cannot yet manage it.)"

Such mistakes, however, could not shake his fame. In America, in England, in Germany, even in his own Scotland, his position was now secure. In 1865 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University and went north with Professor Tyndall for his installation. His address, which was on the "Reading of Books," was received with such enthusiasm that the occasion has been called the climax of his career. But his joy, if joy there was, was short-lived. On his way south he stopped at Dumfries to visit his sister, and there a telegram informed him that Mrs. Carlyle had been found dead in her brougham from heart disease after a drive round Hyde Park. Over her tomb in the old Abbey Kirk at Haddington the desolate old man inscribed these words:

"In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving help-mate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

Carlyle survived his wife fifteen years, but neither friends nor

fame could console him for her loss. The Queen herself sent him letters of sympathy. Professor Tyndall took him to Mentone. He tried to forget by the composition of his "Reminiscences" what he could not forget. His charities were generous and unobtrusive. He wrote a "History of the Early Kings of Norway." In 1871 he rejoiced to see "noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany victorious over vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and oversensitive France." Great artists painted his portrait. Gladstone came to visit him. From Bismarck he received a letter thanking him for his services to Germany. He growled at Darwin, at evolution, and at George Eliot. He made John Forster and James Anthony Froude his literary executors. But, through it all, he mourned for his Jean. "Oh, that I had you yet but five minutes beside me, to tell you all!" he wailed. Yet he was not altogether unhappy. In 1867 he wrote: "'Youth is a garland of roses'; I did not find it such. 'Age is a crown of thorns.' Neither is this altogether true for me." Thus his strength ebbed until he died February 4, 1881.

At his own desire, he was buried in the little churchyard at Ecclefechan rather than in Westminster Abbey. In this request we have a characteristic instance of the same vigorous determination to stand on his own merits that distinguished his whole career. No divided aim wrecked his life. He met and overcame difficulties far greater than those which conquered Burns. "Strange mixture of strength and weakness, he preached," somebody has said, "the doctrine of silence in thirty volumes." Sham was his pet aversion; truth, his passion; his watchword, duty. "Do the Duty which lies nearest to thee, which thou knowest to be a duty." "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fragment of a product, produce it in God's name." "Obey." "Be true." These are the Key Words to the life and works of Thomas Carlyle.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What do you know of Thomas Carlyle's father?
2. Name three other great Scotchmen whose books will live?
3. Describe Carlyle's school experiences and impressions.
4. To what great literature did Carlyle introduce England?

5. Who was Jane Baillie Welsh?
6. Name six of Carlyle's most brilliant essays.
7. What are the special features of "Sartor Resartus"? Of the "French Revolution"?
8. Discuss Carlyle's belief in "heroes and hero worship."
9. Give the class an outline of Carlyle's life.
10. Discuss Carlyle's "Gospel of Work."

Suggested Readings.—Carlyle is an author for youth as well as age. Read "Sartor Resartus" (twice) and the first chapters from the "French Revolution." His letters to his wife are of deep personal interest; the standard biography is that by James A. Froude.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859)¹

"The spirited poet, the splendid orator, the brilliant historian, the delightful essayist."—*Mary Russell Mitford*.

"There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches."—*Sydney Smith*.

"The Macaulay-flowers of literature."—*O. W. Holmes*.

THOMAS BABINGTON, Baron Macaulay of Rothley Temple, as the peerages and encyclopædias call him, or plain Tom Macaulay, as his simplicity, manliness, and perennial boyish vigor tempt one to think of him, is one of the wholesomest figures in history. As a man he was honest, simple, strenuous, gentle; as a writer he is brilliant yet clear, witty yet instructive, polished yet full of human interest. He was born in 1800 in Leicestershire, but he grew up in London until he was thirteen, at which age, in happy defiance of superstition, he was sent away to school. His father was a crusty Puritan of sterling character and common sense, who hated slavery, uncombed hair, loud talk, novels, and all other forms of sin, weakness, and diversion. This worthy gentleman knew intimately many of the best men of his time, grew rich in trade, and waxed poor again in a successful fight against slavery. Macaulay's mother was a Quakeress and had a knack of telling stories; he said that he got his joviality from her.

In the days of his maturity, Macaulay had the good luck to offend that same Christopher North whom Tennyson in his wrath later immortalized as "Fusty Christopher." North spitefully declared in those days that Macaulay would never be anything but a clever lad all the days of his life, a remark which the student as he contemplates Macaulay's vitality and the fascination he exerts over boys, must recognize as containing a kernel of reason which, rightly understood, may be construed as a compliment. If, in his manhood, however,

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Macaulay remained half a boy, in his childhood he was already half a man. His precocity was noteworthy. From the age of three he read constantly, lying for the most part on the floor before a grate fire, with a book as big as himself held open by one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. When he was old enough to go to school



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
1800—1859

his mother told him that he must learn to study without the solace of bread and butter. "Yes, mamma," he replied, "industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." As a matter of fact, however, he hated school. Probably he found that the routine interrupted

the course of his studies. At all events, he would beg piteously, whenever it rained, which in London is practically every day, to be allowed to stay at home; but to these appeals his mother always replied: "No, Tom. If it rains cats and dogs, you shall go." It is no wonder that he preferred his own intellectual pursuits to those of the schoolroom, for the former speedily became vast and fascinating. At eight he had already written an epic poem, compiled a digest of universal history, and composed a paper which was to be translated into Malabar to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion. Aside from his literary activity, however, he displayed the same instincts as an ordinary child. He set aside a portion of the infinitesimal back yard, for instance, as his own, marking it off by a row of oyster shells. One day a maid threw these away as rubbish. When Tom discovered the outrage, he marched straight to his mother, who was entertaining some ladies in the parlor, and said very solemnly in the presence of the entire company: "Cursed be Sally, for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!'" On another occasion, at Lady Waldegrave's, a servant spilled some hot coffee on his legs. His hostess was greatly grieved at the accident, and inquired solicitously how he felt. After a time the little fellow looked up gravely and said, suppressing a sob, as we may guess: "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." He was then perhaps six years old.

A little later his mother took him with her one day when she went to make an afternoon call. While the ladies gossiped, Tom was busy with a book which he found on the parlor table. It was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Upon returning home he repeated page after page of it to his mother until, from sheer exhaustion, she stopped him. The secret of the immense learning which adorns his pages may be inferred from this incident. To the temptation to show off these powers, his parents, happily, never yielded. Tom grew up in happy unconsciousness of the fact that he knew more than other boys of his age. Indeed, it seems probable that he never found it out, for in his essays he again and again ascribes such extraordinary learning to the ordinary youth that Macaulay's schoolboy is at once the inspiration and despair of every ambitious youngster and the classic scoff of every callous pedagogue.

In 1813 he was sent to a private school kept by a Mr. Preston, near Cambridge. Here, for five years, he studied Greek, Latin, and mathematics; absorbed literature; and rigorously abstained from society and athletics.

Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818. His career there was a credit both to him and to Trinity. He studied languages, read books, and attended chapel in a fashion that must have won the approval of the faculty. He sat up all night talking politics and drinking tea with the boys. He made a reputation as a debater. He won the chancellor's medal for English verse. Upon graduation, he earned a fellowship which secured him, to quote his own appreciative words, three hundred pounds a year, a stable for his horse, six dozen of audit ale every Christmas, a roll and two pats of butter for breakfast every morning, and a good dinner for nothing, with as many almonds and raisins as he could eat at dessert. Not the least human and interesting feature of his college career is furnished by his dislike of mathematics, which he never ceased to denounce as long as it was his business to study them, though in later years he frankly confessed and regretted that he lacked certain qualities of mind which a rigorous training in mathematics is pretty sure to give.

He was forced, near the end of his course, to step down from the luxurious position of an elder son whose father was worth 100,000 pounds, and not only to earn his own way, but to support his father as well. This he did with a cheerfulness which did him honor, although, for a time, he was reduced to such poverty that he had to sell the medals which he had won at college. Thus Zachary Macaulay's devotion to the abolition of slavery, though it reduced him to poverty, exhibited his son in a light which enriches literature. If this is not more heroic, it is more agreeable than the dyspeptic scolding and grumbling of Thomas Carlyle, his great rival and contemporary.

His good nature, indeed, was one of Macaulay's most noteworthy traits. He loved to play and romp with children. His relations with his sisters were charming. Read his letters to them; you cannot afford to miss their gossipy kindness and brilliancy. Somebody described him as looking like a lump of good humor. On the most trivial and

most trying occasions this kept bubbling up. Once he hurt his hand and had to send for a barber to shave him. When the operation was finished, Macaulay asked what he was to pay. "Whatever you give the person who usually shaves you," said the man. "In that case," was the reply, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek." At Cambridge during his college days he got mixed up in a political riot on one occasion and received a dead cat full in the face. The man who had thrown it came up and apologized very civilly, explaining that he had meant it for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," said Macaulay, "that you had meant it for me and had hit Mr. Adeane."

This readiness in repartee made him a favorite in society. He lived on intimate terms with the most brilliant and famous set in London. He was an everlasting talker; his conversation might, indeed, be described as good—and too abundant. One of his enemies called him Mr. "Babbletongue" Macaulay. One of his friends said to the assembled company, on an occasion when Macaulay was late, "If you have anything to say, say it now; Macaulay is coming." Sydney Smith called him a book in breeches. "He has," says that famous divine, "occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful."

His father wished him to be a lawyer, and in compliance with his wishes Thomas studied enough to gain admission to the Bar and rewrite the Indian penal code; but he never practiced. His real vocation from the first was literature.

At college he wrote capital poems, stories, and essays for Knight's "Quarterly Magazine"; and in 1825 his vocation was definitely revealed to him and the world by the brilliant success of his first contribution to the "Edinburgh Review," the essay on Milton. Like Byron, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. His breakfast table was covered with invitations to dinner from all parts of London. Murray, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," declared it would be worth the copyright of "Childe Harold" to have him on his staff. Jeffrey, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," wrote to him: "The more I think the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

"That style!" What is the secret of its charm? What is there

about it which has made Macaulay the favorite serious author, next after Shakespeare and the Bible, of the Anglo-Saxon race? The answer is easy: (1) He is intensely human. He loves, hates, laughs, berates heartily. (2) His works present a singularly judicious mixture of opposite qualities. He steers from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with a skill second only to Shakespeare's. (3) The lucidity of his style has never been surpassed. It is almost impossible to mistake the meaning of one of his sentences. (4) He possesses most of the qualities of an ideal schoolmaster. He teaches, but he does not let his readers know that he teaches. He constantly flatters and stimulates you by assuming that you know more than you do. There is probably not a page of his essays in which he has not been guided, consciously or otherwise, by Pope's maxim:

"Fools must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

A noted writer on education regrets the wealth of his allusions, but these same allusions, if rightly understood, constitute one of the best reasons why young people should read Macaulay. They arouse curiosity always, and not seldom convey information. (5) Most essayists appeal chiefly to the judgment and the reason. Macaulay is constantly doing this, but he is also alive to the importance of the imagination. Like all good teachers, he knows how to make pictures. Critics say he is shallow, because he does not analyze motives. While Carlyle shows us Johnson's soul, they tell us, Macaulay shows us only his ugly face. The criticism is just precisely as it is just to say that the manikins used in medical schools, to show the inner workings of frail human flesh, are greater works of art than the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus di Medici. No writer ever made a picture as lifelike as Macaulay's Johnson unless he understood the soul behind the man's exterior. As a matter of fact, Macaulay's picture of Johnson is a much more finished product than Carlyle's. He begins where Carlyle leaves off. The truth appears to be that Macaulay's critics reason somewhat after this fashion: "We never understood anything before. We can understand Macaulay. Therefore Macaulay must be shallow." They seem to forget that a puddle in the street may be opaque without being deep, and that water in the ocean may be as deep as

truth without being opaque. (6) He is tolerant of everything except tyranny and injustice; he is the champion of all that is sane in democratic institutions; and through all his works there is a strong, wholesome, and invigorating spirit of moral earnestness.

Either these qualities or some others found approval with the people, for it was soon apparent that the "Edinburgh Review" had a much larger circulation when it contained an article by him than when it did not. For twenty years he was the chief pillar of its popularity. During that time he contributed to it in all thirty-six papers, varying in length from twenty-two to one hundred and twenty-nine quarto pages, and ranging in subject from Mr. Robert Montgomery's poems to Lord Bacon's philosophy. It is impossible here to give an adequate idea of their contents or style. Every student may judge of them for himself if he will read, as he should, the essays on John Milton, Warren Hastings, and Croker's Boswell. Those who appreciate these justly will be sure to read the rest of his writings.

It must not be understood, however, that Macaulay, during this period, devoted himself wholly to literature. His vocation from 1830 to 1847 was really politics and politics of the most absorbing interest. He obtained a seat in Parliament in the former year as representative for the pocket borough of Calne and immediately gave the entire support of his eloquence to a reform which swept his constituency out of existence. In six great speeches between March, 1831, and February, 1832, he won recognition as a master in debate by the battle that he fought for the right of the English voter to be fairly represented. There were those then who pronounced him the best speaker in England, and there are those now who go so far as to say that his speeches are better than his essays. Two things are sure: There are no more entertaining speeches in print than those he made on copyright; and no oratory, ancient or modern, ever converted defeat into victory by sheer force of logic more completely than these. So large, in fact, was Macaulay's success as an orator that, in 1834, he was rewarded by a job in India which was worth 10,000 pounds a year. Upon his great and permanent services to that unhappy country we have, unfortunately, no time to dwell. Suffice it to say that he accomplished much for justice and for education. In India he

remained five years. Upon his return to England he re-entered Parliament as a member for Edinburgh, but in 1847 he lost his seat owing to the fact that the barkeepers were angry because he had voted for a higher tax on beer while the clergy were displeased because he had supported a grant to a Catholic college in Ireland. Half a dozen other seats were instantly offered him, but he embraced the opportunity to quit politics in order to devote himself to a greater literary task than any he had yet undertaken. Five years later his Edinburgh constituents, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, made what reparation they could by sending him back to Parliament.

In the meantime he was busy with his "History of England." It was his purpose to give an account of all the important transactions between 1688, when the Crown was brought into harmony with the Parliament, and 1832, when the Parliament was brought into harmony with the people. Two volumes were published in 1848 and two more in 1855. Their success was instantaneous and permanent. Honors were showered on the author from the four quarters of the globe. In one week he received letters of congratulation from people at Charleston, people at Heidelberg, and people at Paris. In one check, Mr. Longmans paid him 20,000 pounds, which still remains the largest lump sum ever paid for literary remuneration in any country.

The causes of this immense success were in the main the same as the causes of the success of his essays. There was the same vigorous, lucid, and at times caustic style, which made reading easy and stimulating to even the weariest minds. There was the same rich store of allusions, which flattered those who understood them and aroused the curiosity of those who did not. There was vast knowledge, cheerful optimism, and a power of narration which is so vivid that the work has all the interest of a novel.

These qualities, however, found less favor in the following generation. A new school of historians arose, who sought to reduce history to a science. The result was more or less of an attempt to discredit Macaulay. While everybody admitted that his narrative was admirably picturesque, his historical method was pronounced out of date by those who preferred Buckle, who explained everything by environment, and Taine, who explained everything by climate. At the same

time Freeman, Stubbs, Creighton, and Gardiner by their writings made it fashionable to consider human interest as of less consequence than documentary evidence.

As a matter of fact, these writers, in comparison with Macaulay, are quarrymen rather than architects. They give us the material for history instead of history itself. Their histories are for the most part as shapeless and as useless as piles of brick and stone, while his is a stately mansion.

This stately mansion, however, was never completed. The first four volumes covered only twelve years. Somebody has calculated that, at the rate he was progressing, it would have taken Macaulay one hundred and thirty years to complete his task. To render the situation still more hopeless, his health broke down. A stroke of heart failure, in 1852, made him, to quote his own words, twenty years older in one week. Thereafter he was never well. Yet, even amidst the ruins of his hopes and ambitions, he allowed no word of complaint to escape him. In his private diary, under the date of December 31, 1853, he wrote: "I enjoy this invalid life extremely."

One great mark of distinction came to him during these closing years. In 1857, Queen Victoria made him Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He died December 28, 1859, falling peacefully asleep among his books at Holly Lodge, Hampden Hill. Upon his desk, not yet sealed, were found a letter to a poor clergyman and a check for twenty pounds, both prepared evidently in reply to an appeal for assistance.

Lack of space renders it impossible here to discuss a score of interesting topics. The student would find abundant pleasure in reading at length of his Scotch ancestry, his father's distinguished services to humanity, the lifelong battle which he waged with Carlyle, his fondness for bad novels, his hatred of bad poets, his slovenly clothes, his strange predilection for embroidered waistcoats, his enormous consumption of razor strops, the fine audacity with which he abused his constituents, his munificent and unostentatious charity, the terrors of his invective, his hatred of those Americans who carry red notebooks, his voluminous reading, the lessons in statecraft which he gave Gladstone, the delight with which even Christopher North hailed the "Lays of Ancient Rome," his anxiety that his books should be

accurately punctuated, his complete familiarity with Herodotus and Thucydides, and his complete ignorance of Carlyle and Ruskin. All these things and more are told in what is, on the whole, the most entertaining biography in the English language, the "Life of Macaulay," by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Macaulay rests with his peers in Westminster Abbey. "There,"—I am quoting the last words of this remarkable book,—“among the tombs of Handel and Goldsmith and Burke and Garrick and Johnson, stands conspicuous the monument of Addison, and at the feet of Addison lies the stone which bears the inscription:

“Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay

Born Oct. 25, 1800

Died Dec. 28, 1859

‘His body is buried in peace but his name liveth forevermore.’”

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is meant by “precocity”? Describe the young Macaulay’s intellectual pursuits.
2. What college did he attend and what were his activities as a student?
3. What sort of man was Macaulay?
4. What was his first literary success?
5. Tell the secrets of Macaulay’s charm.
6. Name three of Macaulay’s greatest essays.
7. Outline his political career.
8. What is the difference between Macaulay’s historical method and that of modern historians?
9. Compare and contrast Macaulay with Addison, Johnson, Burke, or Carlyle.
10. Name two of the greatest English biographies.

Suggested Readings.—“Fragments of a Roman Tale”; Essays on Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Clive, Hastings, Frederic the Great; “Lays of Ancient Rome”; and the first chapter of the “History of England.” Trevelyan’s “Life of Macaulay” is one of the most readable books in the world, fully worthy to be the biography of the most readable of all authors.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

"It is in Tennyson that we find the quintessence of the aims and aspirations of the second half of the nineteenth century."—*Arthur Waugh*.

"A true human soul, or some authentic approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say, 'Brother!'"—*Carlyle*.

"Who shall have the third place, if it be not Tennyson?"

—*Henry Van Dyke*.

"The most faultless of modern poets in technical execution."

—*E. C. Stedman*.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born August 6, 1809, at Somersby in Lincolnshire. The year 1809 has been called the *annus mirabilis* of the nineteenth century because it witnessed the birth of so many great people, among them being Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Darwin, W. E. Gladstone, Felix Mendelssohn, and Abraham Lincoln. Tennyson's father was a stern doctor. His mother was so kind hearted that the inhabitants of the neighboring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed by the gentle lady to leave off. She is described in his poem of "Isabel." When she was almost eighty, a daughter, under cover of her deafness, ventured to mention the number of proposals of marriage which the old lady had received, naming twenty-four. Suddenly, to the amusement of all present, she said emphatically and simply, as for truth's sake: "No, my dear, twenty-five." The Tennyson family was completed by a cook, who afterwards said of them, "If you raäked out Hell with a small tooth coämb you weänt find their likes"; and an Aunt, who wept for hours at a time because God was so infinitely good. "Has he not damned most of my friends?" said she. "But me he has picked out for eternal salvation, me who am no better than my neighbors." One day she said to her nephew: "Alfred, when I look at you I think of the words of Holy Scripture—depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." In this environment, Tennyson passed his earliest years.

From 1816 to 1820, Alfred attended the Louth Grammar School. "The only good I got from it," he said, "was the memory of the phrase *sonus desilientis aquæ*." The poems of Horace were thoroughly drummed into him during these years and he disliked Horace in proportion. In later life he used to exclaim tragically: "They use me as a lesson book in school and the pupils will call me that horrible Tennyson." While he was at Louth he wrote his first poem. It was in blank verse in imitation of Thomson and was written on a slate. "It's wonderful," says Professor Jebb, "how the whelp could have known such things." He also taught himself Italian by the mantelpiece method, which was invented by him, and consists of writing words that are to be remembered upon the white enamel of one's mantelpiece.

At the age of nineteen, that is to say in 1828, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Though he found the country level, the revelry monotonous, and the studies tame, he contrived to extract a good deal of satisfaction from his college career. His Johnsonian common sense and the union in him of strength with refinement made him the hero of his days in college. He and his friends formed a kind of club called the Apostles, the chief members of which were: (1) a tame snake, the sinuosities of which Alfred loved to watch; (2) A. T. Brookfield, whose jokes were so funny that he often made the whole party lie on the floor for purposes of unrestrained laughter; (3) Richard Monckton Milnes, who played Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" but was so heavy that when he sat down the marble stage seat collapsed; and (4) Arthur Henry Hallam, who was destined later to inspire "In Memoriam" and was as near perfection, according to Tennyson, as mortal could be. For exercise, Tennyson rowed, fenced, and walked during these years. Of his tutors the most famous was Whewell, the lion-like, who tolerated some irregularity; for instance, when he caught Tennyson reading Virgil in his geometry class he called him to order thus: "Mr. Tennyson, what is the compound interest of a penny put out at the Christian Era up to date?" Billy Whistle was Whewell's nickname. At 12 o'clock one night, horns, and trumpets, and bugles, and drums began to play from all the windows around Trinity New Court, and a man who

had been expelled that day strummed on a piano on the lawn and, to quote Tennyson's own words, "There was the fiend's own row." Soon Whewell, who lived in Neville's Court next to New Court, was heard thundering at his door, which had been tied with a rope.



LORD TENNYSON

1809—1892

From the drawing by M. Arnault

Finally, he broke through but found only silence and order and the expelled man by the piano in the moonlight. Whewell strode to the piano. The man fled. At last Whewell caught him, "Do you know me?" said Whewell panting. "Yes, sir," replied the man, "you are Old Whistle, who made that mistake in his dynamics." Thereupon

Whewell, seeing that he was the expelled man, took him by the scruff of the neck, carried him to the great gate, and shot him out like bad rubbish. During his college career, it should be added, Tennyson took a decided interest in politics. When somebody asked him to what party he belonged, he replied, "The same as Shakespeare, Bacon, and every sane man."

In 1830 he published, in collaboration with his brother, a volume called "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," and in 1832 a volume called "Poems." Though the book reached Ralph Waldo Emerson across the ocean, it was unfavorably received by the "Quarterly," and Tennyson, in consequence, published nothing else for ten years. Instead he devoted himself to study and preparation.

During those years, we find him in 1835 in the Lake country but refusing to call upon Wordsworth lest he intrude. In 1839 he was so poor that he could not go from London to Lincolnshire to see his fiancée, Emily Sellwood. In 1840 he met Thomas Carlyle, who described him at that time as a fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man; dusty, smoky, free and easy; who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke; great now and then when he does emerge; a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." Carlyle wrote to Emerson in 1842: "Alfred is one of the few British and foreign figures who are and remain beautiful to me, a true human soul, or some approximation thereto, to whom your own soul can say 'Brother'!" During these years, Tennyson lived mostly in London on Norfolk Street. His favorite place for dining was at Bertolini's, or 'Dirtolini's,' as he called it. He used to say that a perfect dinner consisted of a beef steak, a potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of porter, and a pipe. When joked on his fondness for salt beef and new potatoes, he would answer: "All fine-natured men know what is good to eat."

In 1842 Tennyson finally emerged from obscurity through the publication of a third volume, called "Poems." It contained, among other pieces, "Locksley Hall," "Godiva," "The May Queen," "Morte d'Arthur," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Ulysses," and "The Lotus Eaters." The volume was well received. Wordsworth praised

it. Carlyle sent a flattering letter, and Dickens presented him with a set of his works. His financial difficulties, however, were not yet at an end. In 1844 he lost what little money he had in an unfortunate speculation, but was rescued from his difficulties the next year by a pension which Thomas Carlyle persuaded Richard Monckton Milnes to secure for him. It is recorded in this connection that one day Carlyle said to Milnes: "When are you going to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes replied: "The thing is not easy; my constituents will cry fraud." Thereupon Carlyle said solemnly and emphatically, "Richard Milnes, on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you who will be damned." There was a contest between James Sheridan Knowles and Tennyson for the pension, but it was settled by Sir Robert Peel's being shown Tennyson's "Ulysses."

Two years later he published "The Princess," of which Sir W. R. Hamilton, a mathematician, said, "How much wiser than my Quaternions!" The poem is an exposition of the woman's rights question, thrown into the form of a story, but, unlike most expositions, is full of exquisite poetry. Some of the lyrics which it contains will probably be remembered as long as the English language is read. When it was finally published, Tennyson wrote to his friend Edward Fitzgerald: "My book is out and I hate it."

Three years later, in 1850, he published "In Memoriam" in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who had died in 1834. One of Tennyson's keenest critics says of this: "To my mind and heart the most satisfactory things that have ever been said on the future state are contained in this poem." The student will find its central thought in the short poem beginning:

"Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!"

In this same year, owing to the death of Wordsworth, Tennyson was offered and accepted the position of Poet Laureate. Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, admired "In Memoriam," and Tennyson was therefore offered the place. "I accepted it," said the

bard, "because Venables told me that when I dined out I should always be offered the liver wing of a fowl." The most important event of the year to Tennyson was, however, his marriage to Emily Sellwood. When somebody asked him how he enjoyed the ceremony, he is said to have replied, "It was the nicest wedding I have ever been at." As a honeymoon trip, the newly-married couple went next year to Italy. Tennyson has described their experiences for us in the poem called "The Daisy."

After their return to England, they lived at Twickenham, where, in 1852, their eldest son Hallam Tennyson was born. Tennyson called him a little monster and wrote his poem "De Profundis" as a record of the thoughts which the child aroused in his mind. Somewhat later he said to one of his friends: "I used to think old painters overdid the dignity and beauty of infant Christs, but I see now they did n't. This morning Hallam lay half-an-hour worshipping the bed-post on which the sunlight flickered." As soon as he could, he took the baby to see old Samuel Rogers, who had once had his hand on Dr. Johnson's knocker.

In 1853 he moved from Twickenham to Farringford, where the air was worth sixpence a pint, so that he might enjoy the pleasure of rustic life. Here in 1854 Lionel Tennyson was born. He studied nature and geology and played football with his boys. He taught Horace's "Fons Bandusiæ" to Hallam, but would not allow him to learn his own poems and insisted that his boys show courtesy to the poor. Later we find him giving Hallam this sound bit of advice: "Learn your lessons regularly; for gentlemen and ladies will not take you for a gentleman when you grow up if you are ignorant." On December 9, 1854, he saw in a newspaper, which was commenting on some phase of the war in the Crimea, the phrase, "Some one had blundered." This suggested to him "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which he wrote in a few moments and which was printed the next year for the soldiers in the trenches.

In 1855 appeared his third long poem, "Maud." Of its excellence he, himself, said: "The oftener I read Maud the more I am convinced of its merits." Farringford was paid for with the proceeds from "Maud," which may have had something to do with Tennyson's

fondness for the poem. When he was asked to read something from his own poems, he usually chose "Guinevere," "The Ode on Wellington," or "Maud." Shortly after its publication he was given the degree of D. C. L. by the University of Oxford, the students receiving him with a great ovation and cheering "In Memoriam," "Inkerman," and "Alma."

Four years later, that is, in 1859, he published the first four of "The Idylls of the King," in which he made an attempt, on the whole successful, to create a national English epic on the subject of King Arthur. Ten thousand copies were sold the first week. One line from the Idylls he usually wrote in autograph albums when unable to escape, "He makes no friends who never made a foe." He spelled Idylls with two l's when referring to his long idyls and with one l when referring to his short ones. The character of Sir Gareth was drawn as a model for his boys.

His next considerable poem, "Enoch Arden," was published in 1864. Sixty thousand copies were soon sold. He was called the poet of the people in consequence of this popularity. About the same time he wrote "The Flower," which he described as a universal apologue. In 1865 he was offered a baronetcy, which he declined, and a membership in Dr. Johnson's club, which he accepted. In 1867 we find him writing to Longfellow: "We Englishmen and Americans should all be brothers as none others among the nations can be." In 1868 it is recorded that he waltzed at a party. In the same year, on April 23, Shakespeare's birthday, he laid the foundation stone of a new house at Aldworth. He wanted shields on his mantel to represent Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, and Wordsworth. He planted trees and watched them grow and obtained a sundial with the inscription, *Horas non numero nisi serenas*, "The hours I do not record unless they are bright."

During the nine years between 1875 and 1884, Tennyson's chief literary occupation was the production of a series of historical plays which were designed to complete the cycle begun by Shakespeare. Of these "Harold" deals with the making of England by the Danes, Saxons, and Normans; "Beket," with the early fight of church and state under Henry II; and "Mary," with the Reformation. Of

"Harold," Longfellow wrote to Tennyson: "The fifth act is a masterpiece of dramatic writing. I know not where to look for anything better." Of "Beket," John Richard Green, the historian, said: "It is the most accurate picture of Henry II in existence." On the stage it was one of Henry Irving's three most successful plays. One critic pronounced it better than Shakespeare's "King John." During those nine years, Tennyson also produced "The Revenge," a poem which every student should read and which caused Thomas Carlyle to say to him: "Eh! Alfred, you have got the grip of it." For the most part, during this period, Tennyson lived happily at Aldworth, varying his retirement with occasional trips to the Continent. In 1875 he climbed an Alp 7000 feet high. He thought the best picture in Venice was Venice itself, as one glides in a gondola along the Grand Canal. In 1884 he was offered and accepted a Peerage. He took it at Gladstone's advice for his son's sake, but said that he would regret his simple name always.

In 1885 he published a new volume of poems called "Teiresias"; in 1886, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"; in 1889, "Demeter"; and in 1892, "The Death of Ænone." These volumes contained some of his best work. In 1887, Tennyson met one of his old friends, Mrs. Proctor, and said to her, "I am 78 and you are 87, and in all probability we shall never meet again," to which she replied, "Don't you young folks be impertinent to your elders," a remark which greatly delighted him. In 1890 he composed "Crossing the Bar." When he first read it to his son Hallam, he said: "Mind you put it at the end of all editions of my poems." "It is the crown of your life's work," replied Hallam. At this time he was in high spirits and liked to waltz, and would defy his friends to get up twenty times from a chair quickly without using their hands. He was much amused at an American who came to Aldworth, having worked his way across the Atlantic, to recite "Maud" to the author. He was so delighted, in fact, with the performance that he paid his visitor's fare back to America. He was greatly struck with the merit of Kipling's early work, and took occasion to assure him of his admiration, perhaps being mindful of the ten years of neglect which he himself had suffered between 1832 and 1842. Kipling replied with courtly grace: "The private in the

ranks cannot thank the general for his praise, but he fights the better for it."

Tennyson's death occurred October 7, 1892. The following item appeared in the newspapers at the time: "Nothing could be more striking than the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window, his hand clasping the volume of Shakespeare which he had called for. The moonlight, the majestic frame as he lay there, drawing thicker breath, irresistibly brought to our minds his own 'Passing of Arthur.' " He was buried in Westminster Abbey with "Cymbeline" and a laurel wreath from Virgil's tomb. Many were reading "In Memoriam" before the service. "Crossing the Bar" was sung. He lies next to Browning in front of Chaucer's monument. For weeks an endless procession passed his grave.

Tennyson has been fortunate in his biographer, Hallam Tennyson. In his "Memoirs of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," he has preserved a considerable amount of his father's conversation. It is a rich storehouse of wisdom, well worth reading for its intrinsic interest and invaluable as a portraiture of the man himself. The following fragments of his conversation will give the student some idea of its quality:

"Shakespeare is the man one would wish perhaps to show as a sample of mankind to those in another planet."—"Lycidas is a test of any reader's poetic instinct."—"Humour will be found even in the Gospel of Christ."—"All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose; nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one."—"It is motive, it is the real purpose which consecrates life."—"Prayer is our highest aspiration."—"A truthful man generally has all virtues."—"Make the lives of children as beautiful as possible."—"I never put two *ss*'s together." (He called getting rid of *s* sounds kicking the geese out of the boat.)—"The general English view of God is as of an immeasurable clergyman."—"England is the most beastly self-satisfied nation in the world."—"The greatest inventor must have been the inventor of a wheel."—"Contempt is a sure mark of a little mind."—"There's

more wisdom in Bacon's "Essays" than in any other book of the size."—When asked if Bacon wrote Shakespeare, he said: "Don't be a fool."

Of all our poets, Tennyson is perhaps the easiest to read. The student should drink deep at this Pierian spring. He may rest assured that he will find it at once refreshing and delightful. As a beginning, it will be well for him to read the poems mentioned in the "suggested readings." When he has arrived this far, if he does not feel a strong desire to read more, he may be perfectly sure that his real vocation lies outside of the realms of literature.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Name ten great people born in 1809.
2. With how much enthusiasm were "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" accepted by the public? What effect did the reception have upon the work of Alfred Tennyson?
3. In what year did Tennyson win his first recognition and with what book?
4. At what stage of life were Ruskin, Carlyle, and Wordsworth at this time?
5. What poem is thought to have won Tennyson his pension?
6. Tell of the relations between Arthur Henry Hallam and Tennyson.
7. Read ten of Tennyson's shorter poems and tell the class the especial poetic attributes of each.
8. Recount to the class the story of "Enoch Arden."
9. Which did you like better, the "Idylls of the King" or Malory's "King Arthur"?
10. Outline Tennyson's life and describe the character of the man.

Suggested Readings.—"The May Queen," "The Lotus Eaters," the "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Sir Galahad," "The Lord of Burleigh," "The Princess," "Enoch Arden," "The Brook," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "Gareth and Lynette," "The Revenge," "Crossing the Bar," and "Maud" will but introduce the reader to Tennyson's manifold attainments. "Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir," by his son, is one of the greatest English biographies.

Tennyson

CHAPTER XXXIX

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

"He has a mighty intellect."—*Tennyson*.

"He was clever enough to understand his own poetry; and, if he understood it, we can understand it."—*G. K. Chesterton*.

"I like Browning; he isn't at all like a damned literary man."—*Lockhart*.

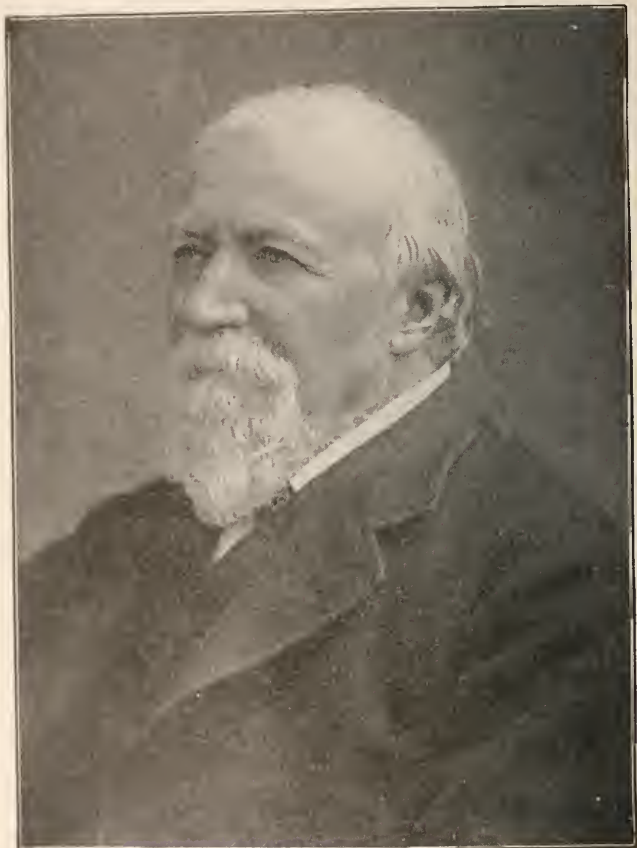
"His genius is the least important thing about him."—*Mrs. Browning*.

ROBERT BROWNING was born in Camberwell, a southern suburb of London, May 7, 1812. He was descended from a series of butlers, bank clerks, and innkeepers. His father, he said, had more poetic genius than he. At any rate he had enough interest in poetry to train his son to be a poet. The consequence was that, like Pope, Browning lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. At eight he had written a volume, which was handed about in manuscript. At that time he was wholly under Byron's influence, which distressed his father, who wanted him to imitate Pope. Up to 1826 he went to school at Dulwich; afterwards he had a tutor at home. He had no brother and one sister. His father had plenty of property to support both of them. Browning, therefore, decided that poetry should be his life-work.

In 1825, he happened quite by accident to find the works of Percy Bysshe Shelley in a book-store on the Strand. The result was that he lost his admiration for Byron and his art was revolutionized. Shelley had been dead at this time for three years, but no bookseller in London had heard of him or his works. Robert's mother picked up for him, at the same time, the works of another equally unknown poet, a Mr. John Keats. There is a lesson in this incident for those who are discouraged owing to lack of appreciation. Shelley and Keats are now recognized as among the greatest masters of the English language.

In 1829 and 1830 Browning attended lectures at University College, London. In 1832 he went to live at Richmond. Here,

on October 22, he finished "Pauline." Given money to print it by his aunt, he published it anonymously the next year. Browning did not acknowledge until some years later that he was its author, and then did so only to prevent piracy. It was reviewed fully and cor-



ROBERT BROWNING
1812—1889

dially in the "Monthly Repository." John Stuart Mill was delighted by it. Years afterward a letter came from a young painter who said he had copied it in the British Museum. It was signed Dante Gabriel

Rossetti. There was also a kind review in the "Athenæum" by Allan Cunningham.

In 1833 and 1834 Browning travelled extensively in Russia and Italy. In 1835 he published a second work, called "Paracelsus." "Pauline," in spite of the praise which it had received, had been somewhat immature. One critic indeed says that it contained ideas, which, like the measles, every poet has to have and get over. The following quotations will perhaps show why it impressed competent judges:

"That we devote ourselves to God is seen
In living just as if no God there were."

Part I.

"Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart."

Ibid.

"Are there not, dear Michael,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,—
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge."

Ibid.

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and withered in their pride."

Part IV.

About this time Browning met Walter Savage Landor, William Wordsworth, and Macready, the greatest actor then upon the English stage. Macready was so much impressed with Browning's ability as a dramatic writer that he invited him to produce a play. Accordingly, Browning's tragedy of "Strafford" was composed, published, and played at the Covent Garden Theatre. It was well received.

In 1840, he published "Sordello," a long story in blank verse. This was much ridiculed on account of the obscurity of its style. Tennyson is said to have remarked: "There are in 'Sordello' only two lines which I can understand—the first line of the book, which is

'Who will, may hear Sordello's story told,'
and the last line,

'Who would, has heard Sordello's story told,'
and both of these are lies." Douglas Jerrold, at the time "Sordello" came out, was recovering from a serious illness. Having been given

permission to read a little, he began the poem. No sooner had he done so than he turned deadly pale and cried: "My God! I'm an idiot. My health is restored, but my mind is gone. I can't understand two consecutive lines of an English poem." The fact of the matter is that, while "Sordello" is hard reading, it should not be called obscure. Any person who has the patience to read it three times will be amply rewarded. It was not, however, until 1841, that Browning won any real popularity as a poet. In that year, he published his little dramatic masterpiece, "Pippa Passes," which any student can read and enjoy, and a volume of short poems called "Bells and Pomegranates." This latter volume fell into the hands of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who called it a "Pomegranate that showed a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

In 1842 these books were followed by a volume entitled "Dramatic Lyrics," the publication of which clearly established Browning's position as a great English poet. It contained the following, all of which should be read by the student: (1) "Cavalier Tunes," (2) "My Last Duchess," (3) "Incident of the French Camp," (4) "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." The last was written especially for little Willie Macready, but it has since delighted thousands of other boys and girls both young and old. In 1843 and 1844 Browning produced three more or less successful plays—"The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the Scutcheon," and "Colombe's Birthday"—and in 1845 "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics." The latter contains several of his most famous poems, among them "Saul," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Boy and the Angel," and "The Lost Leader." Three of the lines in this volume have perhaps never been surpassed:

"There's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you might think he never could recapture
That first fine careless rapture."

—*Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

In 1846, he published "A Soul Tragedy" and "Luria"; and, what was perhaps more important, married Miss Elizabeth Barrett on September 12. She was already distinguished as a poet even

more than her illustrious husband, her best work probably being a volume entitled "Sonnets from the Portuguese," such sonnets, indeed, as no Portuguese ever wrote or will write. In spite of the fact that she was three years his senior, was an invalid while he enjoyed robust health, and believed in Spiritualism, while he did not, their marriage was an entire success. His affection for her is recorded in his poem "Prospice," which he wrote after her death in 1861. On account of the delicacy of her health, they left England in 1847 and settled at Casa Guidi in Florence, Italy. Here, on March 9, 1849, Robert Barrett Browning was born, and here, for years, his parents did their literary work.

In 1855, Browning published perhaps the richest of all his volumes, "Men and Women." It contained "One Word More," "Cleon," "The Statue and the Bust," "Childe Roland," "Old Pictures in Florence," "Two in the Campagna," "De Gustibus," "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "Andrea del Sarto." The following quotations, fragmentary though they are, may give some inkling of the poetry and humor of this volume:

"They are perfect; how else? they shall never change.
We are faulty; why not?—we have time in store."

—*Old Pictures in Florence.*

"Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

—*Two in the Campagna.*

"Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me
(When fortune's malice
Lost her Calais):
'Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

—*De Gustibus.*

"If you get simple beauty and nought else
You get about the best thing God invents."

—*Fra Lippo Lippi.*

"One fine frosty day,
My stomach being as empty as your hat."

Ibid.

"Paint the soul; never mind the legs and arms."

Ibid.

"You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls."

Ibid.

"Nature is complete:
 Suppose you reproduce her (which you can't)
 There's no advantage! You must beat her, then.
 For, don't you mark? We're made so that we love
 First when we see them painted, things we have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

—*Fra Lippo Lippi.*

"This world's no blot for us
 Nor blank; it means intensely and means good."

Ibid.

In 1864 this was followed by "Dramatis Personæ," which contained "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Prospice," "A Death in the Desert," and "Caliban upon Setebos," all poems which are full of ripe wisdom, beauty, and spirit. Three brief quotations will give some notion of their quality:

"For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
 And hope and fear (believe the aged friend),
 Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

—*A Death in the Desert.*

"Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
 Not God's and not the beasts'; God is; they are;
 Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

Ibid.

"The ultimate angels' law,
 Indulging every instinct of the soul
 There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing."

Ibid.

His next large work came in 1868 and 1869, being a long account of a murder trial entitled "The Ring and the Book." This was followed in 1871 by "Balaustion's Adventure"; in 1873 by "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau"; in 1877 by "Agamemnon"; and in 1879 by "Dramatic Idyls." Among his latest noteworthy poems were "Pheidippides" and "Tray," the latter being a protest against vivisection. Browning was vice-president of the Anti-vivisection Society at this time, and denounced the practice as cowardly even if it could be proved useful.

In 1881 his growing popularity was attested by the fact that a Browning Society was formed in London, being the precursor of many other such societies throughout the civilized world.

He died at the Palazzo Rezzonico, Venice, October 12, 1889, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, December 31.

The most noticeable characteristic of Browning's poetry is its obscurity. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the brilliant author of the "Life of Browning" in the English Men of Letters series, says facetiously: "He was clever enough to understand his own poetry; and, if he understood it, we can understand it." A feminine admirer once asked Browning, however, what one of his poems meant, and received this reply: "When that poem was written, two people knew what it meant—God and Robert Browning. And now God only knows what it means." Though a good enough story, this anecdote is probably not true. At all events, most of Browning's poems have a meaning which study will reveal. They seem obscure because he has a curious fashion of proclaiming conclusions without bothering to explain how he arrived at them. "The word 'tail foremost,'" says Chesterton, "describes his style. . . . The tail, the most insignificant part of an animal, is also often the most animated and fantastic. An utterance of Browning is often like a strange animal walking backwards, who flourishes his tail with such energy that everyone takes it for his head."

To the reader who has made this discovery, however, the poetry of Browning is a perpetual delight. Much of it, indeed, is as clear as Tennyson's. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Cavalier Tunes," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Hervé Riel," "Incident of the French Camp," "Pheidippides," and "Tray," not to mention scores of others, are intelligible to a child. Among Browning's solid contributions to literature are several new forms of poetry. Of these the most noteworthy are the dramatic lyric; the series of detached dramas held together by one character, of which "Pippa Passes" is the best type; and "The Ring and the Book," which is the exact converse, being one story told by various persons. The finest thing about Browning, however, was his intense humanity. He was as human as Burns or Byron, but, unlike them and like Shakespeare and Sophocles, he saw life steadily and saw it whole.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What poets influenced Browning's earliest leanings?
2. How was his first poem received?
3. Read six of Browning's dramatic lyrics and tell to the class the anecdotes presented in them.

4. What is the structure of "The Ring and the Book"?
5. Are the poems you have read of Browning's obscure? Discuss his obscurity with your classmates and determine whether it is the fault of the poet or yourselves.
6. From what art did Browning receive most inspiration?
7. Was Browning interested in his fellow-men? Give a reason for your answer.
8. Who was Andrea del Sarto? Who was Fra Lippo Lippi?
9. Does Browning appeal to the intellect or to the emotions, or to both?
10. Discuss the differences between the work of Tennyson and that of Browning.

Suggested Readings.—"Clive," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Prospice," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Childe Roland," "Saul," and "The Lost Leader" will lead the reader on. G. K. Chesterton's book upon Browning is stimulating.

Robert Browning.

CHAPTER XL

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

"The one Charles Dickens of the English people."—*Punch*.

"The great and beneficent genius who through the course of a whole generation held the mind of English-speaking folk spell-bound."—*R. C. Lehman*.

"Boz," wrote a kindly but acute critic about 1840, "is the fictitious signature of a young man named Charles Dickens, who was for some years engaged as a writer in one of the London newspapers, which he enlivened with his humorous and graphic sketches. He has made himself familiar with the peculiarities of the people, chiefly of the middle and lower ranks, which he has the knack of hitting off in a singularly droll and happy manner." After pointing out the fact that London furnishes a prodigious mine for character description, a mine previously worked only by Smollett and Washington Irving, this same writer adds: "Upon this mine of character and manners Boz has successfully struck. He is now busy in the work of excavation. The chief talent of this clever writer consists in close perception not only of character but of every minute circumstance and local peculiarity."

The young man who thus made his bow to the British public was born at Landport February 7, 1812. His baptismal name was Charles John Huffham Dickens. His father, a clerk in the navy pay office, was employed during most of Charles's youth at Chatham, and here the boy grew in surroundings composed of soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, offices, and dock-yard men. A wise schoolmaster, Mr. William Giles, soon discovered his talents and encouraged him to use them, so that, as Dickens himself said, he was a writer when a mere baby, an actor always. Before he was nine he had managed private theatricals, written a tragedy, and read several books of travel, "The Arabian Nights," the English essayists, Mrs. Inchbald's collection of farces, and the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Cervantes, and LeSage. In 1821 misfortune overtook the elder Dickens, who, though

honorable and kindly, was a trifle easy-going and may in some other respects have furnished hints for the portrait of Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield." At all events he lost his job, allowed his son's education to take care of itself, and soon found himself in jail for debt. Charles in consequence underwent the series of humiliating experiences which he described, twenty-five years later, in those wonderful early chapters of "David Copperfield" with which every American child is of course familiar. His father's release from prison enabled him to put Charles at a school where the head master, like Mr. Creakle, knew nothing, and the usher, like Mr. Mell, knew everything. From this institution he passed after two or three years of work and play to a clerkship in a law office, where he picked up a sufficient knowledge of legal technicalities and lawyers to satirize both with intelligence and severity. At seventeen he determined to become a newspaper reporter and accordingly set himself to learn the ponderous shorthand of those days, a task in which he found himself seriously handicapped by the lack of a copious vocabulary, which is a possession that can be acquired only by much reading. Strength of will and a determination if he did a thing at all to do it thoroughly enabled him ultimately to overcome both obstacles; in 1831 he obtained employment as a parliamentary reporter; in 1834 he became a reporter on the "Morning Chronicle"; in performing the duties of that fascinating job he was upset in almost every description of vehicle known in England; and when in 1836 his labors as a reporter came to an end he was held to have no equal in the gallery of Parliament.

The latter event was caused by the fact that, in 1833, Dickens had dropped into the letter-box of "The Monthly Magazine" a paper called "A Dinner at Poplar Walk." It had succeeded and had been followed by others; these had been collected into two volumes; and for the copyright he had received 150 pounds, which was an unlucky bargain, as he soon repurchased it for more than thirteen times that sum. This advance in price was due to the extraordinary success of "The Pickwick Papers," the first number of which appeared March 31, 1836.

The popularity of "Pickwick" became and remained so great that Dr. Arnold of Rugby was seriously alarmed lest it corrupt the morals,

of his pupils. Twenty years later young men at Oxford talked nothing but *Pickwick* and the wittiest of undergraduates set the world at large an examination in "*Pickwick*," which is only less fascinating and famous than the book itself. To-day it seems to retain its hold



CHARLES DICKENS
1812—1870

on readers in England, in America, and in lands where it is read in translations, for no one has as yet been able to produce a translation dull enough to spoil its relish. The origin of this wonderful success, like the origin of "*Pamela*," was humble. Attracted by the popu-

larity of Boz's Sketches, a publishing firm asked Dickens to write something to illustrate some plates by a comic artist named Seymour. Seymour committed suicide before the second paper appeared, and among the unsuccessful applicants for his job was a young man named William Makepeace Thackeray. The papers, however, soon outstripped the pictures in popularity, and finally developed into one of the most laughable and lovable novels ever written. It is almost impossible to describe it to anybody who has not read it and to describe it to anybody who has is an impertinence. Indeed it may be said that a familiarity with Mr. Pickwick himself, with his immortal servant Sam Weller, and with the details of the trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick have ever since been necessary ingredients in a liberal education.

"Pickwick" was followed by "The Adventures of Oliver Twist," in which the author set before the British public such a picture of the dregs of life as it had never seen before, a picture terrible in its revelations of human depravity and in the intensity of its tragic scenes but redeemed from all vulgarity by the power of sympathy which enabled the author to depict the devotion and heroism of Nancy, the vivacity of the Artful Dodger, and the good humor of Charley Bates. "Pickwick" made his readers merry; in "Oliver Twist" he thrilled them; and both books made them think better of mankind. The power of the book is irresistible. No reader can forget Fagin the Jew or the breathless excitement of the chapters that precede his downfall and that of his brutal accomplice Sikes.

In April, 1838, several months before the completion of "Oliver Twist," appeared the first number of "Nicholas Nickleby." The pleasantly metallic jingle of this name suggests its purpose. It is a savage but deserved attack on certain schools and schoolmasters whose aims were not to teach boys but to make money. Oliver Twist in the workhouse and Smike at Dotheboys Hall are Dickens's immortal protests against that brutality from which he himself had suffered as a boy at school, and the sweet reasonableness of modern pedagogues is no doubt due in some measure to his warfare against their brutal predecessors who are depicted in Mr. Squeers. The book, however, is full of fun. Its best comic figure is the verbose, round-

about, and parenthetical Mrs. Nickleby, who never deviates into coherence.

"Nicholas Nickleby" was followed 1840 by "The Old Curiosity Shop," a book which has since made four generations of readers, including Lord Macaulay and Walter Savage Landor, glad, afraid, angry, and sad. Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness, Sally Brass and Quilp, are loved and hated with an intensity seldom excited even by live people. But the most wonderful picture in the book is that of Little Nell. Dickens afterward formed other characters not less affecting but none so essentially poetic.

Dickens's next book, "Barnaby Rudge," was less successful, though it contains the justly famous and popular portrait of Dolly Varden, a charming type of eighteenth century girl, and the scarcely less famous picture of Grip the Raven. With the exception of "A Tale of Two Cities," "Barnaby Rudge" is Dickens's only historical novel. It gives a vivid picture of the Lord George Gordon riots of 1780, but it is none too accurate, Dickens, unlike Scott, not being at once a student of books and of men.

Probably Dickens felt that this was the case. His less decisive success with "Barnaby Rudge" seems to have led him to seek fresh material in strange lands. At all events on January 28, 1842, after a rough voyage, he and his wife landed in Boston. Their stay in the United States lasted about four months and included visits to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and Buffalo. Then they passed by Niagara into Canada, visited Montreal, and were safe at home again in July.

The literary results of this tour were a volume called "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," one of Dickens's best novels. Both gave great offence to Americans and were evidently meant to give offence. Even the Mississippi River, "great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him," was insulted. In spite of all this, when Dickens again visited America in 1868, he was received with great cordiality and apologized handsomely. The fact is that in his satire, mixed with some injustice, there was much truth, and if he is hard in "Martin Chuzzlewit" on Americans he is equally hard on Englishmen. The former have no more reason to

be angry with Mr. Jefferson Brick than the latter with the portrait of Mr. Pecksniff, in which he drew an immortal picture of the favorite English vice of hypocrisy, and that of Mrs. Gamp, by means of which he drove out of existence a generation of untrained nurses.

Dickens's nature indeed was full of kindliness. To cultivate good will, founded upon respect, toward the poor was always one of his chief ambitions. During the holiday seasons of 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, and 1848, in his delightful Christmas books he bestowed upon the world his most successful efforts in this direction. Of these "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Christmas Carol" are perhaps the best; but all of them, filled as they are with holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, continue to enjoy a popularity which they richly deserve.

"Martin Chuzzlewit" is a satire on selfishness. In "Dombey and Son," which began to appear in 1847, Dickens sought to show what pride cannot achieve, conquer, or withstand. The story of Mr. Dombey's pride in little Paul, of his cruelty toward his daughter Florence, of Paul's death, and of Florence's love is at once one of the subtlest and most impressive in literature, while the death of Carker is wondrously powerful. The book is also rich in comic characters and Captain Cuttle is one of Dickens's most agreeable creations. Indeed it seemed that in this great book Dickens had reached a height beyond which even his genius could not rise.

Yet this is exactly what happened. The first number of "David Copperfield" was published in May, 1849, the last in November, 1850. As Adolphus W. Ward says, it is a pearl without a peer amongst the later fictions of our English school. "Of all my books," the author said himself, "I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy. But, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child—and his name is David Copperfield." David Copperfield is Dickens. He put into it his life's blood. It is in reality the most delightful of all autobiographies. It contains the story of his own sordid and unhappy childhood, of his early love, and of his gradual rise to fame. It is all real and yet a triumph of art. The number, variety, and truth

of the characters is marvelous even for Dickens. The shapeless nurse Peggotty, Barkis the willing, Little Emily, Ham, Mrs. Gummidge that lone lorn creature, Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Mrs. Micawber and the twins, Mr. Creakle the schoolmaster, Aunt Betsy Trotwood, Mr. Dick and his kites, 'umble Uriah Heep, Traddles and the dearest girl, that delicious little fool Dora, Gyp, and Agnes, sweetest and noblest of heroines,—all are as true and unforgettable as Hamlet and Mercutio, Rebecca and Ivanhoe. The style is as good as Stevenson's, which is by no means true of all of Dickens's work. The student who has time for only one of his books should read "David Copperfield," for if he reads "David Copperfield" he will surely find time to read the rest.

The man who had done all of this great work was now an intensely human gentleman of 38. From his youth he had been accustomed not only to work but also to play hard. He was a born actor, believing that the world falls into two divisions only—those whose place is before and those whose place is behind the footlights. His love of the stage led him to associate with actors, Macready and Fechter being among his dearest friends, and, after he had become a successful novelist, to manage and conduct amateur theatricals, if the word "amateur" can be applied to productions of "Every Man in his Humour" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," acted with great applause in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, and of Bulwer Lytton's "Not so Bad as We Seem," played before the Queen with scenery painted by the best artists. The proceeds went to charity. Dickens was also an editor and on the whole a successful one, doing much in "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" to make periodical literature reputable and certainly making it popular. To these magazines he contributed his agreeable "Letters of an Uncommercial Traveller" and his disagreeable but powerful novel "Hard Times." In the midst of his labors he found abundant leisure to take vacations in Italy, France, and England, mainly at seaside resorts, and to cultivate his friends, among whom he numbered his biographer Forster; the great portrait painter Maclise; Landseer, whose dogs and lions live in immortal canvas, stone, and bronze; Douglas Jerrold, prince of punsters; Lord Lytton, who wrote the "Last Days of Pom-

peii"; Thackeray; and even Carlyle. He was, like Scott, an early riser, because in no other way could he obtain the solitude that is needed for imaginative work; he lived temperately; and he had a theory, up to which he tried to live, that a man's hours of walking and of intellectual labor should be equal. He loved punctuality and hated disorder, slovenliness, and half-done work.

"David Copperfield" was followed 1852-1853 by "Bleak House," which surpassed it by 10,000 copies in circulation and decidedly in the skill of its plot, but is vastly its inferior in charm. It is a satire on the law's delay and incidentally a very good detective story. Its pictures of Inspector Bucket, Mr. Tulkinghorn the family solicitor, and Mr. Guppy are Dickens's most finished portraits of men of law.

While "Bleak House" was still appearing in monthly numbers, Dickens dictated and published in his journal "A Child's History of England," which is distinguished by its hatred of ecclesiasticism and war. It was followed 1853-1857 by "Little Dorrit," a stinging satire on the inefficiency of socialism. He was ill when he wrote it and it shows the effects of his illness. In his retreat at Gad's Hill, where in Shakespeare's "Henry IV" Falstaff and Prince Hal had made merry, he sought and found rest and better health, however, though he speedily neutralized the benefit thus secured by embarking on a fresh enterprise that taxed to the utmost his impaired vitality. He began to give readings from his own books. Their success was enormous both financially and artistically, and they gratified at once his love of acting and his fondness for literary fame. Among the things he read were "The Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," the trial in "Pickwick," "Mrs. Gamp," "Paul Dombey," and passages from "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist," the last culminating in the murder of Nancy by Sikes.

In the midst of these labors he produced 1859 "A Tale of Two Cities," his second and last historical novel and perhaps, after "David Copperfield," his greatest masterpiece. The two cities are London and Paris and the period depicted is that of the French Revolution. It differs from his other books in being almost entirely devoid of humor, but it abounds in effective situations, the story is well-nigh matchless, and the picture of Sidney Carton's sacrifice excites the

emotions of pity and fear to a degree seldom attained by any tragic writer. In "Great Expectations," which was completed 1860, Dickens returned to his earlier manner with a narrative in which description, sentiment, humor, tenderness, and insight into the world of a child mind were combined in his own matchless manner. In the meantime his health began to break. In 1865 he had a severe illness, the consequences of which were aggravated by his being in a railway train which met with a fearful accident. He never fully recovered, but in the midst of his difficulties contrived to finish his last great novel, "Our Mutual Friend." In spite of his growing infirmities, he continued his readings, made a second trip 1868 to America, and set to work on a new book, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which was never finished. He died June 9, 1870, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Perhaps his final place in literature has never been better suggested than in the following words of Alexander Smith: "If Mr. Dickens's characters were gathered together, they would constitute a town populous enough to send a representative to Parliament. Let us enter. There is an individuality about the buildings. In some obscure way they remind us of human faces. Newman Noggs comes shambling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff come sailing down the sunny side of the street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay; papa's neckcloth is white and terribly starched. Dick Swiveller stands against a wall, a primrose held between his teeth. You turn a corner and you meet the coffin of Little Paul borne along. In the afternoon you hear the rich tones of the organ from Miss La Creevy's first floor, for Tom Pinch has gone to live there now, and you go up and talk with the dear old fellow and towards evening he takes your arm and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. In a three-minute talk tell the class what novels of Dickens you have read, when you read them, the characters you liked and disliked, and all impressions made upon you by this author.
2. Tell of Dickens's parentage, boyhood, and youth.
3. What English and European novelists influenced Dickens?
4. How were the "Pickwick Papers" received?
5. In what form were Dickens's novels first published?

6. Name some of the customs and institutions which Dickens successfully fought against.
7. Name Dickens's two historical novels and tell something about each.
8. What were Dickens's relations with America?
9. Which member of the class in three minutes can write the names of the largest number of Dickens's characters?
10. What four adjectives best describe the qualities of Dickens's work?

Suggested Readings.—The man or woman who has not read most of Dickens's novels has deprived himself or herself of wealth. "Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield" are considered the greatest of the great ones. A. W. Ward's "Life of Dickens" will be valuable collateral reading.

Very truly Yours
Charles Dickens

CHAPTER XLI

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

"A Titan of mind."—*Charlotte Brontë*.

"O' gentle censor of our age!
Prime master of our ampler tongue!
Whose word of wit and generous page
Were never wrath, except with wrong."
—*Lord Houghton*.

SOMEBODY has called Dickens the novelist of the masses and Thackeray the novelist of the classes. In the sense that Thackeray drew better pictures of the upper classes of society than Dickens this is a true distinction, but in the sense that Dickens's portraits are more realistic than Thackeray's it is not true. Thackeray's men and women are as natural and as universally understandable as Dickens's. Indeed, great as Dickens is, it is altogether probable that Thackeray will ultimately stand higher in fame.

He was born July 18, 1811, in Calcutta. His father and grandfather were Indian civil servants. He was brought as a child to England and sent to school at the Charter House, which he always spoke of in his earlier books as the Slaughter House. Here in a fight he acquired a broken nose and in his more peaceful moments a reputation among the boys as a writer of parodies. In one of these, on a sentimental poem then popular, he substituted for "violets, dark blue violets" the phrase "cabbages, bright green cabbages." In 1829 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he edited a paper called "The Snob," dedicated to all Proctors, past, present, and future—

"Whose taste it is our privilege to follow,
Whose virtue it is our duty to imitate,
Whose presence it is our interest to avoid."

Perhaps the best of his contributions to this publication was a parody on Alfred Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," which had just won the Chancellor's prize for English verse. He left Cambridge 1830 and resided for some time thereafter on the continent, chiefly at Weimar and in

Paris, his purpose being to become an artist. Artists say that he never learned to draw, but he did at all events acquire the art of making exquisitely funny pictures. One of his early efforts in this direction represents a messenger kneeling on the field of battle and delivering a despatch to the Duke of Marlborough on horseback. A cannon ball has just carried off the messenger's head, but the graceful ease with which the duke receives the message and the soldier-like attitude of the headless trunk form a lovely contrast to the tragedy of the scene. When "Pickwick" was in need of an illustrator, Thackeray applied unsuccessfully for the job, but in later years made the pictures for his own books and made them, drawing or no drawing, with a combination of humor and fidelity as delightful as it is rare.

In 1832 he came of age and inherited a fortune of 500 pounds a year, which he succeeded in getting rid of, interest and principal, in a year or two, partly at cards but mostly through the smoothness of a popular preacher, who used to cry a good deal in the pulpit. This worthy induced Makepeace to start a magazine. He later described his own folly in these words: "I daresay I gave myself airs as the editor of that confounded 'Museum,' and proposed to educate the public taste, to diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation, and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I daresay I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my own verses. I daresay I made a gaby of myself to the world. Pray, my good friend, hast thou never done likewise? If thou hast never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

His money being gone and his art studies having failed, Thackeray, like Goldsmith, tried literature. After some newspaper experience he formed a connection with "Fraser's Magazine," in which 1837 appeared the "History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond." The editor wanted it made shorter, but nobody wants it or any of his other books made shorter now. It was followed by "Barry Lyndon," a short novel in which with inimitable power he drew a picture of the most consummate rascal in all literature. In 1840 he brought out his "Paris Sketch Book." About the same time, in a good day for himself, the journal, and the world, he found "Punch," to which from 1843 to 1853 he was a regular contributor.

Among other things he wrote for "Punch" were "The Snob Papers" and "The Ballads of Policeman X." "The Irish Sketch Book" came out in 1843 and "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo" in 1844. Though he printed all of these under the name of Titmarsh, their merit gradually made him known in the literary world. Finally, in



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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From the portrait by Samuel Laurence

1846, he began the publication under his own name of his first long novel, "Vanity Fair," and was famous.

"Vanity Fair" has neither plot nor hero. Its lack of the former is due probably to the fact that it came out in numbers.

"He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," somebody has said. Its length is enormous; it was published in 24 numbers, while Dickens's novels usually took only 20. Its lack of a hero may have been due to a sort of impatience in the author's mind—if so harsh a word may be applied to a spirit as gentle as his—with the unnatural goodness of Dickens's central characters, for who was ever as unselfish as Pickwick, as manly as Nicholas, or as good a boy as Oliver? At all events the chief character in "Vanity Fair," Becky Sharp, is bad. In this respect the book differs from all preceding novels except "Barry Lyndon." But Thackeray's aim was not to exalt but to expose vice. Becky is contemptible but vastly interesting. Born a pauper and not gifted with much beauty, by sheer force of intellect she obtains in ample measure the only thing she really values, which is money. In so doing she has as her lovers or rather victims a succession of men. Among these are fat, purse-proud, awkward, cowardly Joe Sedley; George Osborne; old Sir Pitt Crawley; Captain Rawdon Crawley, a great heavy stupid dragoon, whom she almost loves and actually does marry; and the great Marquis of Steyne. These people are all bad and true to life. There is also in the book a pair of good people, who are equally natural. These are Amelia Sedley, Joe's sister and George Osborne's wife; and Colonel Dobbin, who is a real man, brave and good. George is killed at Waterloo and Amelia cherishes his unworthy memory for fifteen years before she can bring herself to marry Dobbin. She is not a heroic figure but she is a true loving girl, silly if you please, but absolutely natural. Some critics say that all the clever folks in the story are knaves and all the good ones fools, but no reader ever found it dull. In truth, it is a deep, true, and tragic satire on human nature. Two of its scenes have not been surpassed in vividness. One of them describes the manner in which Rawdon Crawley discovered that his wife had been taking presents from the Marquis of Steyne. This is the other: "No more firing was heard at Brussels. The pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and the city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

"Vanity Fair" made Thackeray a personage, a star in the literary

heavens. He became thenceforth the companion and friend of the most famous men in London. Though not a good talker in a large party, he was a charming companion. Drawings and pearls of wit emanated constantly from him. He was always versifying for his friends. He once owed Anthony Trollope five pounds, seventeen shillings, and sixpence as his share of a dinner bill at Richmond, and paid it by means of a cheque in rhyme. About this time a truculent Irishman, enraged at Thackeray's portraits of his countrymen, called on him with the intention of thrashing him. Such, however, was the novelist's geniality or size that he desisted from his fell design and they parted friends. Indeed his six feet four of height, his flowing hair already nearly gray, his broken nose, his broad forehead, and his ample chest everywhere inspired both love and respect.

"Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes" followed "Vanity Fair" in 1850, 1852, and 1854.

"Pendennis," one suspects, is to Thackeray as "David Copperfield" is to Dickens. At all events he is no hero. He thrashed the other boys at school; fell in love with an actress when he, not she, was still at a tender age; was rescued from her toils by his padded old sinner of an uncle, Major Pendennis; at Boniface College, Oxford, spent money which he did not have, gambled, and lied; and narrowly escaped marrying Miss Blanche Amory, who was a sham, very lovely in the evening before a dance but rather yellow and wrinkled in the morning after one. However, Pen had a good mother, a good friend in dear rough old George Warrington, and a guardian angel of a superior kind in Laura, with whom he finally settled down in an elysium of undeserved bliss. In addition to the characters already mentioned, Captain Costigan, the father of Miss Fotheringay, has a rich vein of humor and kindness that makes him worth knowing. The chapter in which Major Pendennis is bidden to stand and deliver and the chapter in which he yields neither his money nor his life are wonderfully funny and exciting. Read them. They are 67 and 68.

"The Newcomes" is supposed to be edited by Pendennis. It also is a great though not a pleasant book. The pictures of Runnum Loll, an Indian merchant who masquerades in London as a prince and who, though he is known to have two wives in India, is

worshipped by the London girls; of Mr. Honeyman the clergyman; and of Barnes Newcome are powerful satires. Of Barnes the author writes: "Barnes Newcome never missed a church or dressing for dinner. He never kept a tradesman waiting for his money. He seldom drank too much, and never was late for business, or huddled over his toilet, however brief his sleep or severe his headache. In a word, he was as scrupulously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality." Clive Newcome, the hero, is a mediocre young painter, whose happiness is ruined by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mack, the Campaigner, a peculiarly odious she-demon. Old Colonel Newcome, however, is altogether lovely and heroic and gentle. Ruined by speculation, he dons the gown of a charity patient—he the soldier, the gentleman, the aristocrat. The picture of his last days Anthony Trollope thought the best thing Thackeray ever did.

"Henry Esmond" is probably Thackeray's greatest novel. The events occur in the age of Queen Anne and the language is an almost perfect imitation of the diction of Addison and Swift. Henry Esmond tells the story and is the hero. There are two heroines, Lady Castlewood and her daughter Beatrix. Esmond is a soldier, but likes books and cannot swear or drink like other soldiers. He loves Beatrix and is loved by her mother. Beatrix, however, does not care to have her dreams of ambition disturbed by such folly as love and becomes engaged to a duke, who is inopportunately killed in a duel. Later she becomes attached to one of the Stuart princes. Esmond marries her mother and settles in Virginia. It is a sad story, but is told with wonderful skill, and the characters of Esmond, Lady Castlewood, and Beatrix are drawn with great art.

"Esmond" appeared 1852. In 1858 Thackeray published a sequel, "The Virginians." Twin lads named Warrington, grandsons of Henry Esmond, are the central figures. While the book has no vacant or dull pages, it lacks the unity of Esmond. The best part of it is perhaps the story of the later fortunes of Beatrix Esmond, who had married a bishop, and after his death had become the Baroness Bernstein.

"The Virginians" was Thackeray's last novel. There remain, however, three other important contributions of his to literature. These are his lectures, his burlesques, and his poems.

Of his lectures there are two series, "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" and "The Four Georges." He wrote the former 1859 and delivered them in many places both in England and America. The authors treated are Swift, Congreve, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. What he says of them is pre-eminently interesting to grown-up students of literature, but not particularly so to young people. The lectures on the Georges are as entertaining as they could be in view of the inherent dullness of the subject.

His burlesques, on the other hand, are delicious. They were collected 1869 into one volume, which contains "Novels by Eminent Hands," "Jeames's Diary," "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," "A Legend of the Rhine," and "Rebecca and Rowena." Of these the last three are the best fun. Major Gahagan is as good a liar as Baron Munchausen or Mark Twain. He keeps a barrel of gunpowder under his bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents, and eats the leg of a horse in Spain, being so hungry that he inadvertently swallows both hoof and shoe. "The Legend of the Rhine" is full of gems like this description of the escape of a fallen knight's horse: "Away, ay, away! Away amid the green vineyards and golden cornfields; away up the steep mountains, where he frightened the eagles in their eyries; away down the clattering ravines, where the flashing cataracts tumble; away through the dark pine-forests, where the hungry wolves are howling; away over the dreary wolds, where the wild wind walks alone; away through the splashing quagmires, where the will-o'-the-wisp slunk frightened among the reeds. Brave horse! Gallant steed! Snorting child of Araby! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, applewomen; and never stopped till he reached a livery stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up!"

But the best of these burlesques is "Rebecca and Rowena," which is a continuation of Scott's "Ivanhoe." Ivanhoe after his marriage to Rowena is so henpecked that he leaves home, finds King Richard fighting Moors in France, twits the monarch for palming off as his own a song of Charles Lever's, himself composes and sings a wonderful ballad about King Canute, is killed by Sir Roger de

Backbite, and is made the subject of this magnificent Latin epitaph, which was translated by Wamba into equally graceful English:

"Hic est Guilfridus, belli dum vixit avidus.
Cum gladio et lancea Normannia et quoque Francia
Verbera dura dabat. Per Turcos multum equitabat.
Guilbertum occidit; atque Hyerosolyma vidit.
Heu! nunc sub fossa sunt tanti militis ossa.
Uxor Athelstani est conjux castissima Thani."

But, though he was buried and Rowena married to Athelstane, Ivanhoe was not dead. After being in bed for six years, he returns to England sad of heart, kills countless robbers, forces King John to sign Magna Charta, and beats off the royal army, which has attacked Rotherwood. In the fight Athelstane is killed. Rowena, on her deathbed, tries to get her former spouse to promise never to marry a Jewess, but in vain. Then he puts her son to school at Dotheboys Hall, takes ship in Bohemia, goes to Spain, kills 50,000 Moors, rescues Rebecca from incarceration in the back kitchen, and makes her Mrs. Ivanhoe.

Thackeray is seldom called a poet, yet he wrote some of the most agreeable verses that our language boasts. They consist of a mixture of skillful metrifcation, rollicking fun, imagination, and genuine feeling the like of which cannot be found elsewhere. "Peg of Lima-vaddy," "The White Squall," "The Age of Wisdom," "The Cane-bottomed Chair," "At the Church Gate," "The End of the Play," "The Pen and the Album," "The Sorrows of Werther," "Little Billee," "The Merry Bard," "King Canute," "The Willow Tree," "The Rose of Flora," "Larry O'Toole," "Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball," and "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" are all too good, as Izaak Walton might have said, for any but anglers or very honest people.

Thackeray's last great work was the editorship of "The Cornhill Magazine," which was founded 1859. Of the first number over 110,000 were sold. It was no wonder, for it included the first installments of Anthony Trollope's novel "Framley Parsonage," a paper on "The Chinese and Outer Barbarians," by Sir John Bowring, the first number of Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower," "Studies in Ani-

mal Life," by George Lewes, a dedication ode by Father Prout, "Our Volunteers," by Sir John Burgoyne, "A Man of Letters of the Last Century," by Thornton Hunt, "The Search for Sir John Franklin," by Sir Alan Young, and the first of those "Roundabout Papers," by Thackeray himself, which became so delightful a feature of the "Cornhill." Among the contributors to later numbers were Tennyson, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold. Thackeray guided the magazine for over two years until 1862 with great success, but he was too kindly for such a job. It was almost impossible for him to turn a deaf ear to a tale of woe when it emanated from a needy scribbler.

Besides, he had grown prematurely old. His health for some years had been wretched. As early as 1858 his huge frame was stooped and his hair gray. Consequently there was no great surprise among his friends when he died very suddenly December 24, 1863. He was buried December 30, in Kensal Green, and as soon as it could be executed a bust to his memory was put up in Westminster Abbey.

He told Anthony Trollope a little before his death that he had succeeded in replacing the fortune which he had lost as a young man. As a matter of fact he had done more; he left an estate worth 750 pounds a year.

Of his personal traits the most remarkable was a certain feminine softness. To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life—a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman. His charity was overflowing. If his writings were cynical, he himself was sweet as charity itself. He went about the world doing good, dropping pearls of mirthful wisdom, and never wilfully inflicting a wound.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. In what capacity did Thackeray first come into contact with Dickens?
2. Outline Thackeray's career up until 1846.
3. Define and discuss satire.
4. What are the qualities and who are the leading characters in "Vanity Fair"?
5. What magazine did Thackeray start?
6. Compare Thackeray's subject matter with Dickens's.

7. If you have read one of Thackeray's novels compare its appeal with that novel of Dickens in which you are most interested.
8. In what age was Thackeray's greatest historical novel laid?
9. What do you know of Thackeray as a poet?
10. In a one-hundred-word composition present Thackeray's character.

Suggested Readings.—The same that has been said of Dickens's novels may be said of Thackeray's. To the uninitiated probably "Vanity Fair" will be found the most interesting. Anthony Trollope's "Life of Thackeray" in the English Men of Letters Series is interesting—one novelist writing of another.

Wm Thackeray

CHAPTER XLII

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

"John Ruskin, boy and man, has had a terrible power of winning hearts."—*Collingwood*.

"Nor feared to follow, in the offense
Of false opinion, his own sense
Of justice unsubdued."

—*Robert, Lord Lytton*.

WHEN Robert Browning was a baby, he was interrupted in a sermon he was preaching by the lamentations of a small sister and said sternly: "Pew-opener, remove that child!" John Ruskin, at the age of three, climbed into a big chair and discoursed thus: "People, be dood. If you are dood, Dod will love you. If you are not dood, Dod will not love you. People, be dood!" This precocious bit of preaching was a natural result of Ruskin's ancestry and environment, one may think, and by no means a bad epitome of the mature philosophy which has made his writings what they are to-day—one of the most powerful influences in our social life.

He was born February 8, 1819, in the same year with Queen Victoria, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Walt Whitman, and James Russell Lowell. His father was an entirely honest wine merchant, rich, well-educated, Scotch. His mother was an uncompromising Scotch Puritan. She devoted little John to the church and herself to John. She allowed him to burn his fingers on the tea-kettle; whipped him for falling downstairs; gave him only one currant for dessert; and permitted no toys. A third important influence in his early life was Anne, his nurse; who was never quite in her glory unless somebody was sick; who might be relied upon to give the darkest view on any subject before proceeding to ameliorative action on it; who had a creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately or in set terms as she was bid; who served the Ruskins from 15 to 72; and who never did any human being an injury, except by saving 200 pounds for her relations, in consequence of which some of them, after her funeral, did not speak to the rest for several months.

In this household little John speedily taught himself to read by the method, then unknown but since universally adopted, of getting by heart whole words and sentences instead of learning isolated syllables or letters. As soon as possible he proceeded to peruse Walter Scott's novels and the "Iliad" in Pope's translation, on weekdays; on Sunday, he tempered this with "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." He had, however, still better teaching. His mother forced him, by steady daily toil to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year. "To that discipline," he wrote in "Præterita," "I owe my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature. And truly this maternal installation of my mind I count the one essential part of all my education." In this fine home, however, he also learned Peace, Obedience, and Faith. His parents never quarrelled, scolded servants, did anything in a hurry, or failed to get things done on time. He obeyed his father and mother as a ship obeys her helm. Nothing was ever promised to him that was not given, nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true. This training, on the other hand, had four serious defects. He had nothing to love. He had nothing to endure. He was taught no precision of manners. His judgment of right and wrong was left undeveloped. His early education, in other words, was at once too formal and too luxurious.

For, if John's mother was religious, his father was prosperous. He was able, in 1823, to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the heart of London. This dwelling was one of a block of four, but it had fine trees in front, a view that stretched as far west as Windsor, and in the rear a garden of seventy yards by twenty, where grew apples, pears, cherries, mulberries, gooseberries, and currants. To little John this was a Paradise, except that all the fruits were forbidden and there were no companionable beasts. There he lived until he grew famous and railways spoiled his temper and London waxed so big that high walls were built to protect the inhabitants against the excursionist, who now has the liberty of obtaining what notion he may of the scenery between

two hot palings, with one bad cigar before him, another behind, and a third in his mouth. The elder Ruskin's business was chiefly to sell the costly sherry wine which his partner, Mr. Domecq, produced in Spain. Their idea was to furnish the best at the highest price. Eighty guineas a butt was their usual charge and they pros-



JOHN RUSKIN

1819—1900

pered. Mr. Ruskin never spent more than half of his income. Business to him was a pleasant occupation rather than a source of worry. His letters to customers were Spartan in their brevity, consisting as they did of assurances that, if they found fault with

their wine, they did not understand it, and that, if they wanted an extension of credit, they could not have it. His chief fault was his dislike of being excelled. He therefore chose his clerks, first for trustworthiness, secondly for incapacity. He used to send Henry Watson on business tours and assure him afterwards that he had done more harm than good; he would sometimes permit Henry Ritchie to write a business letter, and find with some satisfaction that it was needful afterward to write two himself, in correction of it; but both stayed with him till his death. He left 120,000 pounds, with various other property, to his son. To his wife he left 37,000 pounds. Upon his tomb appears this inscription: "He was an entirely honest merchant, and his memory is to all who keep it dear and helpful. His son, whom he loved to the uttermost, and taught to speak truth, says this of him."

The success which he won, in spite of his independence, was due to the utmost care in executing orders and to the fact that he himself travelled for those orders instead of sending an agent. On these expeditions, which were made in wonderful old-fashioned coaches, he always took his family, including Anne. They started as soon as possible after May 10, the father's birthday; toured through half the English counties; and sometimes invaded Scotland. Usually they started at six and had done their fifty miles in time for four o'clock dinner. After a while they ventured also to tour the continent and derived great satisfaction therefrom. Ruskin writes: "The poor modern slaves and simpletons who let themselves be dragged like cattle or felled timber through the countries they imagine themselves visiting can have no conception whatever of the complex joys and ingenious hopes connected with the choice and arrangement of the travelling carriage in old times." Perhaps one may be pardoned for indulging in the luxury of wondering if his contempt for railroads would have included limousines.

The cumulative effect of all this varied training was that Friday was gloomy to him because of the approach of Sunday, and Monday joyous because of its departure; that he learned to enjoy the rich colors of the folds and creases of the pulpit cushion when the clergyman thumped it; that Mrs. Sherwood's "Lady of the Manor" was an awful book to him because it told of wicked girls who went to balls

and died soon after of fever; that his disposition was extremely amiable when he was not bothered; that he could not learn to ride a horse, which his parents took for a sign of genius; that he acquired the habit of fixed attention; and that Mazzini declared that he had the most analytic mind in Europe, "an opinion in which," Ruskin modestly said, "so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am entirely disposed to concur." Then, in a happy moment, a friend gave him Rogers's "Italy," with illustrations by Turner. The latter aroused his enthusiasm and became a determining factor in his life. Later, when introduced to Rogers, instead of showing proper admiration for his verse, Ruskin congratulated him on the beauty of Turner's pictures and found the subject of conversation promptly turned to Africa. So he began to draw and to write verses not much worse than Mr. Rogers's own. And, in due time, being introduced to Mr. Domecq's four daughters, he was in four days reduced to a mere heap of white ashes, in which unhappy state he remained four years, from 17 to 21, as wretched as a stock-fish in an aquarium. Adèle Clothilde, whose charms were responsible for this calamity, being Spanish born, Parisian bred, and Catholic-hearted, he tried to entertain her by his own views on the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of transubstantiation. His mother was as annoyed at all this as if one of her chimneys had begun to smoke; Adèle laughed at him; and he set himself, in a state of majestic imbecility, to write a tragedy in which the sorrows of his soul were to be enshrined in immortal verse. "There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me," he wrote in his old age, "than in a just-fledged owlet, or just open-eyed puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon."

In this state, somewhat ameliorated by private tutors, he was entered 1837 at Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. Gentlemen commoners are charged high fees and not expected to do any work or know much, and Ruskin was so entered because his father was afraid he could not pass the entrance examinations required of ordinary students. His companions, mostly noblemen's sons, received him as if he had been an inoffensive little cur; were loud in congratulation when he floored their tutor; cursed him with fiery

disdain when he was guilty of the impropriety of writing an essay with any meaning in it, like vulgar students; tried to interest him in horse-racing; and drank his wine with approval, though they threw out of his window to the porter's children the fruit he had sent for from London for their refreshment. But they were gentlemen none the less. They never referred disrespectfully to the fact that his mother had taken up her residence at Oxford in order to be near him.

When he entered Oxford, Ruskin as a matter of fact was already a lover of art, a student of antiquity, and a minute observer of nature. He was also a successful contributor to various journals. In 1839 he won the Newdigate prize with a poem on "Salsette and Elephanta." In spite of the example of his noble companions, he studied hard, so hard, in fact, that in 1840 he was threatened with consumption and sought refuge with his parents in Italy. On his return he took a pass degree, and set to work on a vindication of Turner, whose acquaintance he had just made and whose pictures he had begun to buy and treasure. This enterprise gradually expanded into five huge volumes, which appeared at intervals during the next twenty years and discuss the whole field of art. The first volume was published 1843 under the clumsy and contentious title—"Modern Painters: Their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to All the Ancient Masters Proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, Especially from Those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A." Turner was embarrassed at the greatness thus thrust upon him and many a dauber enraged because his market was spoiled. As Punch put it, their wail amounted to this:

"I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy."

But judges of literature perceived that a new master of English prose had appeared; laymen welcomed the book because it furnished them a key such as had not hitherto existed for the understanding of pictures; and even the enraged artists studied it eagerly, for it contained a mass of material the value of which they had to recognize.

A second volume was published 1846. In the interval between the two Ruskin had discovered the great Christian art of mediæval Italy. He had also perfected his style.

His next important work, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," followed in 1849. Alarmed at the frivolity of the modern world and at its machinery, he sought in this book to show that architecture is the crowning embodiment of the virtues that make life excellent and that good architecture is impossible unless workmen are guided by the lamps of sacrifice, truth, power, beauty, memory, and obedience, all kindled by a living fire from heaven. Perhaps the most eloquent and noticeable passages of the work are those in which he protested against the ruin of the masterpieces of architecture by attempts to restore them.

In this same spirit, he wrote during the years immediately following the greatest of his works, "The Stones of Venice." The first volume appeared 1851, the other two 1853. One chapter, the sixth of the second volume, entitled "On the Nature of Gothic," is the central part of his whole teaching. With the twentieth chapter of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," it calls on men not to despair but to labor and to hope. The spirit of the whole book reminds one of Revelations, xxi, 27, "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of Heaven," while its details make the reader think of Byron's stanza beginning:

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand."

After the "Stones of Venice" was completed, Ruskin returned to what he considered his main work, "Modern Painters." The third and fourth volumes appeared 1856. In them he showed that he had arrived at the conclusion that art which is a mere record of facts is not art at all and that no real art is possible which is not the outcome of life lived in accordance with the laws of God. The last volume, which appeared 1860, showed that he was weary of the subject. He had become the dictator of taste. His teaching had already produced a revolution in domestic architecture. Turner was recognized as the

greatest landscapist. Art-education was extended to the masses. And yet Ruskin was not satisfied.

As a matter of fact, his interest had shifted from art to ethics. The times were out of joint and he proceeded to try to set them right. A violent Tory of the old school (Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's) he had a most sincere love of kings and dislike of everybody who had attempted to disobey them. But a king, he thought, should do more work and get less pay than his followers, whereas the idea of a king in modern times has become that of one who governs less and gets more than anybody else. Up to 1860, therefore, he was a writer on art; after that he devoted his whole energy to the task of rescuing the lower classes from the intolerable wrongs which, in his judgment, were imposed upon them by a false conception of political economy. His first enunciation of his views alienated his own father, frightened Thackeray to such an extent that he withdrew a series of articles by Ruskin begun in "The Cornhill Magazine," and won the stanch approval of Carlyle.

The ideas which created this tempest amount to this: Don't talk about your work, but do it. We want more faith and less reasoning, less strength and more trust, and must want them until this disgusting nineteenth century has steamed its last. Equal energy expended should bring equal reward. The possession of capital does not entitle a man to unearned increment. The so-called law of supply and demand is a fallacy, as is shown by the superabundance of poetry and the lack of food. Competition as a principle is wrong. To get rid of it labor should be organized into guilds, which should include all the masters and all the men. Good workmanship, honest production, fair wages for the men, and immunity from loss for the masters would thus be secured. Retail trade, if carried out by the salaried officers of the guild, would be neither precarious nor degrading. Workmen, holding a well-defined and dignified position, and having through a trade council some control over their work and wages, would have no ground for discontent. Masters would be the friends and not the enemies of their men, their superior talents would be recognized and used, and they would enjoy a certain pecuniary advantage but not that huge disproportion of income which is the plague of modern commerce

and manufacture. Incomes should be confined to some fixed maximum. Every boy and girl should be educated but not learned in books except in cases of special aptitude. The speedy abolition of all abolishable filth is the first process of education. No government is efficient unless it sees that everyone has the necessities of life for body and soul. Personal property should be allowed but interest abolished.

During the remaining forty years of his life Ruskin taught these doctrines in a long series of brilliant lectures and essays. Of these the chief were "Unto This Last" 1860, "Munera Pulveris" 1862-3, "The Crown of Wild Olive" 1864-5, "Sesame and Lilies" 1865, and "Fors Clavigera" 1871-84. But he did more than write. He tried to live his doctrines. He taught night school in a workman's college. He founded a workman's guild. He regenerated the London tenements which he had inherited from his father. He organized and aided with his own hands a brigade to clear streets. He set his Oxford classes at work mending roads. He gave away the property which he had inherited and was thus compelled in his old age to subsist on the income from his books. Though he himself despaired of success in his efforts to regenerate mankind, both his example and his precepts have had an enormous influence. The heresy of 1860 has become the commonplace of to-day, and many of his ideas are already written upon the statute books of England and America.

Nor did the unpopularity of 1860 long continue. Even Oxford, stronghold though it was of ancient privilege, in 1869 elected him Slade Professor of Art. He held this position with one break of six years until 1884; founded and endowed with lavish generosity a school of drawing there; delivered to large and enthusiastic audiences several brilliant courses of lectures, notable among which are "Aratra Pentelici" 1870, "The Eagle's Nest" 1872, "Ariadne Florentina" 1872, and "Love's Meinie" 1873; and drew round him a small circle of young men who helped in later years to carry the torch he had kindled and laid in their hands. Failing health and the endowment by the university of a chair of vivisection led him finally to sever his connection with Oxford.

His father had died 1864, his mother 1871. The most childlike, dutiful, and affectionate of sons, he had never had until the latter date

any home of his own, living with them at Herne Hill until 1843 and afterward in a larger house at Denmark Hill. In 1872 he bought the little estate of Brantwood on Coniston Water in North Lancashire, which became his home for the rest of his life and which was made all that a home could be by the presence and care of his cousin, Miss Agnew. Here, between 1885 and 1889, he wrote "*Præterita*," an informal autobiography, which tells the story of his life down to 1864; and here, on January 20, 1900, he died. He was buried at Coniston and a monument erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

"*Modern Painters*" is in great measure already obsolete, but "*The Seven Lamps*" and the "*Stones of Venice*" will probably survive. Of his later writings "*Unto This Last*," "*The Two Paths*," "*The Crown of Wild Olive*," "*Sesame and Lilies*," and many parts of "*Fors Clavigera*" have a permanent place in literature. "*Præterita*" has as high and secure a rank as any of these.

His style, like all great literary styles, grew from the imitation of the masters whom he had loved, tempered by his own individuality, environment, and purposes. He himself tells us that it was his custom throughout life frankly to imitate whatever he was reading with admiration. His chief models were Hooker, Byron, Homer, Bunyan, Walter Scott, and the Bible. The result, as may be seen from the following passages, was an extraordinary richness and charm:

"It is extremely interesting to me to contrast the Englishman's silently conscious pride in what he is, with the vexed restlessness of the Frenchman in his thirst for 'gloire' to be gained by agonized efforts to become something he is not."

"During these continental journeys Johnson was the one author accessible to me. No other writer could have secured me, as he did, against all chance of being misled by my own sanguine and metaphysical temperament. He taught me carefully to measure life and distrust fortune; and he secured me, by his adamant common-sense, forever, from being caught in the cobwebs of German metaphysics, or sloughed in the English drainage of them."

"Setting my rooms in order has, through life, been an occasional complacent recreation to me; but I have never succeeded in keeping them in order three days after they were in it."

"If you do a foolish thing you suffer for it exactly the same whether you do it piously or not."

"There is no other such piece of beauty and power (he is talking of the Simplon Pass), full of human interest of the most strangely varied kind, in all the mountain scenery of the globe, as that traverse, with its two terminal cities, Geneva and Milan; its two lovely lakes of approach, Lemman and Maggiore; its two tremendous valleys of vestibule, the Valais and Val d'Ossola; and its own, not desolate nor terrible, but wholly beautiful, upper region of rose and snow."

"If I get tiresome, the reader must skip; I write for the moment to please myself, and not him."

"We slid down the two thousand feet to the source of the Arveron in some seven or eight minutes, Richard vouchsafing his entire approval of that manner of progression by the single significant epithet, 'Pernicious.'"

"George indefatigably carried his little daguerrotype box up everywhere and took the first image of the Matterhorn ever drawn by the sun. A thing to be proud of still, though he is a justice of peace, somewhere in Australia."

"Men of perfect genius are known in all centuries by their perfect respect to all law and love of past tradition; their work in the world is never innovation, but new creation; without disturbing for an instant the foundations which were laid of old time."

"Real dancing . . . rarest nowadays of all the gifts of cultivated womankind. It used to be said of a Swiss girl, she 'prays well and dances well'; but now no human creature can pray at the pace of our common prayers or dance at the pace of modern waltz or polka music. . . . From which type the way is short to patten, clog, golosh, and high-heeled bottines, which have distressed alike and disgraced all feminine motion for the last quarter of a century. . . . Our proud maidenhood, decorate with dead robins, transfixed humming-birds, and hot-house flowers for its 'Wedding March by Mendelssohn.' To think there is not enough love or praise in all Europe and America to invent one other tune for the poor things to strut to!"

"Had you ever read ten words of mine with understanding, you would have known that I care no more for Mr. Disraeli or Mr.

Gladstone than for two old bag-pipes going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beëlzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Discuss Ruskin's education and upbringing.
2. How did Ruskin first become acquainted with Turner's art?
3. What immediate effect upon the English point of view had the publication of the first volume of "Modern Painters"?
4. From what you know of Ruskin's views upon art, how do you trace his development from an art critic to a moralist?
5. Discuss some of Ruskin's economic views.
6. How did he try to put his ideas into practice?
7. Discuss the present day acceptances and practices of some of Ruskin's ideas.
8. Compare Ruskin's early environments with Carlyle's.
9. Outline Ruskin's life.
10. Which of his books are most likely to live?

Suggested Readings.—"Sesame and Lilies" and "The Crown of Wild Olive" are short and valuable. J. M. Mather's "John Ruskin: His Life and Teachings" is suggestive.

I am very faithfully yours.

J. Ruskin

CHAPTER XLIII

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

"This wounded soldier did not merely refrain from groans; he gave forth instead a war song so juvenile and inspiring that thousands of men without a scratch went back into the battle."—*G. K. Chesterton*.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON reminds one in varied ways of Pope, Carlyle, Scott, and Lamb. Like Pope and Carlyle, his life was one long disease. Unlike them and like Scott, he made it heroic by rising above his sufferings; somebody indeed has said that, instead of stoically enduring the ill-health to which he was condemned, he made of his career one long and joyous song of victory, wherein mind triumphed over matter. Like Scott, too, he wrote fascinating romances, and like Lamb he had an exquisitely artful style.

He was born November 13, 1850, at Edinburgh. His father was a noted builder of lighthouses. From his mother he inherited a weakness of chest and a susceptibility to cold that affected his whole life and would have ended it in infancy had it not been for the devoted care of his nurse, Alison Cunningham. Cummie, as he called her, also watched over his spiritual welfare, instilling into his youthful mind a proper fear of hell and a proper hatred of cards, novels, and playhouses, though her protégé was wont in later years to declare that her grand dramatic way of reciting the hymns gave him his passion for the drama. In 1856 he began his literary career by dictating to his mother on five successive Sunday evenings a history of Moses, for which he received as reward a Bible picture book and a life-long desire to be an author. The first book that he read was "The Arabian Nights." His schooling did not begin until 1859 and then, on account of his susceptibility to cold, was irregular. Among his masters was D'Arcy Thompson, author of "The Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster." Another of his teachers said he was without exception the most delightful of boys, in spite of the fact that he remained profoundly ignorant of spelling and grammar. He rode a pony some in these years and

played a little football. His mother introduced him to Shakespeare by reading "Macbeth" during a storm, an event of which he wrote: "I cannot say I thought the experience agreeable; I far preferred the ditch-water stories that a child could dip and skip and doze over, stealing at times material for play; it was something new and shock-



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
1850—1894

ing to be thus ravished by a giant, and I shrank under the brutal grasp." At fourteen he wrote a comic opera called "The Baneful Potato," in which Dig-him-up-o was the gardener and Set-him-out-o the policeman. About the same time he composed several tales of

adventure. In one of these the hero is caught in a boiler under which a fire is lit, and the others are equally exciting.

In 1867 it was decided that Louis, like his father, was to be an engineer, and the next three years and a half were devoted to preparation for this career. Accordingly he was sent to Edinburgh University and was exposed to but did not take Latin, Greek, mathematics, physics, and civil engineering. About all he remembered of these studies was that the spinning of a top is a case of kinetic stability, that emphyseus is not a disease, and that stillicide is not a crime. In fact, as far as the university was concerned, he acted upon an extensive and highly rational system of truancy, and no one ever had more certificates of attendance for less education. His real education consisted of those experiences outside of the classroom which fill minds like his with images and emotions. He observed men. He made a descent in a diving suit. He took the same voyage which his grandfather had taken in 1815 with Sir Walter Scott. He caught three dozen trout in one day and forthwith forswore fishing. He dressed to please himself, which did not please his father. He joined "The Speculative Society," a club where papers were read and motions debated. He had religious doubts and financial difficulties, his parents allowing him up to the age of twenty-three only one pound a month. Finally, in 1871, he mustered up courage to tell his father that he preferred literature to engineering and in consequence was set to studying law, that he might have the means of earning bread and butter in case his pen failed. He was gradually changed from a boy to a man by natural growth, the study of Walt Whitman, and the coming of friends. Among these were Sir Walter Simpson, son of the physician who gave chloroform to the world; Fleemin Jenkin, one of Louis's professors, whose wife says that the boy talked as Charles Lamb wrote; and Sidney Colvin. Indeed, about this time Stevenson wrote down as the chief desires of his heart: "First, good health; secondly, a small competence; and, thirdly, O Du Lieber Gott! friends." Of the last he secured all that his heart could wish; of the second he finally had enough; the first he never enjoyed.

During all of this period he tried unsuccessfully to get editors to print what he wrote. With three of his friends he also started

"The Edinburgh University Magazine." Its chief merit was a yellow cover. It ran four months in undisturbed obscurity and died without a gasp. Louis's father paid the bill and Louis betook himself again to the task of learning how to write. His method, which is outlined in "A College Magazine," is worthy of the attention of all students. It is based on his discovery of the fact that all of the great stylists have learned to write by imitating their predecessors. In his case the first fruits of the method were two immortal volumes of essays, "Memories and Portraits" and "Virginibus Puerisque." Among the former was "Ordered South," in which, with invincible courage, he records how, in 1873, being threatened with phthisis, he was compelled by his physicians to spend the winter on the Riviera.

There, feeling like a man of eighty, he lay in the sun, read "Woodstock," and visited with Sidney Colvin and Andrew Lang, but finally recovered, returned to Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish bar. His monthly allowance being now increased to seven pounds, he began to enjoy life. He made the acquaintance of Leslie Stephen and W. E. Henley. Being the most clubable of men, he joined clubs. And, above all, he travelled, especially in France, where he lived much at Barbizon, the home of Millet and the scene of the Angelus. By 1876 he was a frequent contributor to magazines, and in the autumn of that year he went by canoe from Antwerp to Brussels and thence after a train journey by the Sambre and Oise to Pontoise near the Seine, all of which tragic territory, even then full of troops, is exquisitely described in his first book, "An Inland Voyage," which was published in the May of 1878. This was followed in June of the following year by "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." He also began to write fiction. "A Lodging for the Night," "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," and the "New Arabian Nights" belong to this period.

On his return to Barbizon from the inland voyage he met a lady from California named Mrs. Osbourne and straightway fell in love. After her departure for San Francisco in 1878, he found his peace of mind gone, crossed the Atlantic in a slantindicular cabin, travelled from New York to California in an immigrant train, and lived there for some months, estranged from his family, in dire poverty, and on

the verge of a galloping consumption. From this situation he was rescued by his father, who gave him a fixed income of 250 pounds a year, and by Mrs. Osbourne, to whom he was married May 19, 1880. It was a real love match. Only one other poem in English, Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight" belongs in the same class with the lines in which Stevenson describes her:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

"Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

"Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me."

How they spent their honeymoon in a ruined mining camp fifty miles north of San Francisco is told once for all in "The Silverado Squatters." In August the prodigals were back in Scotland, where they were received with open arms.

During the next two years, Stevenson's health compelled him to live mostly at Davos in Switzerland and in the Scottish highlands. He read Horace, skated, tobogganed, played war with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, in the attic, and for the latter's pleasure wrote "Treasure Island." It was first printed in a children's magazine, where it attracted no particular attention, but when it appeared 1882 in book form it won instant recognition. Mr. Gladstone spent a day hunting over London for a second-hand copy. One noted editor pronounced it the best book since "Robinson Crusoe." It gave Andrew Lang several hours of such bliss that he wrote: "This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know, except 'Tom Sawyer' and 'The Odyssey,' that I ever liked any romance so well." Indeed, it is now justly recognized as being the best pirate story in existence. However, nervous boys and girls should not read it, as it is sure to make them see things at night.

The success of "Treasure Island" was supplemented by the appearance in "The Century Magazine" of "The Silverado Squatters" which introduced Stevenson to America and began a connection that filled his pocket-book with good American dollars. This prosperity, however, was partly spoiled by illness; his doctor, in 1884, said: "Keep him alive until he is forty, and then he may live until he is ninety." Undisturbed tranquillity was prescribed to him for at least two years. He sought it in a cottage at Bournemouth, England, where he lived, or rather existed, from 1884 to 1887. Here, in spite of sufferings, he completed "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Prince Otto," and here he wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Kidnapped." The first of these books is unsurpassed among children's lyrics; "Prince Otto" won the warm encomiums of George Meredith; "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," awful study that it is in the abysmal depths of personality, is equally effective as a moral lesson and as a burning and intense piece of art; and "Kidnapped," though designed as a boy's book, was at once hailed as unequalled among romances since Scott's day.

Stevenson's father died in 1887, and, thus being free to seek health anywhere, he left Europe for good, crossed the Atlantic, and found a warm welcome in New York, together with offers of 2000 pounds for fifty-two weekly articles and 1600 pounds for the serial rights of his next story. He spent the ensuing winter at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, writing some in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne. In the spring, at New York, he met Mark Twain, and, like Kipling, found him delightful. Then, in June, he went to San Francisco and chartered the *Casco*, a fore-and-aft schooner, ninety-five feet long, and of seventy tons burden. In her with his household he sailed out of the Golden Gate and America, like Europe, saw him no more.

During the next three years (1888-1891) he wandered up and down the Pacific, visiting almost every important group of islands, but spending the larger part of his time in Hawaii, the Gilberts, Tahiti, and Samoa, finally settling in the last. In the warm seas he found some measure of health, indulged to the full his inherited love for open air and water, made brothers with the natives, and

stored his mind with images such as no great artist had previously transferred to the printed page. In May, 1889, he finished in Hawaii "The Master of Ballantrae," which appeared serially in "Scribner's Magazine," and was at once recognized as the sternest and loftiest note of tragedy he had yet struck. Even Honolulu, however, was too cold for him, and in June he again set sail, cruising for two years more in the central Pacific among Polynesians and Micronesians, high islands and low islands. As he cruised, he and Lloyd Osbourne wrote "The Wreckers," which is as full of thrills as a dime novel and at the same time a masterpiece of English and of art. Finally, in 1891, he bought in Samoa 300 acres in the bush three miles behind and 600 feet above the town of Apia.

Apia is located on the island of Upolu, which is 45 miles long and eleven wide. The interior is densely wooded and a range of hills runs from east to west. Stevenson's house and clearing lay between two streams. On the west Vaea Mountain rose 1300 feet above the sea. On the east the ground fell away rapidly into a deep valley. From one of the streams and its four tributaries Stevenson gave to his domain its Samoan name of Vailima, or Five Waters. Here the temperature never falls below 62 degrees Fahrenheit and never rises above 95 degrees in the shade. Malaria, tropical fevers, and mosquitoes are unknown. At first only a rugged path led to Vailima, but later, as a mark of gratitude to its owner, the natives built to his door a roadway, the Ala Loto Alofa, the Road of the Loving Heart. In this island paradise, Stevenson dwelt for three years, living a strenuous out-of-door life and writing his latest and in some respects his best works—"The Island Nights' Entertainments," "The Ebb Tide," "St. Ives," "Catriona," and "Weir of Hermiston"; and here, on December 3, 1894, he died suddenly and almost painlessly.

He was buried on the summit of Vaea, to which the natives who loved him so well hewed a rugged path and bore his body. Upon one side of the tomb which was later erected above his grave is a bronze plate bearing in Samoan the words, "The Tomb of Tusitala," and a verse from the Samoan Bible, with a thistle and a hibiscus flower. On the other side, in English, Stevenson's own "Requiem," which he wrote in San Francisco in 1880, appears as follows:

Robert Louis
Stevenson

1850 1894

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig my grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The chiefs tabooed the use of firearms on the mountain that the birds might live there undisturbed and sing around his grave.

Evidence is abundant that Stevenson laid a spell on most men whom he met. His perfect honesty, his incurable optimism, and his hatred of sham may account for this. He thought the life of cities miserable, conventional people and amusements bored him, and in his earlier days at least he had an invincible dislike for the acquisition of property. He was quite without fear. Edmund Gosse was so dazzled with him that he wrote: "Was ever such a gracious creature born?" His intense and rare spirit was so full of schemes that he was never bored. The dream of his life was to be the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry. Above everything else he hated cruelty. He always liked the people he was with. He seems, in short, to have united in himself the charm of a perpetual breeze blowing off the shores of youth, an almost feminine fineness of feeling, and a manly courage as heroic as that which is required to lead a forlorn hope. He hated sham. "Nothing," he said, "is so deadly as respectability." He could labor terribly. Some of his books were rewritten as many as eight times before he permitted himself to let them see the light. All of this and more was seen by W. E. Henley, when, in 1888, he wrote the following sonnet, in which is embodied perhaps the most acute analysis which anyone has yet made of Stevenson's character:

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,

A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy,
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an account of Stevenson's life.
2. What other English authors have been burdened with unsound bodies?
3. In a two-hundred-word essay write your frank estimate of "Treasure Island" or "Kidnapped," and compare it with any so-called "boy's book" you have recently read.
4. What is the subject of "The Silverado Squatters"?
5. Where is Apia?
6. Recount Stevenson's relations with America.
7. What effect had Stevenson upon the men with whom he came in contact?
8. What lessons do we draw from his life?
9. What marks "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as different from the cheap detective story?
10. In what different forms of literature did Stevenson excel?

Suggested Readings.—Of his stories "Treasure Island" and "St. Ives," of his essays "Virginibus Puerisque" should be read. A life by David Balfour is full of interest, as are all Stevenson's letters.

Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER XLIV

WOMAN WRITERS

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."
—*Tennyson*.

IN the first volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature, which covers the period that ends 1700, the only woman writers mentioned are Queen Elizabeth, Lady Elizabeth Carey, Lady Fanshawe, Lucy Hutchinson, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, and Mrs. Katherine Philips. The second volume, which brings the story down, roughly speaking, to the year 1800, contains notices of no less than 54 woman writers, while in the third and last there are 97. The following table will show the facts a little more clearly:

CENTURIES	TOTAL WRITERS	WOMAN WRITERS	PERCENTAGE
XIX	697	97	.139
XVIII	487	54	.114
Earlier	485	6	.001

The sudden jump between the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries was unquestionably due to a broader view of woman's place, a view which was, perhaps, modified by the influence of France, by the Revolution of 1688, and by the writings of Addison and Steele. The works of many of these ladies, like those of many gentlemen, of course remind one of Dr. Johnson's remark: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to see it done at all." Some of them, however, have produced work which renders this saying obsolete. Among these the most eminent names are Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning in poetry, and in fiction Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and George Eliot. To give a brief account of these and the other women writers of England is the purpose of this and the following chapters.

Queen Elizabeth (1533–1603) could speak Latin, Greek, French, and Italian. She translated "Boëthius" and "Sallust." Her English style both in prose and verse is by turns terrible, insinuating, cold,

stately, playful, direct, and oracular, but always memorable. She seems, however, to have been indifferent to Shakespeare and Spenser, and in her last illness told Sir John Harrington, her godson, that, when he felt time creeping at his gate, these fooleries would please him less.—Lady Elizabeth Carey published 1613 a long-winded poem called “The Tragedie of Marian the Faire Queene of Jewry.”—Lady Fanshawe (born Anne Harrison 1625–1680) wrote excellent memoirs of her own life, which were published 1829.—Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson (1620–?) also wrote memoirs, not of her own, but of her husband’s life; they contain good pictures of a Puritan gentleman and his home and have been reprinted frequently since their first publication 1806. She was also author of some theological essays and translations of “Virgil” and “Lucretius.”—Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (1624–1674), was picturesque and proud as a woman and voluminous and unreadable as an author. Her writings include philosophical essays, poems, and plays—all equally bad. Her life of her husband, however, Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough.—Mrs. Katherine Philips (1631–1664) was honored by the praises of Cowley, Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor; and was known in her own day as the matchless Orinda, though one is led from an inspection of her poetry to suspect that the real cause of her admirers’ enthusiasm must have been her charm as a woman. Like Queen Mary and many another fair lady in the ante-vaccination days, she died of smallpox.

Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640–1689) as a writer was much more skillful than any previous authoress. She composed novels, plays, and poems that are about as good artistically and about as bad morally as the average of her time. Her best book is a novel called “Oroonoko,” the hero of which is a slave, and thus she has the distinction of being the first champion of the slave on record in the history of fiction. She is buried in Westminster Abbey. Up to 1735 her works had passed through eight editions.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689–1762) by her wit and beauty so won Pope’s admiration that he wrote of her:

“In beauty and wit no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared,
But men of discerning have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive
 When only one apple had she,
 What a punishment new shall be found out for you,
 Who tasting have robbed the whole tree!"

Later they quarrelled; he wrote scurrilous verses about her; and she called him the wicked asp of Twickenham. Her fame, aside from these episodes, rests on her letters and the fact that she brought inoculation, the father of vaccination, from Turkey. Her letters, first



FANNY BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY)

1752—1840

From the engraving by C. Turner after the portrait by E. W. Burney, a relative

printed 1763, have ever since been rated as classics. They compare not unfavorably with those of Cowper and Lamb.

Anne Letitia Barbauld (1743—1825) was a voluminous and popular poet, her first volume of verse 1773 passing through four editions in one year. Wordsworth, Rogers, and Madams D'Arblay greatly admired the following, which is perhaps the best stanza she ever wrote:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning."

Fanny Burney (1752-1840) was the daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, author of "A History of Music" and a friend of David Garrick. In 1778 she published a novel called "Evelina," or "A Young Lady's Entrance into the World," which was so good and so successful that she was rewarded by an introduction to Dr. Johnson. It was followed 1782 by "Cecilia" or "Memoirs of an Heiress," which brought on her the misfortune of an appointment as second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, a position which carried with it 200 pounds a year, a footman, a carriage, a room in the palace, and the privilege of waiting on her majesty from six in the morning until midnight. In 1791 she escaped from this gilded slavery; in 1793 married General D'Arblay, a French exile; in 1795 produced a tragedy, "Edwin and Elgitha," which contains three bishops and has the distinction of being the most amusing of her works; in 1796 published another good novel, "Camilla"; and in 1814 produced a bad one called "The Wanderer." Her "Diary and Letters," published 1842-1846 in seven volumes, form the theme of one of Macaulay's finest essays.

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) was the author of "Castle Rackrent," 1800; "The Absentee," 1812, and "Ormond," 1817. Of these three novels Sir Walter Scott said: "They have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbors of Ireland that she may be truly said to have done more toward completing the Union perhaps than all the legislative enactments." He wrote also in high terms of her humor, tenderness, and taste. The great Russian novelist Turgenieff says that her pictures of Irish squires and squireens suggested to him the idea of giving a literary form to his impressions of the parallel classes in his own equally distressful country. Her children's stories are also capital.

Anna Marie Porter (1780-1832) wrote about fifty novels, all

equally popular in her day and equally unread in ours; her sister, Jane Porter (1776-1850), produced two romances, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "Scottish Chiefs," which are still read, though they do not deserve to be. The former delighted Kosciuszko and the latter won the honor of being proscribed by Napoleon.

Ann Taylor (1782-1866) and her sister Jane (1783-1824) wrote many famous hymns and children's verses. Of the latter the most



MARIA EDGEWORTH

1767-1849

From a drawing by Joseph Slater

familiar are "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "My Mother." One stanza of the latter will show the charm of their writing:

"Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother!"

Mary Russell Mitford (1787-1855) was educated through a 20,000 pound lottery prize won by her father, a selfish and patientless physician, and spent most of her life in supporting him by her pen.

Her best book, "Our Village," is so fresh, finished, full of delicate humor, and humanized by simple pathos that it won the approval of the best critics and has had a crowd of imitators both in England and America.

Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans, born Brown (1793-1835), wrote some



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

1787-1855

From the portrait by John Lucas

pretentious poems and plays now forgotten and several short poems which still keep her memory green. A few citations from the latter will show the quality of her work and fame:

"The stately homes of England,—
How beautiful they stand!"

—*The Homes of England.*

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed."

—*Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

"The boy stood on the burning deck."

—*Casabianca*.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death!

—*The Hour of Death*.

Agnes Strickland (1796–1874), with the aid of her sister Elizabeth (1794–1875), produced 1840–1848 her "Lives of the Queens of England" in twelve volumes. This was followed 1850–1859 by "Lives



MRS. HEMANS
1793—1835

of the Queens of Scotland" in eight volumes. Both works, though uncritical and unreliable, contain original material, are skillfully written, and have been widely read.

Harriet Martineau (1802–1876) began to write to relieve the tedium caused by deafness, and continued it as a means of support. Her publications include such diverse subjects as religion, political economy, travel in America, romances, household manuals, a "History

of England During the Thirty Years' Peace 1816-1846," philosophy, guide books, and her own memoirs.

Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855) was the daughter of the Reverend Patrick Brontë. Her life was one of the saddest recorded in the annals of literature. She lost her mother 1821; narrowly escaped death from fever in an unsanitary school; underwent the equally



CHARLOTTE BRONTË

1816-1855

painful and priceless discipline of teaching; suffered acutely from the pangs of hopeless love; endured agonies of shame on account of the vices of her brother Branwell; and suffered all her life as only those can suffer in whom a fiery soul over-informs a crazy tenement of clay. From the black soil of this cruel life there grew, however, three great novels,—“Jane Eyre,” 1846; “Shirley,” 1849; and “Vilette,” 1853.

In "Jane Eyre," she describes love, not from the man's but from the woman's point of view; in "Shirley" she gives a bright picture of Yorkshire life; and in "Vilette" she writes her own biography. "Jane Eyre" is the most popular, "Shirley" the most agreeable, and "Vilette" the best of her novels. The vitality of all three is such that they still retain very much of their popularity.

Emily Brontë (1818-1848), the sister of Charlotte, left one imperishable novel, "Wuthering Heights," and some poems which cannot be forgotten. She was so shy that it was said of her that all her love was reserved for animals and that she was never happy except on a moor or in a glen. Matthew Arnold compares the might, passion, vehemence, grief, and daring of her soul to Byron's; and Swinburne says she was a greater genius than her sister. One of her poems, "The Old Stoic," gives some idea of her spirit:

"Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream
That vanished with the morn.

"And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is 'Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty!'

"Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure."

The fame of Elizabeth Cleghorne Stevenson, better known as Mrs. Gaskell (1810-1865), rests mainly on "Cranford," a novel which appeared 1851-1853 in "Household Words." This is the story of a quiet country town, and depicts almost perfectly a society in which vivid passion, forcible incident, and absorbing motives have passed by for the principal personages, and have not yet arrived for the secondary characters.

Jean Ingelow (1820-1897) in 1863 published a volume of poems that ran through four editions in a year and deserved its success, for it contained "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire in 1571." She also wrote many excellent stories for and about children.

Eliza Cook (1818–1889) is the author of “The Old Arm Chair” and other popular poems.

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864) in 1858 published two volumes of “Legends and Lyrics,” which in 1901 had passed through thirteen editions.

The literary achievements of these ladies sink into insignificance, however, when compared with those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jane Austen, and George Eliot. These are so important that each claims a separate chapter for herself.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. In what period did women first take their place in English literature?
2. With what great poet is the fame of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu associated?
3. Who was the first important Irish woman novelist?
4. Give a short account of Charlotte Brontë's life and work.
5. Who wrote “Cranford”?
6. Upon what does the fame of Felicia D. Hemans rest?
7. Who wrote “Our Village”?
8. Who were the three greatest woman writers of the nineteenth century?
9. Write a composition of one hundred and fifty words giving your estimate of any novel mentioned in this chapter which you have read.
10. Are more women writing to-day than seventy years ago? Give reasons for your answer.

Suggested Readings.—The poems and books mentioned in the text will be a sufficient guide to the ambitious student.



CHAPTER XLV

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)*

"Shakespeare has neither equal nor second. But, among the writers who have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen."—*Macaulay*.

"The realism and life-likeness of Miss Austen's Dramatis Personæ come nearest to those of Shakespeare."—*Tennyson*.

"She produced novels that come nearer to artistic perfection than any others in the English language."—*Harold Child*.

JANE AUSTEN, one of the most famous and gifted of English novelists, was born December 16, 1775, at Steventon in Hampshire. Her father, George Austen, came of a good family, was a man of excellent intellect, had been left penniless at an early age, had become a fellow at Oxford, had taken orders, and had been presented by relatives with two livings, Deane and Steventon. These were within a mile and a half of each other and contained together not over 300 souls. Jane's mother, Cassandra Leigh, came from an equally good family and appears to have possessed in a large measure the wit and good nature which were preëminently characteristic of her gifted daughter. The standing of both father and mother is clearly indicated by the fact that Warren Hastings, the Governor-General of India whose reputation was destroyed by Burke and whose fame has been preserved by Macaulay, during one of his absences from England left his eldest son in their charge.

Jane was the youngest child in a family of five sons and two daughters. As was then the almost universal custom among the gentry of England and France, she was sent as soon as possible after her birth to a farmer's wife, where she was kept until she had reached such an age that her presence in her own home was not particularly inconvenient to her parents. In France parents who thus farmed out their babies often sent with them blank death certificates for their

* Taken from "The Life of Jane Austen" contained in The Pocket Classics Edition of "Sense and Sensibility," published by The Macmillan Company.

foster parents to fill up in case they died. Whether such a document did or did not accompany Jane is unknown; at all events it was not used, for she thrived and in due time was returned to Steventon.

Steventon is located about seventy miles from London in a region that is sufficiently commonplace, being, as Miss Austen herself said, neither pleasant nor dreary, hilly nor flat. The society of the place was in keeping with its topography. Mr. Austen was once asked by one of his neighbors, a wealthy squire: "You know all about these



JANE AUSTEN

1775—1817

From a drawing made at the age of 15

things. Do tell us. 'Is Paris in France or France in Paris? For my wife has been disputing with me about it.' " Fortunately Jane was not dependent for spiritual nourishment on either the scenery or society of Steventon. In her sister Cassandra, who was her senior by four years, she found a companion whose presence speedily became so essential to her happiness that she could not bear to have her leave to go to school. Mrs. Austen used to say: "If Cassandra were going

to have her head cut off, Jane would insist on sharing her fate." The girls were taught together, chiefly at home, though in this day of higher education for women the instruction they got seems meagre enough. Jane became a first-rate needlewoman, a fair musician, and an excellent French scholar. Of Italian she learned a little, of German and Latin nothing. Even her knowledge of English literature was curiously deficient, being confined, it appears, chiefly to Crabbe, Johnson, Cowper, and Scott, among whom she preferred Crabbe; indeed, it was a standing joke in the family that she would have gladly become Mrs. Crabbe if she had personally known the poet. She was herself quite aware of the insufficiency of her mental equipment, and always stoutly maintained that she was "ignorant and uninformed" and hated solid reading.

Aside from one or two attempts to write fiction and the usual effort to produce a play which, like the measles, attacks every person of literary talent during the early teens, Jane, up to 1795, lived the simple life of a nice girl in a country parsonage. At twenty, as she herself puts it, came her turn to be grown up and have a fine complexion and wear great square muslin shawls. Two portraits which still exist show her to have been at that time fair, handsome, elegant, with beautiful eyes, full lips, a profusion of curly hair, and an expression of playful good humor that makes one wonder how she could have contrived to remain Miss Austen all her life. That she had all of the balls and beaux she wanted is certain. Among her admirers the most conspicuous appears to have been Mr. Thomas Lefroy, afterward Chief Justice of Ireland, for whom she declared she didn't care sixpence, and who, as he was three times married and lived to be about ninety, we may conclude was not inconsolable because of losing her. Probably she was too fastidious, too happy in her home, and too much engrossed in her intellectual pursuits to think seriously of matrimony.

At all events, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five she was busy with her pen. Between October, 1796, and August, 1797, she wrote a novel which is now considered by many to be her masterpiece and which is surely one of the finest compositions of its kind in any language. This story, which was then named "First Impressions" and is now known as "Pride and Prejudice," like all of Miss Austen's

books, is indescribable. That is to say, no extracts or analyses can convey an adequate idea of its charm. In it, as in all of her novels, she depicts character, not by description, but by showing what her people are by their speech and actions. And they are real. They are never too bright or good for human nature's daily food. Darcy, the hero, has ten thousand pounds a year, a park, and so much adulation that, in spite of his natural good sense, he is, or appears to be, inflated with sinful Pride. Elizabeth Bennett, the heroine, conceives a violent prejudice against him on account of this superficial fault, while he takes a perfectly reasonable dislike to her mother, whose sole purpose in life is to get her daughters married. After these external causes have produced a situation which makes it apparently impossible that Elizabeth and Darcy shall ever again even so much as see each other, except by accident, mutual respect and that irresistible attraction which is called love break down all barriers and the story ends as all good stories should. One of the pleasantest features of the book is the picture of the relations of Elizabeth Bennett and her father; they are what we should now call good chums. But its greatest superiority over the works of Miss Burney and Miss Edgeworth, who were Jane Austen's chief contemporary rivals as writers of fiction, is, as Mrs. Charles Malden says, that she ventures "to omit the moralizing which our ancestors considered necessary to counteract the baleful effects of being amused." "Their works," adds the same writer, "in consequence are little read by a generation which prefers drawing its own moral to finding it ready made."

When Jane had finished "*Pride and Prejudice*" she read it to her family, who pronounced it superior to "*Evelina*," Miss Burney's masterpiece, one of the few instances in which family pride and disinterested criticism have arrived at the same verdict. Her father seems to have been especially pleased, perhaps because he was unconsciously flattered by the portrait of Mr. Bennett. At all events, he was so impressed with the book's merits that he made to Mr. Cadell, a well-known publisher, a proposition to print it at the author's risk. But George Austen was destined never to have the happiness of witnessing his daughter's fame. By return mail Mr. Cadell refused to undertake the enterprise on any terms, and "*Pride and Prejudice*" remained

in manuscript for sixteen years. Six years later, while living at Bath, Miss Austen had so far recovered from the mortification of this refusal that she offered "Northanger Abbey" to a local publisher, who accepted it and paid her for the copyright the munificent sum of ten pounds. He seems, however, to have regarded it as a bad bargain, for he never published the book. Thirteen years later, that is, in 1816, Jane sent her brother Henry to repurchase the manuscript, which he easily did by paying back the original ten pounds, an arrangement of which the luckless printer probably repented when the triumphant Henry allowed himself the luxury of informing him that the book was by the author of "Pride and Prejudice."

Fortunately Mr. Cadell's refusal did not discourage Jane. Three months after "Pride and Prejudice" had been finished, we find her hard at work on a new novel, or rather a revision of an old novel, "Elinor and Marianne," which she had originally written in the form of letters, after the manner of Samuel Richardson. This, when it was finished, she rechristened "Sense and Sensibility." Though inferior to "Pride and Prejudice," this work is about as well worth reading as any novel which, up to that time, had been written in the English language. There is no superfluity of tiresome description. The characters are real. Though both lovable girls, Elinor and Marianne are as imperfect and as different as sisters are apt to be in real life. Vulgar match-making Mrs. Jennings, as Austin Dobson calls her, like many a flesh and blood dowager, at first repels us by her foolish prattle and finally wins our respect by her kindness. Sir John Middleton, with his horror of being alone; Lady Middleton, with her horror of impropriety; Miss Steele, who can always be made happy by being teased about the Doctor; Lucy Steele, pretty, clever, not overfastidious in her principles, and abominably weak in her grammar; Robert Ferrars, whose airs are justly punished by his marriage to Lucy; Mrs. Ferrars, who contrives to be uniformly unamiable; Mrs. John Dashwood, fit daughter to such a mother; and Mr. John Dashwood, fit husband to such a wife—together form a gallery of portraits of which any author might be proud. The book, too, is rich in humor. Among other delightful things we read of a will which, like almost every other will, gave as much disappointment as pleasure;

of a child of three, who possesses the usual charms of that age, an imperfect articulation, an earnest desire of having his own way, many cunning tricks, and a great deal of noise; of apricot marmalade applied successfully as a remedy for a bruised temple; of a company who met to eat, drink, and laugh together, to play at cards or consequences, or any other game that was sufficiently noisy; of a husband who is always making remarks which his wife considers so droll but cannot remember; of Constantia wine, which is equally good for colicky gout and broken hearts; of a face of strong natural sterling insignificance; of a girl who is pleased that a man called and still more pleased that she missed him; of a woman of few words, for, unlike people in general, she proportioned them to the number of her ideas; of a newspaper item that interested nobody except those who knew its contents before; and of a man who was perfectly the gentleman in his behavior to guests and only occasionally rude to his wife and mother-in-law. It is true that the two heroes are not very heroic, Edward Ferrars being only a curate and Colonel Brandon a poor old man of thirty-six with a flannel waistcoat, but the latter is pretty thoroughly the gentleman and the former gives up a fortune of 30,000 pounds in order to marry a girl whom he does not love, thereby furnishing, if not an example of good sense, at least an agreeable contrast to Marianne's Willoughby, who marries a girl whom he does not love in order to get the money which he is too genteel to earn. On the whole, when all is said and done, it is a wonderful book to have been written by a girl of twenty-one.

After finishing "Sense and Sensibility," Jane Austen went to work almost immediately on "Northanger Abbey," in which she essayed, not, as in all of her other novels, to hold the mirror up to nature, but to parody and burlesque those popular novels of her day in which the heroes and heroines were forced into hair-raising situations and extricated therefrom by impossible means. The heroine, Catherine Moreland, goes to Bath to live with Mrs. Allen, who is so unattractive that one wonders how any man could like her well enough to marry her. At Bath she is introduced by an acquaintance to "Udolpho," "The Castle of Wolfenbach," "Clermont," "Mysterious Warnings," "The Necromancer of the Black Forest," "The Midnight Bell,"

"The Orphan of the Rhine," and "Horrid Mysteries," all novels which abound in black veils and are otherwise perfectly awful. After she has supped full on these horrors, she is invited to visit Northanger Abbey, the home of Harry Tilney, with whom she is in love. She goes thither expecting to have adventures similar to those depicted in the books she has been reading, and Henry amuses himself by assuring her that she may expect plenty of horror and mystery. The result is that she makes herself very ridiculous, gets a juster notion of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, and, after a sufficient amount of rage on the part of General Tilney, Henry's father, marries that young man.

"Northanger Abbey" was finished in 1798. In 1801, owing to the failure of his health, George Austen removed with his family from Steventon to Bath, where they resided until his death four years later. During this period Jane wrote little. Anxiety on her father's account or uncongenial surroundings were perhaps responsible. At all events, she appears to have rejoiced when the opportunity came to escape from the more or less gay health resort to the more normal atmosphere of Southampton. Here, during four more years, the Austens resided, but here, too, they failed to feel thoroughly at home; and when, in 1809, Jane's second brother, Edward, offered them Chawton Cottage on his estate in Hampshire, they gladly accepted the opportunity to escape from Southampton.

At Chawton Jane's life was enriched by frequent visits from her brother's children, one of whom tells us that, though he must have grievously interrupted her writing by his visits, she never caused him, either by open protests or repressed marks of annoyance, to feel that he was unwelcome. Another writes: "As a very little girl I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane and following her whenever I could. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you and you loved her in return. This was what I felt in my early days before I was old enough to be amused by her cleverness. But soon came the delight of her playful talk; she could make everything amusing to a child. Then, as I got older, when cousins came to share the entertainment, she would tell us the most delightful stories, chiefly of Fairyland, and her fairies had all characters of their own. The tale was invented, I am sure, at the moment, and was continued for two or three days if occasion served."

Under the genial influence of her new environment, Jane's literary ambition revived to such an extent that she ventured to offer "Sense and Sensibility" for publication to Egerton. He accepted it and in 1811 the book appeared anonymously. Fearful lest the venture prove a financial loss, she is said to have saved enough from her income to meet any possible deficit. The precaution, happily, proved needless. She was soon gladdened by a check for 150 pounds, which she received with the remark that it was a great deal to earn for so little trouble.

Like all of the novels that she published herself, "Sense and Sensibility" appeared without Miss Austen's name, though, unlike George Eliot, she is said never to have denied having written them. She probably dreaded the inroads on her privacy which are apt to come with successful authorship. At all events, we find Aunt Cassandra about this time writing to one of her nieces to caution her not to tell anybody that Aunt Jane is the author of "Sense and Sensibility." Aunt Jane, indeed, was very modest about her creations. She called them paintings on "little bits of ivory two inches wide," having reference no doubt to the commonplaceness of her material. Herein, however, is perhaps the truest mark of her genius. While many great writers have built grandly with grand material, she reared an immortal structure out of nothing. So narrowly confined, indeed, are her subjects to the environment in which she lived that her readers are apt to think her characters portraits of real people. But they are not. They are everlasting types. We have met them all in real life. She herself, when somebody suggested that she had been drawing likenesses, said: "Pray do not think me guilty of such an invasion of the social proprieties. I am too proud of my gentlemen to admit that they are only Mr. A. or Col. B."

Emboldened by the success of "Sense and Sensibility," in 1813 she gave "Pride and Prejudice" to the world. Though her name did not appear on the book, a great many expressions of admiration reached her, the most conspicuous person who declared himself a Jane Austen enthusiast being Warren Hastings. Her happiness was completed when Dr. Isham said he was sure that he would not like Madame D'Arblay's new novel half so well.

"Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and "Northan-

ger Abbey " are the works of a girl; in her remaining novels, " Mansfield Park," " Emma," and " Persuasion," the motives and actions of the characters are more complex, the satire gentler, the feelings more womanly. The plots in the latter group unfold more slowly and naturally. In the earlier novels, as a critic has pointed out, the really predominant passion is the love of the sisters for each other; in each of her last three and greatest novels Jane Austen has painted a woman loving sincerely and with good cause but uncertain if her love is returned.

Mansfield Park is the ancestral home of the Bertram family. Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram have two sons, Tom and Edmund, and two daughters, Maria and Julia. One of Lady Bertram's sisters, Mrs. Price, has married to disoblige her family and has succeeded so thoroughly that she has been reduced to a state of comparative poverty. To assist her, Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram take her daughter, Fanny Price, into their home, to bring her up. Miss Austen tells with great skill and charm how Maria and Julia despise their poor cousin because she cannot tell the principal rivers in Russia or the chronological order of the kings of England; how Edmund, who is destined for the church, is kind to her; how, in the absence of Sir Thomas Bertram, the young people devise amateur theatricals, the rehearsals of which, depicted with admirable humor, result in a vast amount of flirtation; how Edmund thinks he is in love with Mary Crawford, a rich and hardened coquette; how Henry Crawford, her brother, first falls in love with Fanny Price and then runs away with Julia Bertram; and how, finally, Edmund discovers that he loves Fanny, who has known for a long time that she loves him, the result being a very satisfactory marriage. Fanny is a lovely girl, Edmund a typical English gentleman. The book is long, but readable from cover to cover.

" Mansfield Park " was printed in 1814; " Emma," Miss Austen's next novel, in 1816. In " Mansfield Park " Fanny is introduced to us as a poor self-effacing little girl; in " Emma," Emma Woodhouse, when we first know her, has so much leisure and luxury that, wanting occupation, she busies herself injudiciously in other people's affairs. But, though they start from opposite directions, both heroines reach

the same goal; both become happy and excellent women. Emma induces Harriet Smith to reject the love of a young farmer named Martin because he is so ungenteel as to earn an honest living; and persuades her, instead, to set her cap for Mr. Elton, a silly young curate, who is not fit to tie Martin's shoe strings. Elton thinks Emma is herself in love with him, and, to her amazement, proposes, so that she has to reject him and at the same time inform Harriet that her plans have gone a-gley. Then appears Frank Churchill, who is secretly engaged to Jane Fairfax, but who, in order to conceal that fact, starts a flirtation with Emma. In this gentle art he is such an adept that Emma almost persuades herself that she loves him, but Jane becomes jealous and the true state of affairs has to be revealed. In the meantime Harriet Smith has fallen in love with Mr. Knightley, "one of the few people who could see the faults in Emma Woodhouse and the only one who ever told her of them." Knightley is a real man and, as soon as Emma learns that Harriet has dared to aspire to him, it is definitely revealed to her that she loves him herself. In the end, Emma gets Knightley; Jane, Churchill; and Harriet, Martin. "Emma" in some respects is the best of Miss Austen's novels.

While she was in London seeing it through the press, her brother fell ill and was attended by the Prince Regent's physician, whose royal master was such an enthusiastic admirer of her works that he kept duplicate copies of them at his various houses. He told the Prince that Miss Austen was in London and the latter was gracious enough to send his librarian to her with an intimation that he would not be displeased to receive the dedication of her next novel.

It is to be hoped that this mark of royal favor was gratifying to Miss Austen, for it was one of the last tributes to her genius that she received. During 1816 her health grew worse and worse, and in May, 1817, she moved with her sister to Winchester in order to be near an eminent physician. His skill, however, was unavailing, and she died July 18. She rests in Winchester Cathedral.

She left two unpublished novels, "Northanger Abbey," written 1798, and "Persuasion," which she had finished only a twelvemonth before her death. Though inferior in some respects to "Emma," the latter is characterized by a beauty and tenderness found in none of her

other works. It is a simple story. Anne Elliot, the second daughter of Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall, at the age of nineteen is wooed and won by a young naval officer, Frederick Wentworth, who is in every way worthy of her except that he is not titled or rich. For these reasons her relatives persuade her to break their engagement. Eight years go by, and, meeting again, they find by degrees that they are still necessary to each other's happiness. "Dear, charming Anne Elliot!" writes Mrs. Malden. "We rejoice to feel that we are leaving her in the midst of such a tender radiant Indian summer of happiness. . . . "Persuasion" is the swan song of Jane Austen's authorship, and, true to its character, the saddest and sweetest of her works."

"Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey" were published together in 1818, being the first of her novels to appear under her own name. Since then her fame has steadily grown. In 1821 Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin, published in the "Quarterly Review" an article on her works, in which he said:

"They may be safely recommended not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not learn anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks."

Sir Walter Scott wrote in his *Journal*:

"Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of "Pride and Prejudice." That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is, to me, the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

Among her other early admirers were Sydney Smith, Southey, Coleridge, Guizot, and Lord Macaulay. Trevelyan, in his biography of the last-named enthusiast, says: "Amidst the infinite variety of lighter

literature with which he beguiled his leisure, "Pride and Prejudice" and the five sister novels remained without a rival in his affections. He never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen. In 1858 he notes in his *Journal*: 'If I could get materials, I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral.' " George Henry Lewes calls her one of the greatest writers that ever lived. Tennyson read and reread her novels, on which he thus commented: "The realism and life-likeness of Miss Austen's dramatis personæ come nearest to those of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, however, is a sun to which Jane Austen, though a bright and true little world, is but an asteroid." George Eliot called her "the greatest artist that has ever written, the most perfect master over the means to her end." George Saintsbury, perhaps the greatest of living critics, considers her the first of all novelists.

In spite of all this appreciation from those best fitted to judge of her powers, it was not until 1870 that the life of Jane Austen was given to the world. In that year her nephew, the Reverend J. Austen Leigh, published a biography of his gifted aunt. At the present time her fame is secure, though, like Milton, her popularity seems destined to be confined to the fit and few. Indeed, one eminent man has said, half in jest and half in earnest, that, in order to determine whether a person has or has not ability, one has only to ascertain whether he does or does not like Miss Austen's books.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an account of Jane Austen's life and surroundings up until 1795.
2. What do you mean by "reality" in a novel?
3. Did you draw a moral from the last novel you read?
4. Give an account of Miss Austen's relations with her publishers.
5. Mention Miss Austen's six novels and name some special attribute of each.
6. What part did imagination, experience, observation, natural genius, and literary training play in the creation of Miss Austen's novels?
7. Name two great men of letters who were especially fond of "Pride and Prejudice."
8. Locate "Steventon" upon your outline map.
9. Name four of Miss Austen's greatest contemporaries.
10. To what extent was her work influenced by the times in which she lived?

Suggested Readings.—You will never regret reading "Sense and Sensibility," or any or all of her other novels.

CHAPTER XLVI

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

"A woman of undoubted genius and most unusual learning."—*Quarterly Review*.

"She has surpassed all her poetic contemporaries of either sex, with one exception (Tennyson)."—*Edgar Allan Poe*.

"So Robert Browning and Miss Barrett have married. I hope they understand each other. Nobody else would."—*Wordsworth*.

"All a wonder and a wild desire."—*Browning*.

"ELIZABETH BARRETT, daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, and Mary his wife, born at Coxhoe Hall, County of Durham, March the 6th, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the year 1806." So runs the parish register recording the birth of the poetess. Mr. Barrett was a man of despotic temper with a fixed belief in the divine right of fathers, but he encouraged and was proud of his gifted daughter, who repaid him with a passionate affection. "I wrote verses very early," she says. "The Greeks were my demigods and haunted me out of Pope's Homer till I dreamt more of Agamemnon than of Moses the black pony. Of a childish epic in four books, called the 'Battle of Marathon,' fifty copies were printed because papa was bent on spoiling me." To her brother Edward, her inseparable companion in work and play, she owed her early knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics and the pet name of Ba, by which she was known to the end of her life. "We lived at Hope End," she writes, "in a retirement scarcely broken except by my books and my own thoughts. A bird in a cage could have as good a story." During these quiet years of her girlhood the well-known Greek student, Hugh Stuart Boyd, came to live at Great Malvern. A fast friendship sprang up between them. The long mornings spent with him over their beloved Greek she describes in "Wine of Cyprus" as follows:

"And I think of those long mornings,
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.

Past the pane the mountain spreading
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low for ai's and oi's."

In 1826 she published anonymously "An Essay on Mind and Other Poems," "a didactic poem long repented of," she wrote later, "yet the bird pecks through the shell of it." In 1828 her mother died. In 1832 the home at Hope End was sold. For two years the family



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806—1861

From the drawing by Field Talfourd

resided at Sidmouth. In 1835 she published "Prometheus Bound," a translation from the Greek of Æschylus. Then they moved to 74 Gloucester Place, London, and here Elizabeth met many important literary people, especially Mary Russell Mitford, who thus describes her appearance at that time: "A slight girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet; a round face with a most noble forehead; large dark eyes with such eyelashes; a dark complexion, liter-

ally as bright as the dark China rose; a profusion of silky dark curls; and a look of youth and modesty hardly to be expressed."

"Then came the failure in my health, which had never been strong," writes Elizabeth. Henceforth she was restricted to an invalid routine, but her poetry continued to afford an absorbing occupation. She soon had access to the columns of several magazines. In 1838 the family removed to 50 Wimpole Street. The same year she published "The Seraphim and Other Poems," which included "Cowper's Grave." The death of her brother, Edward, who was drowned like Shelley in a yacht, so undermined her remaining strength that from 1840 on she lived in the seclusion of a darkened room in almost daily expectation of death. Meanwhile her poetic fame was growing. "The Cry of the Children," suggested by a "Report on Mines and Factories," attracted much attention. Late in 1844 there were published two volumes of poems of hers. They included "The Drama of Exile," "The Cry of the Children," "A Vision of Poets," and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." A burst of applause greeted them and Elizabeth Barrett was universally recognized as the greatest woman-poet of her time.

The volume came into the hands of a slim, dark, very handsome young man, who was himself the author of a notable poem called "Paracelsus." His name was Robert Browning. In January 10, 1845, he wrote her that he prized her work. At first his request to be allowed to see the poetess was refused on account of the seclusion required by her health; but he carried his point (Robert Browning carried most points), and on May 21, 1845, the two poets met. Immediately their fate was sealed. The story of their courtship has been twice given to the world: first in her "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and since in "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett"—the only letters that ever passed between them, for after their marriage they were never apart.

Her health and the almost insane opposition of Mr. Barrett to the marriage of any of his children at first caused them serious anxiety. Her condition, however, under the stimulus of happiness improved to such an extent that the doctors urged a winter abroad for her. This her father refused to sanction and his refusal drove the two lovers to risk the final step. Accordingly, on September 12, 1846, they were

married in the strictest privacy. A week later they departed, also in strict privacy, for the continent.

It was soon evident that the hazardous experiment was a success. Mrs. Browning's health rallied under the influence of sunshine without and within. Their first resting place was Pisa, where they spent the winter of 1846-1847. In April they moved to Florence, rented an old palace called Casa Guidi, and lived there to the end of her life for nothing or next to nothing, with six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms, opening on a terrace opposite the gray wall of a church called San Felice for good omen. Here the happy days sped on with little to mark their flight except the gift to the world from time to time of new poems from one or the other; and here on March 9, 1849, their only child, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, was born. In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, the "Athenæum" suggested that Mrs. Browning be made poet-laureate as a graceful compliment to a youthful queen in recognition of the remarkable literary place taken by women in her reign. In the summer of 1851 they visited England, but her father did not answer a letter in which she asked him so far to relent as to kiss her child. Her "Casa Guidi Windows," a plea for the freedom of Italy, was published this year. Her mind at this time, to the annoyance of her husband, was much occupied with the phenomena of spiritualism. In 1856 she published "Aurora Leigh," a romance in nine books of blank verse. Its success was immediate and wide.

Thus they dwelt at Casa Guidi, she happy except for the infamy of the English public, who recognized her genius but would not or could not understand the far greater genius of her husband. "While in America," she added, "he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read—he lives in the heart of the people." Nathaniel Hawthorne was one of their appreciative American visitors; and their friend W. W. Story, the American sculptor, has left the best picture we have of their home. He says: "We can never forget the square ante-room with its pianoforte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour; the little dining-room where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning; the long room filled with plaster-casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat; and, dearest of all, the drawing-

room where she always sat. . . . To those who loved Mrs. Browning—and to know her was to love her—she was singularly attractive. Hers was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within. Her character was well-nigh perfect. Association with the Brownings, even though of the slightest nature, made one better in mind and soul.”

The loss of a sister, disappointment over the political fortunes of Italy, and the failure of the public to recognize her husband's genius gradually brought back her old weakness. She died June 29, 1861. Her last word, in reply to his question, “How do you feel?” was “Beautiful.” She was buried in the Protestant cemetery in Florence. Her husband had a white marble memorial erected over her grave, and the city of Florence recorded her gratitude on a slab, also of white marble, on the wall of Casa Guidi.

Her lyrics stand among the best in English. They are distinguished by hate of hate, love of love, and scorn of scorn. Some slight notion of their power and beauty may perhaps be gained from the following quotations:

“It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.
O poets! from a maniac tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace and died while ye were smiling.”
—*Cowper's Grave.*

“Here Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.”

—*A Vision of Poets.*

“There Shakespeare! on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world! Oh eyes sublime—
With tears and laughter for all time!”

Ibid.

“And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine.”

Ibid.

“‘Yes!’ I answered you last night;
‘No!’ this morning, Sir, I say.
Colors seen by candle light
Will not look the same by day.”

—*The Lady's “Yes.”*

"Do you hear the children weeping,
 O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And that cannot stop their tears."
 —*The Cry of the Children.*

"Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
 To laugh, as he sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man.
 The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
 For the reed that grows never more again
 As a reed with the reeds of the river."
 —*A Musical Instrument.*

"Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Dead! both of my boys! When you sit at the feast
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at me."
 —*Mother and Poet.*

The series of love-sonnets, called "From the Portuguese," and written between the declaration of Robert Browning's love and their marriage, reflects the varying phases of their courtship. No eye but the author's saw them, however, until after their marriage, when she gave them to him as a gift. The title is simply the substitution for her own name of the pet phrase, "My Little Portuguese," by which he sometimes addressed her in allusion to her poem, "Catarina to Camoëns," of which he was particularly fond. In the first sonnet of the series she alludes to the fact that her affection for him had saved her from death:

"I thought how once Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young.
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw in gradual vision through my tears
 The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery while I strove:
 'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death!' I said. But there
 The silver answer rang, 'Not Death, but Love!'"

In "Aurora Leigh," which Mrs. Browning considered the maturest of her works, she discussed with true moral heroism the cruelties and

injustices in the conventional relations of the sexes. Though by no means an autobiography, its most interesting passages are probably autobiographical. For instance:

"The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you. . . . 'Curse that stool!'
Or else at best a cushion, where you lean
And sleep and dream of something we are not
But would be for your sake. Alas! Alas!
This hurts most, this . . . that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps."

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book
And calculating profits . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

"Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret-room,
Piled high with cases in my father's name.
Piled high, packed large—where creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of the past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
At this or at that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books! At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets."

"All poets use the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to carrying gold;
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies,
Which look as if the May flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind.
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,

And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see! is God not with us on the earth?'
And ankle-deep in English grass I stood,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What were "The Sonnets from the Portuguese"?
2. Recount Elizabeth Barrett's life up to her marriage to Robert Browning.
3. Do you find in Robert Browning's poetry the same health-giving fire which his wife found in her association with him?
4. What was the political cause in Italy in which Mrs. Browning was so interested? (Refer to Hazen's "Europe Since 1815.")
5. In whom was the public more interested, Mrs. Browning or her husband?
6. What was the subject of "Aurora Leigh"?
7. In what great poem by Mrs. Browning is the cruelty of the English Industrial Revolution presented?
8. What two other men of letters whom you have been studying were affected by the sufferings of the poor in England?
9. What English poets have sought refuge from English opinion in Italy?
10. How did Mrs. Browning's horizon differ from Jane Austen's?

Suggested Readings.—"The Cry of the Children," "A Musical Instrument," and several of "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" are suggestive of her humaneness and lyric power. "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning" are intimate and characteristic.

CHAPTER XLVII

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

"The first of our woman novelists."—*J. Logie Robertson.*

"In some particulars 'Silas Marner' is the most remarkable novel in our language."—*Sidney Lanier.*

"Her flight of Hetty Sorrel in 'Adam Bede' and Thackeray's gradual breaking down of Colonel Newcome are the two most pathetic things in modern prose fiction."—*Tennyson.*

GEORGE ELIOT is the name by which Mary Ann or Marian Evans elected to be known as an author and which her genius as a novelist has made as famous as those of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Jane Austen.

The youngest daughter of the second family of Robert Evans, a Warwickshire land agent, she was born at Asbury Farm, near Nuneaton, November 22, 1819. Four months later her father removed to the farm of Griff, with its charming red brick ivy-covered house, which was her home for twenty-one years. Many of her father's traits are preserved in the character of "Adam Bede"; and some of the features of life at Griff, especially her relations with her brother Isaac, are depicted in the story of Tom and Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss." Between five and nine she was at school at Attleboro and Nuneaton; from thirteen to sixteen at Coventry. She lost her mother, whom she loved devotedly, in 1836, and from 1837 took entire charge of her father's house. These duties were not permitted, however, to interfere with her education, as masters came over from Coventry to give her lessons in German, Italian, and music, of the last of which she was always passionately fond. She also read as few human beings have read. Her worship of Scott dated from her seventh year and she made the last few years of her father's life cheerful by reading Scott's novels aloud to him during the evenings.

In 1841 her father removed to Coventry. Here she met new friends, who upset her early religious training to such an extent that she refused for a time to go to church, thereby greatly offending her

father. Between 1844 and 1846 she was busy on a translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." Her father died 1849. In 1850 she began to write for the "Westminster Review," and in 1851 became its assistant editor. Her labors in this connection, a translation which she made of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and the brilliancy of her conversation soon made her the centre of a literary circle. Two of its members were Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes.



GEORGE ELIOT

1819—1880

The latter, born 1817, was a journalist, critic, novelist, dramatist, biographer, essayist, mathematician, physicist, biologist, psychologist, and philosopher—not without brilliancy and power. His friendship with George Eliot ripened rapidly into love. He had been married unhappily, and could not get a divorce; but in 1854 he went with Miss Evans to Germany, and thenceforward until his death in 1878 they lived together as man and wife. While they were abroad he worked

on a "Life of Goethe." At Berlin she showed him some attempts she had been making in the field of fiction; he at once recognized their merit; and in 1856 she attempted her first story, "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton."

It came out 1857 in "Blackwood's," and at once showed that a new writer of great power had arisen. "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" and "Janet's Repentance" followed. All three were reprinted the same year as "Scenes from Clerical Life," "by George Eliot," that pseudonym being adopted because George was Mr. Lewes's Christian name and Eliot was a good mouth-filling easily-pronounced name.

The brilliant story of "Adam Bede" followed 1859 and had such marvelous success that a Mr. Liggins, who had lived in the same district as the author, had the effrontery to claim the authorship. It is indeed one of the finest novels in the English language. The hero is a village carpenter, who is distinguished by tall stalwartness and a simple soul. The real heroine is Dinah Morris, a Methodist preacher; but Adam's love is fixed on a rustic coquette, Hetty Sorrel, who has the beauty and character of a young star-browed calf that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog. Hetty's vanity and beauty lead to her ruin. She agrees to marry Adam, but finally goes away to seek her former lover, Arthur Donnycastle, and to hide her shame. The account of her anguish is related with true pathos. Both she and Adam are comforted by Dinah Morris, who eventually marries him. The vicar of the parish, Bartle Massey the bachelor schoolmaster, and Mr. Poyser of the Hall Farm are also well drawn. But Mrs. Poyser is the gem of the book, with her proverbial philosophy, her good sense, and her amazing and amusing volubility.

"The Mill on the Floss" 1860 is largely autobiographical. Though not as rich in character portrayal as its predecessor, it is scarcely less humorous, powerful, and pathetic. "Silas Marner" 1861 has two merits that make it stand out among all of the novels of the language. With all of George Eliot's power of drawing true pictures of life, it is brief and it is a model of construction. Its plot is better, if anything, than those of the "Ædipus Rex," the "Alchemist," or "Tom Jones."

Every student should read it, if he never reads anything else of the author's.

"Silas Marner" was followed 1863 by "Romola," a story of Florence in the days of Savonarola. It is highly finished, eloquent, artistic, and by some considered George Eliot's best work. The story, however, is a depressing one. Tito, the central figure, being no hero, chooses to remain in Florence, enjoy his ease, marry Romola, and seduce Tessa, instead of saving his father from slavery. The fact that he gets his just deserts does not make the story agreeable, but no reader can deny its gloomy power. It appeared first in "The Cornhill Magazine" and brought its author 7000 pounds.

Between 1866 and 1871 George Eliot forsook fiction for poetry. "The Spanish Gypsy" 1868 was followed next year by "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal" and "Amgart." Her most familiar poems are, however, "The Two Lovers" and "The Choir Invisible." The first and the last stanzas of the former are:

"Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingling the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

"The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale lips joined, and said, 'Once more!'
O memories!
O past that is!

"The Choir Invisible" begins thus:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead that live again
In minds made better by their presence."

In 1871-1872 appeared "Middlemarch," which by some is regarded as George Eliot's greatest novel. It is a study of English provincial life. In style and spirit, "Middlemarch" recalls Jane Austen's novels.

Her last novel, "Daniel Deronda" was published 1876. The

heroine, Gwendolen Harleth, a haughty and capricious beauty, is finely drawn, and some of its sketches of Jewish life and manners are striking and original, but as a whole the book is inferior to its predecessors. Like "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Middlemarch," it is penetrated with the desire to show how selfish and desecrating love may be without marriage and how equally selfish and desecrating marriage may be without love.

"Daniel Deronda" was George Eliot's last publication, with the exception of "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such," a series of miscellaneous essays, 1879. She had always been peculiarly dependent on some one person for affection and support, and after Mr. Lewes died in 1879 she fell into a state of great melancholy. From this she was roused by the kindness of Mr. John Cross, a friend of her own and Mr. Lewes's since 1869. To him she was married May 6, 1880. She died December 22 of the same year and was buried in Highgate Cemetery near Mr. Lewes.

George Eliot was one of the greatest novelists of the English school. She was greater than Richardson, whose painstaking style of portraiture she greatly admired, because she had a command of humor and pathos that he lacked. Her studies of English farmers and tradesmen give us a clear idea of the slow-moving, beef-consuming, habit-ridden population of the Midland countries in the early nineteenth century. Sir Walter Scott's borderers are not more vivid. But she is greatly inferior to him in imagination, rapidity, and warmth of color. As a historical novel, "Romola" is inferior even to "Count Robert of Paris." On the other hand, there is hardly an ineffective speech put into the mouth of any of her characters. To all of her squires, maids, poachers, and innkeepers she gives individual voices. One other peculiarity of her method deserves notice. She makes her characters grow. They do not appear at first in all their beauty or deformity. We watch them, as it were, being moulded by Fate; and she describes the process, in spite of all her faults as a woman and a writer, with such skill, such sympathy, and such insight that "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" are as sure of lasting fame as "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "Henry Esmond" and "Pride and Prejudice."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give an account of George Eliot's life up until 1841.
2. What effect did Strauss's "Life of Jesus" probably have upon her point of view?
3. Who was Herbert Spencer?
4. Write one hundred and fifty words presenting the attraction of "Silas Marner."
5. Where was the scene of "Romola" laid?
6. Was George Eliot a realist or a romanticist?
7. Is it unusual for novelists to "make their characters grow"?
8. Who was Maggie Tulliver?
9. Who was George Henry Lewes and what were his relations with George Eliot?
10. In what respects do you feel that George Eliot was born before her time?

Suggested Readings.—"Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss" are the most engaging for the beginner. Oscar Browning's "Life of George Eliot" will suit the student's needs.

CHAPTER XLVIII

OTHER VICTORIAN WRITERS

"A page of Hood will do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin."
—*Holmes.*

"'Sohrab and Rustum' and 'Balder Dead' are majestic poems."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"His (Darwin's) evolution theory has revolutionized biology and changed the whole intellectual outlook of mankind."—*T. Arthur Thomson.*

"Being asked at the Hustings upon what he stood, Lord Beaconsfield replied magnificently, 'Upon my head.'"—*George Whibley.*

"The dominating idea of modern thought is Evolution. With that idea the name of Herbert Spencer is indissolubly connected."—*Hector Macpherson.*

"Huxley was foremost on the fighting line of the Evolutionist phalanx."—*T. Arthur Thomson.*

"Swinburne is a reed . . . through which all things blow into music."—*Tennyson.*

THOMAS HOOD (1799–1845) was born with "ink in his blood," being descended from a tubercular literary family; lived a life that was one long disease; and wrote the best poetry that appeared between 1822, when Shelley died, and 1842, when Tennyson published his first successful volume. Of Hood's serious poems, James Russell Lowell wrote:

"If thou wouldst learn how truly great he was,
Go, ask it of the poor."

Referring to his comic verses, Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"A page of Hood will do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin."

The student who wishes to form an opinion for himself of the justice of Lowell's assertion should read "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Deathbed," and "The Song of the Shirt." Holmes's may be tested by "Faithless Sally Brown," "Parental Ode to My Infant Son," and "Faithless Nelly Gray." Hood's ability to extract puns from the English language has probably not been approached by any other

writer. In "Epping Hunt," one of his humorous ballads, he tells of a grocer who sells English butter in a lump and Irish in a *pat*. He informs his publisher that he is gratified to learn that the price has had *such a run* that it is quite *exhausted*. Of an unsuccessful hunt he says the chase was a doe and that therefore the *hind* part was before. The death from unrequited love of a sailor is thus disposed of:

"They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton *told* the bell."

Ben Battle, when he has lost his legs in battle, cries, "Here I leave my second leg, and the Forty-second Foot"; and he reproaches his fickle sweetheart with the remark, "The love that loves a scarlet coat should be more *uniform*." Of a toper we read:

"A single pint he might have sipped
And not been out of sorts;
In geologic phrase the rock
He split upon was *quarts*."

"Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in *toe*."

A woman whose ducklings had been drowned gave her pond up and *desponded*. The eels that caused this crime were guilty of *abduction*. Yet Hood was a real poet. He describes those same ducklings in two lines that make a perfect picture:

"Small things like living water-lilies
But yellow as the daffodillies."

He calls Death, "though no Corsican, the Boney of all Bonies." Friend of Charles Lamb and student of Keats, he was capable at his best of far finer things, as these citations show:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

—*I Remember.*

"O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!"

—*The Song of the Shirt.*

"Sewing at once a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

Ibid.

"O God! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

Ibid.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

—*The Bridge of Sighs.*

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity!"

Ibid.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

—*The Death Bed.*

Douglas Jerrold (1803–1857) was also a humorist, his most successful work being "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," which in their day were as popular as are the effusions of Mr. Dunne and Mr. Ade in ours. Of a man who, being away from home, sent his family no money, a friend of Jerrold's said indignantly: "Call that kindness!" "Yes," said the wit, "unremitting kindness." When somebody said of an air, "That always carries me away," Jerrold exclaimed, "Can nobody whistle it?" Among his other famous quips are these: "The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling;" "Earth is here (in Australia) so kind that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest;" "Dogmatism is the maturity of puppyism."

Lord Lytton (1803–1873) was plain Edward Bulwer until 1838, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton from 1838 until 1866, and Baron Lytton from 1866. He did not acquire these titles through literature but through politics. His literary industry was, however, so prodigious as to cause one to wonder how he found time to devote to anything else. In all he wrote over 110 volumes. Of these three plays, "The Lady of Lyons" 1838, "Richelieu" 1838, and "Money" 1840, are

still produced on the stage; and four historical novels are and deserve to be widely read—"The Last Days of Pompeii" 1834, "Rienzi" 1835, "The Last of the Barons" 1843, and "Harold" 1843. Possibly Lytton's name will be best remembered 500 years hence, however, owing to the fact that, in "The New Timon" 1846, he wrote thus of Tennyson:

"The jingling melody of purloined conceits
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

Tennyson replied with some severe lines, in which he called Lytton "the padded man that wears the stays," and ended:

"What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

"A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest."

John Henry Newman (1801–1890) in 1824 was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1834, while becalmed in an orange boat in the Strait of Bonaficio, he wrote "Lead, kindly light." Between 1833 and 1843 he was active in what is called the Tractarian movement, from the fact that its advocates sought through tracts to assert the authority of the Church of England, to prove apostolical succession for the bishops, to advocate a stricter discipline, and to make its doctrine coincide with that of Rome. His sense of logic finally in 1843 forced him to resign his vicarage and in 1845 to join the Catholic Church. The rest of his life was devoted to its service. In 1879 Pope Leo XIII made him a cardinal. His writings, both before and after his conversion, were composed in a spirit and a style which cause them to be regarded as masterpieces. Their energy, their eloquence, the purity of their English, their earnestness, and the lofty purposes by which Newman was animated—make them a noble and enduring monument of his genius. The most memorable of them are a book of poems, "Lyra Apostolica," 1834; "Callista," a story of a third century martyr in Africa. 1848; "Anglican Difficulties," 1850; "Sermons Addressed to Mixed Congregations." 1849; "Sermons on

Various Occasions," 1857; "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," an impressive religious autobiography, 1864; "The Dream of Gerontius," a poem of great beauty, 1865; and a "Grammar of Assent," a treatise on the philosophy of faith, 1870.

As the author of the famous Irish ballad, "Rory O'More," and the rollicking Irish novel, "Handy Andy," Samuel Lover (1797–1868) enjoyed in his time a popularity almost equal to that of Thomas Moore and Charles Dickens.

For a great part of the nineteenth century Englishmen, however, knew Ireland chiefly through the novels of Charles Lever (1806–1872). The most famous of these is "Charles O'Malley," 1840. All of his stories, about twenty in number, are characterized by high spirits, careless fun, and love of sport. Lever also wrote good humorous verses.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802–1839) is the greatest writer of *vers de société* that England has yet produced. His best poems remind one somewhat of Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaise" and are decidedly better than any of Hood's lighter pieces. The humor, the graceful versification, and the true pictures of "The Vicar," "Quince," "The Belle of the Ball Room," "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine," the "Song for the Fourteenth of February," "The Fancy Ball," "A Letter of Advice," "The Talented Man," and "School and School Fellows" make them thoroughly and perennially attractive. Some idea of Praed's quality may be obtained from these quotations:

"And if he had upon his board
At once a peasant and a lord,
He called the lord his daintier meat
And had him devilled for a treat."

—Gog.

"With a long dull journey all before
And a short gay squire behind him."

—The Troubadour.

"Oh! when a cheek is to be dried,
All pharmacy is folly."

—Ibid.

"Three nights he supped upon dry fruit,
And slept upon wet grass."

—Ibid.

"He lay beside a rivulet
And looked beside himself."

—*The Troubadour.*

"Nothing is heard but the long, long snore,
Solemn and sad, of the watchmen four,
And the voice of the rivulet rippling by,
And the nightingale's evening melody,
And the drowsy wing of the sleepless bat,
And the mew of the gardener's tortoise-shell cat."

—*Ibid.*

"'T was a sight to make the hair uprise
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey-clock struck one."

—*The Red Fisherman.*

"And sit in revery luxurious,
Till tea grows cold and aunts grow furious."

—*A Preface.*

"The walk is laid down with fresh gravel;
Papa is laid up with the gout."

—*Our Ball.*

"Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker.
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone
And some before the Speaker."

—*School and Schoolmates.*

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood flitted by,
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July."

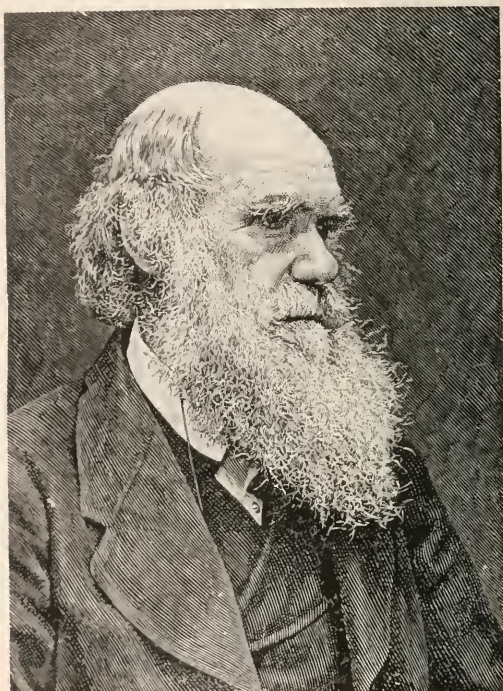
—*Song.*

Charles Robert Darwin was born on the same day as Abraham Lincoln and in the same year as Alfred Tennyson, W. E. Gladstone, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Among his ancestors were Francis Galton, Josiah Wedgwood the pottery man, and Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who in 1780 had written:

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered stream, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car."

In his school and college days he heard lectures by Sir Walter Scott and the American ornithologist Audubon; was an enthusiastic collector of beetles and student of marine zoölogy; studied medicine at Edinburgh; and took a pass degree 1831 at Cambridge. From 1831 to 1836 he was absent from England on the "Beagle," a ship to which he was attached as official scientist. The training which he then

acquired and the actual contributions which he was thus enabled to make to biological knowledge were of enormous importance. When he came home 1836 his father cried: "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered." The shape of the Linnæan doctrine of the fixity of species was also quite altered. It was twenty years, however, before he ventured publicly to announce the conclusions at which he



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

1809—1882

had arrived. On July 1, 1858, he read before the Linnæan Society of London a paper "On the Tendency of Species to form Varieties and Species by Natural Selection." This was the joint work of Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace. Its central idea was that all the forms of life that are now found on the earth have been evolved by a process of natural selection dependent on the survival of the fittest from a

single primordial protoplasmic globule. This conception was substantiated 1859 in "The Origin of Species," which is not only the most important of Darwin's books but the most influential work of the century. It revolutionized not only biology but also theology. Indeed it changed the whole intellectual outlook of mankind. Its full title is "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life." It was followed by a long series of other great scientific works, of which "The Descent of Man" 1871 is the most famous. Darwin died 1882. His passion and reverence for facts, his hatred of obscurity and wordiness, his caution and honesty in coming to conclusions, his sense of the relations of things, his patient industry, and his industrious patience enabled him to accumulate, classify, and interpret a mass of facts which made his conclusions irresistible. As a man he was an orderly worker. His chief amusement was the perusal of yellow-back novels. As a writer he had so much to say that he cared little about style. His intense devotion to science, indeed, caused him during the last twenty or thirty years of his life to lose all of his pleasure in poetry. A few of his epoch-making conclusions are embodied in the following sentences:

"There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being, evolved."—*Last Sentence in Origin of Species*.

"This principle of preservation, or the survival of the fittest, I have called Natural Selection."—*Ibid*. Chapter IV.

"In October 1838 I read Malthus 'On Population,' and, being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June 1842 I first

allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in thirty-five pages."—*Life and Letters*. Vol. I.

"Humble bees are almost indispensable to the fertilization of the heartsease (*viola tricolor*), for other bees do not visit this flower. The visits of bees are also necessary for the fertilization of some kinds of clover. Humble bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence we may infer that, if the whole genus of humble bees became extinct, the heartsease and red clover would disappear. The number of humble bees depends on the number of field mice, which destroy their combs and nests. Now the number of mice is largely dependent on the number of cats. Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district."—*Origin of Species*. Abridged.

"I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this."—*Life and Letters*.

Edward Fitzgerald (1809–1883) in 1859 pulished a translation of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, a Persian astronomer poet of the eleventh century. Some critics maintain that his version is superior to the Persian. Swinburne says that Fitzgerald's genius gave Omar Khayyám a place forever among the great English poets. One thing is certain. Fitzgerald's version has been and still is read and quoted by a quite extraordinary number of people old and young, especially young. Its philosophy is simply an amplification of the old saw, "*Manducemus et bibamus, nam cras moriemur.*"

George Henry Borrow (1803–1881) first became known 1843 by "The Bible in Spain." His two greatest books are "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye." In these he describes his own wanderings and life among the gypsies. He was as sentimental as Sterne; had a passionate love for the meadows, trees, and roads of England; over six feet in height, was a perfect type of manly beauty; and became, by assiduous practice, a by-no-means-despised master of the noble art of pugilism. These qualifications made him an ideal tramp and enabled him to produce a noble picture of England in the days before the railways had cut it into iron-bordered lozenges and squares. Possibly the

most famous passage in his writings is his account of a fight between himself and a notorious wandering blackguard named Jack Slingsby.

Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield (1804–1881), was a full-blooded Jew; but, in spite of that handicap, he made himself by sheer force of intellect prime minister of England. In literature he has the distinction of having written three political novels that perhaps have never been surpassed. These are “Coningsby” 1844, “Sybil” 1845, and “Tancred” 1847. As a master of epigram he surpassed Dickens and Thackeray. Among the hundreds of memorable sayings that he produced are these:

“A precedent embalms a principle.”—*Speech*, 1848.

“Assassination has never changed the history of the world.”—*Speech*, May, 1865.

“Youth is a blunder; manhood, a struggle; old age, a regret.”—*Coningsby*.

“To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.”—*Sybil*.

“He had only one idea, and that was wrong.”—*Ibid*.

“When a man fell into his anecdotage, it was a sign for him to retire.”—*Lothair*.

“The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man.”—*Endymion*.

“‘Sensible men are all of the same religion.’ ‘Pray, what is that?’ ‘Sensible men never tell.’”—*Ibid*.

Samuel Smiles (1813–1904) was the author of several books that are extremely useful to young people. The best of these are “Self-Help” 1859, “Character” 1871, and “Thrift” 1875. Himself a railway secretary, he also wrote lives of men notable in the history of invention and industry, among these being Stephenson, Watt, Nasmyth, and Wedgewood.

Mark Pattison (1813–1884) wrote the admirable life of Milton in the English Men of Letters series.

Charles Reade (1814–1884) was the author of several unpopular plays and popular novels; among the latter the best known are “It is Never too Late to Mend” 1856, “The Cloister and the Hearth” 1861, “Hard Cash” 1863, and “Put Yourself in His Place” 1870.

Sir William Besant ranks him with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray; Swinburne calls him a truly great writer of a truly noble genius.

Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) was the author of about fifty novels. The best of these perhaps is "Barchester Towers" 1857, which is distinguished by a new type of character drawing in the formidable Mrs. Proudie. In summing up one of his own books, Trollope describes all of them fairly well: "The story was thoroughly English. There was a little fox-hunting and a little tuft-hunting, some Christian virtue and some Christian cant. There was no heroism and no villany. There was much Church but more love-making. And it was downright honest love."

James Anthony Froude (1812-1894) was a historian with an English style almost as clear, brilliant, and pure as Macaulay's, and ideals differing in no fundamental respect from those of Carlyle. In consequence he succeeded in writing a number of fascinating books which he called histories. Of these, the best and biggest is his "History of England from the Fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the Spanish Armada," "Cæsar, A Sketch," 1879, Froude regarded as his best book. This and "Elizabethan Seamen of the Sixteenth Century" 1895 have entertained many boys. Along with Carlyle he distrusted the common people, regarded force as the real manifestation of moral value, thought modern civilization a snare and a delusion, and believed in heroes and hero worship. As Carlyle's most intimate friend and literary executor he produced a biography that ought to have been as good as Boswell's "Johnson" but is instead a mournful contrast to Trevelyan's magnificent life of Carlyle's great rival, Macaulay.

Philip James Bailey (1816-1902) at twenty wrote a long philosophical poem called "Festus," of which twelve editions have so far appeared in England and over thirty in America. It contains four good lines:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The Reverend Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) was the author of three poems that everybody knows: "The Sands of Dee," "Three Fishers," and "Young and Old." He also wrote three great historical

novels: "Hypatia" 1853, a picture of the conflict between Christianity and paganism in Alexandria in the fifth century; "Westward Ho," 1855, a tale of English daring in the Spanish Main during Queen Elizabeth's day; and "Hereward the Wake," 1866, which deals with the Norman Conquest.

John Tyndall (1820-1893) wrote admirably in an agreeable and popular style on "The Glaciers of the Alps" 1860, "Mountaineer-



MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822—1888

From the portrait by G. F. Watts

ing" 1861, "Heat as a Mode of Motion" 1863, "Radiation" 1865, "Fragments of Science" 1871, and "New Fragments" 1892. Of all his works perhaps the most entertaining is his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," which deals with the most strenuous of all sports, mountain-climbing. This and his "Fragments" are sure to interest boys. As an interpreter of Darwin, Tyndall performed valuable services for mankind.

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous master of Rugby, who lives for us in "Tom Brown's

School Days." After graduation from Rugby 1840 and Oxford 1844, Arnold became an inspector of schools, which was good for the schools but injurious to his quality as a poet. Between 1852 and 1866, however, he succeeded in producing several pieces of verse which will probably live. Among these are: (1) a fine sonnet to Shakespeare, beginning

"Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art still,
Outtopping knowledge."

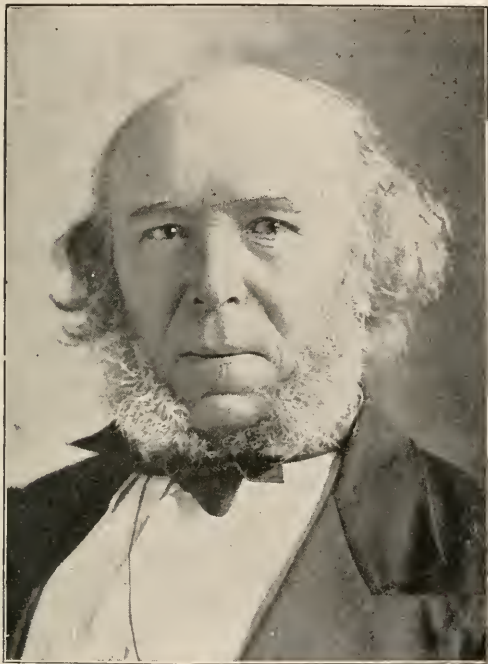
(2) "Rugby Chapel," a noble characterization of the poet's father, of whom he says,

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely hast not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of heing, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

(3) "Memorial Verses" occasioned 1850 by the death of Wordsworth; (4) "Geist's Grave," a tribute to the author's deceased *dachshund*; (5) "Sohrab and Rustum," an epic poem of thirty-six pages of blank verse, in which it is related with dignity and pathos how Rustum in a duel slew his son Sohrab under the impression that he was fighting an alien and an enemy; and (6) "Dover Beach," which for significance and beauty is perhaps the finest of his poems. After 1857 Arnold's most important writing was in prose. From 1857 to 1867 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and as such wrote four lectures "On Translating Homer." In these he tried to prove that a translation, in order to be successful, must be acceptable to scholars, and made such slighting comments on Chapman, Pope, and Cowper that Augustine Burrell wrote: "If Pope had lived in our day, instead of translating Homer, he would have written essays on how not to do it." In 1869 Arnold published "Essays in Criticism," a volume which had a wide and useful influence, and "Culture and Anarchy," a plea for education as the best way out of the world's difficulties. Among his other publications were "Mixed Essays" 1879, "Irish Essays" 1882, and a second series of "Essays in Criticism" 1888. He visited America 1883-1884.

Thomas Hughes (1823–1896) in 1856 published “Tom Brown’s School Days,” a story of boy life at Rugby under Dr. Arnold. Based mainly on his own experiences, it still retains the popularity which it instantly won and deserves as the best literary picture of English public school life.

The name of Herbert Spencer (1820–1903) is indissolubly con-



HERBERT SPENCER
1820—1903

nected with the idea of evolution. In “Social Statics” 1850 he sought to show that society is an organism whose evolution is determined by laws. As low types of animals are composed of many parts not mutually dependent, while high types are composed of interdependent parts, so of high and low types of society. In “First Principles” 1862 he applied this conception to the entire universe. As a thinker his influence has been world-wide.

Alfred Russell Wallace (1823–1913) shares with Charles Darwin the honor of establishing on a scientific basis the theory of evolution. His “Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection” 1871 has had an influence second only to that of “The Origin of Species.”

Thomas Huxley (1825–1895) as a scientist occupies a place side by side with Darwin. His style is lucid, accurate, and forceful. His most important writings are contained in “Collected Essays,” edited by himself in nine volumes 1893–1895, and in “Scientific Memoirs,” edited by Sir Michael Foster and Professor Ray Lankester 1898–1903.

William Wilkie Collins (1834–1880) was a close friend of Charles Dickens and the author of about twenty-five novels. His most successful works were “The Woman in White” 1860 and “The Moonstone” 1868. The latter is one of the strongest detective stories in literature.

Edward Augustus Freeman (1823–1892) published “The History of the Norman Conquest” 1867–1879 in six volumes. Though disfigured by his combativeness, this work is the most important that has yet been published on this period.

William Stubbs (1825–1901) is the author of a “Constitutional History of England” in three volumes, which appeared 1874–1878. It is so cautious and is based on such careful study that it is accepted as the standard authority on this subject.

Henry Morley (1822–1894) is best known by his “English Writers,” a history of English literature from the beginning to Shakespeare in ten volumes 1864–1894, and “A First Sketch of English Literature” 1873.

The fame of David Masson (1822–1907) rests chiefly on his “Life of John Milton,” which appeared 1859–1880, fills six volumes, and is a noble monument to the poet.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1833–1898), under the name of Lewis Carroll, wrote “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland” 1865, a book which endears him to all English-speaking children.

Sir Walter Besant (1836–1901), at first in collaboration with James Rice (1844–1882) and afterward alone, produced about twenty novels. Of these “All Sorts and Conditions of Men” 1882 is the best.

John Richard Green (1837–1883) in 1874 published “A Short History of the English People.” In vividness of narration and picturesqueness of style this work surpasses even Macaulay’s first two volumes, and it immediately attained a popularity equal to theirs. His purpose and style are both shown in this extract from his preface:

“The aim of the following work is defined by its title; it is a history, not of English Kings or English Conquests, but of the English People. At the risk of sacrificing much that was interesting and attractive in itself and which the constant usage of our historians has made familiar to English readers, I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favorites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It was with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy, to Caxton than the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian, to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz, to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender. Whatever the worth of the present work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a ‘drum and trumpet history.’”

In 1878–1880 he published in four volumes his “History of the English People,” in which he had expanded the “Short History.” The latter, however, remains his best achievement and indeed the best of all accounts of English history.

George Meredith (1828–1909) is one of the great novelists of the day. “He is the master of all of us,” said Robert Louis Stevenson. His style, however, cannot readily be appreciated even by adults, and the range of his ideas is so extensive and subtle that most of his books are incomprehensible by adolescents. Among his novels are “The Shaving of Shagpat” 1856, “The Ordeal of Richard Feverel” 1859, “Rhoda Fleming” 1865, “The Egoist” 1879, “Diana of the Crossways” 1885, and “The Amazing Marriage” 1895.

John Morley (1838–) is better known as a statesman than as a man of letters, but his “Life of Gladstone” (3 vols., 1903) is a literary masterpiece.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825–1900) published about a dozen novels, but is remembered chiefly by his masterpiece, “Lorna Doone,” 1869, which passed through forty editions before his death. Its plot is good; its style has a pleasing flavor of its age, that of

James II; it is saturated with the joy of open air and adventure; and John Ridd, its hero, is imperishable. The book, in short, should be read by everybody. It has become the standard guide-book to Devonshire, and, as somebody has said, is as good as Devonshire cream.

William Black (1841-1898) was a copious novelist. "A Princess of Thule" 1873, with its pictures of Hebridean sunsets and



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882

From a drawing by himself

scenery, its quaint Gaelic English, and its exquisite heroine is probably his best book. To the student of literature "Judith Shakespeare" 1884, inasmuch as it has Shakespeare himself as one of the characters, is apt to be more interesting.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), along with William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais, about 1850 founded what is known

as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, their intention being to restore to painting some of the religious intensity of the early Italian artists. This purpose, however, found a finer and truer expression in Rossetti's poetry than in his pictures. His life indeed may be said to have been devoted equally to painting and poetry. In 1870 he published a volume called "Poems"; in 1874 "Dante and His Circle," a book of translations remarkable for their fidelity to the original; and in 1881 "Ballads and Sonnets." These volumes contain much imaginative writing of a high order. For example:

"From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me,—
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

"Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled; no other noise than that."

"From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds."

William Morris (1834–1896) was, like Rossetti, a Pre-Raphaelite, and like him did not confine his efforts to literature. As a political reformer he did much to further the comfort and secure the rights of workingmen; as an artist he exercised a large influence upon the decoration of houses; his work as a designer of furniture, most familiar in America through the Morris-chair, was beneficent; and as a printer he restored to British and American typography some of the distinction which characterized the work of the earliest and best days of the art. His most famous poem is "The Earthly Paradise," a collection of pieces in which twelve classic legends are alternated with twelve mediæval tales, the whole being bound together by an introduction and a series of little masterpieces called "Poems of the Months." Equally fine is his epic "Sigurd the Volsung." He also produced translations of "The Æneid," "The Odyssey," and "Beowulf." In prose he wrote extensively, his work including controversy, translations, and romance.

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909) was descended from an admiral and an earl, passed his youth in splendor on the Isle of

Wight, was at Eton from twelve to seventeen, and spent his years 1856-1860 at Oxford. In the latter year he published "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," two plays on the Shakespearean model.



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837—1909

In 1861 he visited Italy, where the most important sight he saw was Walter Savage Landor. Four years later the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," a tragedy of great power and beauty written on the

Greek model, placed him in the foremost files of fame. "Chastelard," the first of three plays dealing with Mary Stuart, appeared 1866, and in the same year "Poems and Ballads" made half London howl and all London read. Some of the verses in this volume vie with Shelley's in the way they sing themselves. One critic calls them fairy cobwebs of song spun out of rainbow film and moonshot mist. At all events, they won for him the ear of the world and the intimate friendship of Rossetti, Morris, Meredith, Burne-Jones, Whistler, and Watts Dunton. Meanwhile the Italians were fighting for freedom and Swinburne's passion for liberty led him to write in their behalf "A Song of Italy" 1870 and "Songs before Sunrise" 1877. The latter has been called a terrible hymnal of revolution. "Bothwell" 1874 and "Mary Stuart" 1881 completed his great Stuart trilogy. In "Erechtheus" 1876 he once more essayed to write a tragedy on Greek models and succeeded in producing perhaps the most wonderful of his poems. In 1879 he settled at The Pines, Putney Hill, in order to be with Theodore Watts Dunton, and here the two dwelt for thirty years in perfect amity. Their favorite pastimes came to be walking and swimming. His next poem, by some thought to be his best, was "Tristram of Lyonesse" 1882, which he thus inscribed: "To my best friend, Theodore Watts, I dedicate in this book the best I have to give him." In addition to the works already mentioned Swinburne published ten volumes of verse and four plays, "Marino Faliero" 1885, "Lochrine" 1887, "The Sisters" 1892, and "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards" 1899. His prose works are also voluminous. They deal mostly with themes of literary criticism. Somebody says they are all air and fire, passionately kind and angry, utterly poetical, and of incalculable value as interpretations of poetry. Indeed, as Tennyson said, Swinburne was a reed through which all things blew into poetry. Though he lacked the conciseness, the directness, and the brevity that characterize the greatest artists, he has left a mass of great verse. His place among the masters of English song is secure. How secure it is may be faintly guessed from a few of his lines and stanzas:

"Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers."

—*Laus Veneris*.

"The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain."

—*Ibid*.

"Earth is not spoilt for a single shower,
But the rain had ruined the ungrown corn."

—*The Triumph of Time.*

"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields, or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf."

—*A Match.*

"In the teeth of the hard glad weather,
In the blown wet face of the sea."

—*A Song in Time of Order.* 1852.

"No thorns go so deep as a rose's."

—*Dolores.*

"And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear."

—*An Interlude.*

"When the hounds of Spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain."

—*Atalanta in Calydon.*

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears,
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure with pain for leaven;
Summer with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from Hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death."

—*Ibid.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Who wrote the best English poetry between the death of Shelley and the publication of Tennyson's first work?
2. Who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii"?
3. What was known as the Tractarian Movement?
4. Name three of the best English writers of light verse.

5. What was the significance of the publication of "The Origin of Species"?
6. Upon what rests the fame of the author of "Coningsby"?
7. Name one great book by Charles Reade, one by Anthony Trollope, and one by Charles Kingsley.
8. What is the thesis of "Culture and Anarchy"?
9. Who wrote "Diana of the Crossways," "Lorna Doone," "The Earthly Paradise," and "Atalanta in Calydon"?
10. What are the qualities of Swinburne's verse?

Suggested Readings.—The student should make every effort to read the following: Thomas Hood's "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Death Bed"; Lord Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii"; Charles Lever's "Charles O'Malley"; Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species"; George Henry Borrow's "The Bible in Spain"; Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth"; Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers"; Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"; Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," "Rugby Chapel," "Sohrab and Rustum"; Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days"; George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"; Richard Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel"; Algernon Charles Swinburne's "Bothwell."

CHAPTER XLIX

RECENT WRITERS

"They, the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."
—Tennyson.

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, the nephew of Lord Macaulay, was born 1838. In 1876 he published "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," which is the most readable book of its kind in English literature. "The Early History of Charles James Fox," 1880, and its continuation, "The American Revolution," 1899-1915, are almost equally entertaining. The latter is also of particular interest to Americans because it shows the point of view of an Englishman who appreciates Washington, Adams, and Franklin no less than Burgoyne and Cornwallis, Fox, Lord North, and George III. Its motto, taken from Tennyson's "England and America in 1782," is an index to the spirit in which it is written:

"Strong mother of a lion line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wretch'd their rights from thee!"

James Bryce (1838—) is the author of the standard work on the government of the United States, his "American Commonwealth," 1888, being distinguished by sound scholarship, a luminous style, and a keen appreciation of our institutions.

Austin Dobson (1840—) is an accomplished critic of French and eighteenth century literature and a charming poet. His chief volumes are "Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société" 1873, "Proverbs in Porcelain" 1877, "Old World Idylls" 1883, and "At the Sign of the Lyre" 1885. Perfection of technique, freshness, spontaneity, humor, pathos, and satire—all are to be found in these volumes. As Surrey imported the sonnet into our literature from Italy, Dobson introduced from France the rondel, the rondeau, the ballade, the triolet, the chant royale, and the villanelle, all of which he uses with skill. The following rondeau will give some idea, perhaps, of the delicacy of his art:

"You bid me try, blue eyes, to write
A Rondeau. What!—forthwith?—to-night?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;
But thirteen lines!—and rhymed on two!

"Refrain," as well. Ah, hapless plight!
Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did, till you—
You bid me try!

That makes them eight. The port's in sight;—
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!

Now just a pair to end in 'oo,'—
When maids command, what can't we do!
Behold!—the *Rondeau*, tasteful, light.
You bid me try!"

Try Dobson's volumes; they are well worth trying.

Andrew Lang (1844–1914) is poetically a brother of Dobson. His chief books of verse are "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" 1872, "Ballades in Blue China" 1880, "Rhymes a la Mode" 1884, and "Ballades of Books" 1888. He also wrote extensively and well in prose of myths and books, published one or two novels, edited a beautiful edition of Burns, and won the honor of being the best translator of the day, always excepting our own George Herbert Palmer, whose prose version of the "Odyssey" is unapproachable. Lang's "Theocritus," however, is a wonderful book, and his prose "Homer" (done with Messrs. Butcher, Leaf, and Myers) is a perpetual delight to readers. His "Ballade of the Royal Game of Golf" shows at once his lively humor, his sound Scotch heart, and his mastery of a fascinating but difficult form of verse:

"There are laddies will drive ye a ba'
To the burn frae the farthestmost tee;
But ye mauna think driving is a';
Ye may heel her and send her ajee;
Ye may land in the sand or the sea;
And ye're dune, sir, ye're no worth a preen,
Tak the word that an auld man'll gie,
Tak aye tent to be up on the green!

"The auld folk are crouse and they craw
That their putting is pawky and slee;
In a bunker they're nae gude ava',
But to girn, and to gar the sand flee.
And a lassie can putt—ony she,—
Be she Maggie, or Bessie, or Jean,
But a cleek shot's the billy for me,
Tak aye tent to be up on the green.

" I hae played in the frost and the thaw,
 I hae played sin' the year thirty-three,
 I hae played in the rain and the snaw,
 And I trust I may play till I dee;
 But I tell ye the truth and nae lee,
 For I speak o' the thing I hae seen—
 Tom Morris, I ken, will agree,—
 Tak aye tent to be up on the green.

ENVOY

" Prince, faith, you're improving a wee,
 And, Lord, man they tell me you're keen;
 Tak the best of advice that can be,
 Tak aye tent to be up on the green."

William Butler Yeats (1865—) has steeped his imagination in Irish myth and tried to create an Irish literature distinct from that of England. The result is that he has written some effective and charming poetry of old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago. Yeats is a disciple of Blake, and believes, with Cowper and Cowley, that God made the country and man made the town. Some of his short plays are admirable. Among these "The Pot of Broth" and "The Hour Glass" are best known.

John Masefield, according to one critic, has surpassed "Enoch Arden" with his poem, "The Daffodil Fields"; according to another, is, on account of "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in Bye Street," the man of the hour; and, in the opinion of a third, has told, in "The Story of a Round House," better than it has ever been told before, the hardships of a passage around Cape Horn. His "Tragedy of Nan" is a powerful play. He has been a bar-keeper in New York, a sailor, and a Red Cross nurse in Flanders. His verse is at once popular and powerful. Unlike most of our poets since Shakespeare, he writes for the general reader instead of for the educated few. As somebody has said, there is life in his poetry and there have been poetry and romance in his life. The boy or girl is little to be envied who does not find pleasure in John Masefield's volumes.

In 1885 Henry Rider Haggard (1856—) won a great success with a novel called "King Solomon's Mines" and in 1887 followed this with "She," which was even more popular. Both are ingenious, weird, mysterious, adventurous, and African.

Mrs. Humphry Ward (1851-), a descendant of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the wife of Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of the English poets and of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," is the author of several powerful novels. The best of these is "Robert Elsmere," which tells the history of a soul adrift on a sea of religious doubt.

James Matthew Barrie (1860-) is a fascinating and ingenious Scot. "A Window in Thrums" 1889 made him one of the most popular novelists of the day. It was followed by "The Little Minister" 1891, "My Lady Nicotine" 1899, "Sentimental Tommy" 1896, and "Tommy and Grizel" 1900. He has since devoted himself largely to the writing of plays. "The Professor's Love Story" is a charming comedy, "The Admirable Crichton" a clever and fantastic defence of society, and "Peter Pan" a child's play without a rival, unless it be Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Not the least fascinating of Barrie's books is "Margaret Ogilvy," which is a biography of his mother.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-) first won fame in 1887, 1888, and 1890 by publishing "A Study in Scarlet," an exciting Mormon story; "Micah Clarke," a tale of James II; and "The White Company," a history of the adventures of a company of English bowmen in France and Spain in Chaucer's time. The best known of his later books is "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," a series of detective stories unequalled in our literature since Poe's. He was knighted 1902, not on account of his success as a writer of fiction, but because he had explained and justified the conduct of Britain in the Boer war in a short work called "The Cause and Conduct of the War."

Anthony Hope Hawkins (1863-), under the pen-name of Anthony Hope, in 1894 published "The Prisoner of Zenda," a novel which won popular favor by reason of his skill in mixing romanticism, satire, and burlesque. "Rupert of Hentzau" is in the same vein.

Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) resembled Stevenson in his life, his fate, and the delicacy of his art. The son of a Greek mother and an Irish father, he was born in the island of Leucadia—that particular isle of Greece "where burning Sappho loved and sung." Part of his youth was spent in England, where he suffered from fog, and part in

a Jesuit college in northern France, where he acquired little religion but a great knowledge of French. During his school days he lost the sight of his left eye through an accident in a game. At sixteen he quarrelled with his aunt, who had been supporting him, and was forced in consequence to live for three years in a state of poverty as abject as that which converted Johnson into a bear. In 1869 he appeared without money or friends in New York. Thence he drifted to Cincinnati and New Orleans, in both cities doing brilliant journalistic work, especially in the interpretation of Pierre Loti and Theophile Gautier. These labors were interrupted by a journey to Japan, which he undertook in behalf of Harper's Magazine. He was to have been gone one year, but he never returned. Japan fascinated him and he understood Japan. He found it an Oriental nation of the fourteenth century; he saw it made over by western ideas. As a teacher of English in a Japanese college he had no small share in producing this transformation; as a writer he interpreted Japan to the western world. He married a Japanese woman of high rank, became a Japanese citizen, and so won the confidence of his adopted countrymen that one of them said: "We could better afford to lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur than Lafcadio Hearn." Upon his tomb his pupils placed this inscription: "In memory of Lafcadio Hearn, whose pen was mightier than the sword of that victorious nation which he loved and lived among and whose highest honor it is to have given him citizenship and alas! a grave." As a letter-writer, Hearn ranks with Stevenson.

H. G. Wells (1868—) in his youth pursued the study of French and bookkeeping, which he never effectually overtook, his tutor being an elderly gentleman who explained nothing and used a cane with dexterity. This training, coupled with the study of biology, enabled him 1895 to produce a book called "The Time Machine," which shows the earth 802,701 A.D. This brilliant fantasy was followed 1897 by "The Invisible Man," in which an effort is made to show what man could do if he could not be seen. "The War of the Worlds" 1898 describes a contest between the Martians and the English. The former are physically like octopi but mentally surpass men as much as men surpass cows. The English escape because the invaders suc-

cumb to terrestrial microbes. It is a fascinating story told with great skill. In "When the Sleeper Awakes" 1899 and "In the Days of the Comet" 1906 Mr. Wells discusses the differences of capital and labor. "The War in the Air" 1908 is a prophetic account of the destruction of civilization due to a world war, written with a clear understanding of the stupidity of war. In "Kipps" 1905, "Tono-Bungay" 1909, "Ann Veronica" 1909, and "The World Set Free" 1914, Mr. Wells has produced literature of a still higher quality but of less interest to young people. His last book, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," 1916, deals with the world war. That he is a great writer, a writer whose work will live, there is little doubt.

Arnold Bennett (1865-) is the author of several novels about a locality known as the five towns, where pottery is made. One of his best stories is his "The Old Wives' Tales," in which he tells a simple story of two women in a fashion that cannot be overlooked. He is best known in the United States by a volume which is called in America "Your United States" and elsewhere "Those United States." Among other good things this contains an unenthusiastic account of a cold morning in a cold Pullman car in Toledo, Ohio; a description of an American telephone exchange which is calculated to make one regard telephone girls with charity instead of hostility; and a picture of a crowd of American high school boys and girls that makes one willing to take his hand and call him brother. Listen:

"A number of young men and maids came out of a high school and unconsciously assumed possession of the street. It was a great and impressive sight; it was a delightful sight. They were so sure of themselves, the maids particularly; so interested in themselves, so happy, so eager, so convinced (without any conceit) that their importance transcended all other importances, so gently pitiful toward men and women of forty-five, and so positive that the main function of the elders was to pay school fees, that I was thrilled thereby. Seldom has a human spectacle given me such exciting pleasure as this gave. (And they never suspected it, those preoccupied demigods.)"

Bennett says this of American art and literature:

"Their poor inartistic Philistine country did provide, *inter alia*, the great writer who has influenced French imaginative writers more

deeply than any other foreign writer since Byron—Edgar Allan Poe; did produce one of the world's supreme poets—Whitman; did produce the greatest pure humorist of modern times; did produce the miraculous Henry James; did produce Stanford White and the incomparable McKim; and did produce the only two Anglo-Saxon personalities who in graphic art have been able to impose themselves on modern Europe—Whistler and John Sargent."

Thomas Hardy (1840—) is regarded by some critics as the greatest poet and novelist of the day. His best works are "Far from the Madding Crowd" 1874, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" 1891, and "Wessex Poems" 1898. His latest publication is a book of poems, "Satires of Circumstance" 1914. The first of these appeared anonymously and was ascribed by some to George Eliot, while others denied the possibility of this on the ground that it was too good for her to have produced. Hardy is most original, as a stylist occupies a high place, and is careful above all things else to paint life accurately. His pictures of peasants surpass all others except those in "Hamlet" and "A Winter's Tale."

Joseph Conrad (1857—), as an author of sea stories, told in a style that rivals Stevenson's, often recalls Sterne, and is as full of dash at times as Kipling's, has won for himself high rank among contemporary novelists. Gouverneur Morris says of him: "More and more I hear people say, 'Have you read Conrad's latest?' Those who haven't read him are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—oh, my word, how I envy them!" His first book was "Almayer's Folly" 1895; his latest is "Victory" 1915; his best perhaps "Lord Jim" 1900.

Hall Caine (1853—) is the author of several powerful and gloomy novels. The best of these are "The Deemster" 1887, "The Bondman" 1890, "The Manxman" 1894, "The Eternal City" 1901. He has dramatized several of these with conspicuous success. His latest book, "The Drama of 365 Days," 1915, depicts scenes in the great war.

Sir Walter Raleigh (1861—), Professor of English Literature at Oxford since 1904, is the author of the volume on Shakespeare in

the English Men of Letters series. This is the most brilliant, scholarly, and readable study of the poet ever written. Among his other publications are "The English Novel" 1894, "Robert Louis Stevenson" 1895, "Style" 1897, "Milton" 1900, "Wordsworth" 1907, "Six Essays on Johnson" 1910. He was made a baronet in 1911.

Augustine Birrell (1850—) in 1884 and 1887 distinguished himself by the publication of "Obiter Dicta," first and second series, two volumes of brilliant essays on literary subjects. The best of these is that on Edmund Burke.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874—) in 1904 contributed to the English Men of Letters series the volume on Browning, which is almost as brilliant and readable as Raleigh's "Shakespeare." He is also the author of several volumes of stories and essays, among which "Tremendous Trifles" 1909 is perhaps as clever as any. Here are a few of his observations: "I will lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help; but I will not lift up my carcass to the hills, unless it is absolutely necessary." "Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about the things in my pockets. But I found it would be too long." "Cleanliness is not next to godliness nowadays, for cleanliness is made an essential and godliness is regarded as an offence."

George Bernard Shaw (1856—) is also a playwright. His method is to turn preconceived and accepted notions upside down and inside out. He does this so cleverly that he seldom fails to be amusing. In "Man and Superman," for instance, his theme is the idea that woman is the huntsman and man is her game. In "Cæsar and Cleopatra" he tells the story of Cæsar's visit to Alexandria, not in the key of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," but in that of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." In "Androcles and the Lion" he expands the old story into a comedy replete with fun and overflowing with human nature. Among the ideas which Mr. Shaw's love of humor and paradox cause him most persistently to obtrude on the public are the notion that he is himself a greater playwright than Shakespeare and the equally absurd proposition that all property should be held in common. Oliver Herford satirizes his egotism thus:

"I called George Bernard Shaw in rhyme
The greatest playwright of his time.
Next day Shaw cabled: 'Incorrect.
For his read *all*. Signed, Shaw. Collect.'"

Israel Zangwill (1864—) is best known as author of "Children of the Ghetto," "Ghetto Tragedies," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," and other stories that reveal a deep insight into the Jewish character. His play, "The Melting Pot," shows the United States as a crucible in which all nations are being fused into one superior race.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero (1855—) is a playwright of great power. His chief dramas are "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "Trelawney of the Wells," "The Gay Lord Quex," "His House in Order," "The Thunderbolt," and "Mid-Channel." Of these, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is probably the most powerful tragedy written in the English language since "Lear." All of Pinero's plays are well-constructed, but this and "The Thunderbolt" are preëminently good in this respect.

John Millington Synge was born near Dublin, 1871; graduated at Trinity College, 1892; spent much time in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent; was associated with Yeats in the direction of the Abbey Theatre at Dublin; died in Dublin, March 24, 1909. He was the author of two descriptive works, "The Aran Islands" and "Kerry and Wicklow," but it is as a dramatist that he is best known. His principal dramatic works are "Riders to the Sea," "The Well of the Saints," "The Tinker's Wedding," "In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Playboy of the Western World," and "Deirdre of the Sorrows." Of these "The Playboy" is undoubtedly the most famous, but "The Well of the Saints" probably the better drama.

Stephen Phillips (1868-1916) is best known by his play "Ulysses," in which he turned a portion of the "Odyssey" into a poetic English drama. It is a good stage play and contains some memorable lines. His "Paolo and Francesca" is also admirable.

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) owes both his fame and his death to the present war. When hostilities began he went as a soldier to Belgium. In the spring of 1915 he sailed for the Dardanelles. There he was wounded. He died on a French hospital ship at Scyros,

April 23. The following sonnet, entitled "The Soldier," has made a deep impression wherever English is read:

"If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich dust a richer dust concealed,

"A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing England's air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by scenes of home.

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

The circumstances of Brooke's fate recall Keats, Shelley, and Sir Philip Sidney.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. For what are Americans especially grateful to James Bryce?
2. Through what medium do children become familiar with the name of Andrew Lang?
3. Who wrote "The Daffodil Fields," "The Little Minister," "King Solomon's Mines"?
4. What is meant by the Celtic Revival?
5. What new literary vein was struck in the nineties by H. G. Wells?
6. What part has the Five Towns played in modern English literature?
7. Name three modern essayists.
8. Name two of the most famous modern playwrights.
9. What are two of the best modern books you have read in the last two years? Why did you like them?
10. Discuss with your classmates any modern movement you can perceive in English literature.

Suggested Readings.—In reading modern writers it is well to bear in mind that there are a great many books written every year and of them only a very few are worth reading. In this last chapter we have tried to point out those authors who are writing the best books; you must do the rest.

CHAPTER L

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-)

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'Ed 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
And what he thought 'e might require
'E went an' took—the same as me."

—*The Seven Seas.*

"If they could see as thou seest they would do what thou has done,
And each man would make him a picture, and—what would become of
my son?"

—*The Story of Ung.*

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!"

—*McAndrew's Hymn.*

"The Devil mutters behind the leaves: 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'"

—*The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

"And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."

—*Envoi.*

RUDYARD KIPLING, the greatest writer of the present time, was born 1865 in India. His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was an artist and for nearly twenty years curator of a museum at Lahore. There is evidence in the son's writings that the father was a wise teacher. Rudyard's formal schooling was done at the United Services College at Westward Ho, England. Those who wish to catch the spirit of the atmosphere in which he passed his first years may perhaps read with profit the short stories, "Wee Willie Winkie," "His Majesty the King," "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," and "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep." Whether they read them with profit or not, however, matters little, for they will surely read them with pleasure. In "Stalky and Co.," moreover, he has written what Richard Le Gallienne and John Palmer pronounce the best of all boy stories. The student may derive pleasure from the effort to guess which character, if any, in it is Kipling himself.

In 1882 Kipling was back in India as assistant editor on "The Civil and Military Gazette" and "The Pioneer." In "The Man Who Would be King," there is some description of the life he must have led

while thus employed. Verses and short stories from his pen began shortly to appear. Soon there was a demand for a collection of the former and in 1886 there was issued from "The Civil and Military Gazette" press at Lahore, in the form of a public or legal document, a collection of poems called "Departmental Ditties and Other Verses." The best of these may be described as superlatively good comic poetry,



RUDYARD KIPLING

1865—

full of boyish spirits and frankly imitative. There were "Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.," the story of an elevation—in Indian ink, modelled on Lowell's "John P. Robinson"; "The Betrothed," a lovely variation on Will Carleton's "Betsy and I are Out"; "Griffen," redolent of whisky and Tennyson; and a "Tale of Two Cities," redolent not of Dickens but of Browning. There were also more original verses, familiar since

the world over. Among the best of these were "The Inscription," "The General Summary," "The Story of Uriah," "The Post that Fitted," "The Man Who Could Write," "The Ballad of East and West," "The Ballad of the Bolivar," and "Tomlinson." As the work of a boy of twenty-one the volume was more astonishing than the first work of Pope or Chatterton. How the cub could have known such things is a far deeper mystery than that which the Baconians say is connected with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

The little brown baby, as Kipling called the book, speedily filled India with its fame, and shortly was reviewed by Sir William Hunter in "The London Academy." Within a fortnight thereafter, everybody in England was reading and quoting it. "The English Flag," one of its poems, so pleased Alfred Tennyson that he wrote Kipling a letter of commendation, to which the young poet replied: "When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better the next day."

Since 1888, when the first English editions of "Departmental Ditties" and "Plain Tales from the Hills" were published, Kipling's biography is the story of a man who has travelled everywhere and is now inveterately at home. He has been for some years and is now settled at Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, England.

Among his achievements during this period, not the least was to live seven years at Brattleboro, Vermont. The literary results of his residence and travels in America include "'007," a prose idyl with an American passenger locomotive as hero; "The Walking Delegate," a story in which the atmosphere of a back pasture in Vermont is perfectly reproduced; "Captains Courageous," which is at once a good story of adventure, a noble picture of the life of a Gloucester fisherman, a satire on cigarettes and snobbery, and an eulogy of wholesome labor; and a book called "American Notes," in which he praises Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and San Francisco punch, but finds matter for unflattering comment in our after-dinner oratory, our habit of guessing, and Chicago. The book is likely to anger Americans, yet it is mostly true and friendly in spirit. "They be," he says, "the biggest, finest, and best people on the surface of the globe. . . . Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew—the Man of the Future—

is properly equipped. . . . He will sway the world." Kipling also showed his appreciation of America by marrying an American girl, Miss Caroline Starr Balestier, 1892. In "An Habitation Enforced," one of his finest stories, he tells of the emotions and experiences of an American husband and a wife of English descent who settle in a southern English county because they cannot resist its charm. If this is not a transcript of Kipling's own experiences, it ought to be. At all events, it is an exquisite story.

Since Kipling first in 1888 came upon England with all the fury and suddenness of a monsoon, his literary activity has been multifarious. He has constantly been doing something that he has not done before. Like Edgar Allan Poe and unlike Conan Doyle, he does not repeat himself.

First he published a series of clever and cynical stories about English official life in India. These were entitled "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Under the Deodars," and "The Phantom Rickshaw." This was 1888.

Then he took to depicting and glorifying Tommy Atkins in prose and verse. "Soldiers Three," 1888, was a series of short stories about three British soldiers in India, the same being Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. Mulvaney is a fascinating Irish wit, Ortheris a little Welshman, and Learoyd a huge Yorkshireman—a sort of human battering ram. Though their ancestors may be found in Og, Gog, and Magog, in the three Horatii and the three Curiatii, in the Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol of Shakespeare's "Henry IV," in the Fluellen, Macmorris, and Jamy of his "Henry V," and in Dumas's "Three Musketeers," they are all—especially Mulvaney—additions to literature, exceedingly human, simple-minded, lazy, irresponsible, brutal, amusing. "Barrack-Room Ballads," 1892, contained six songs that Kipling has not since surpassed. They did for the cockney dialect what Burns did for the Scotch. Without music they sing themselves more tunefully than most of those mournful ditties that are known as popular songs succeed in doing with its assistance. Their names are "Mandalay," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," "Danny Deever," "Oonts," "Gunga Dhin," and "Tommy Atkins."

Kipling's next theme was native India. He did not seek to explain

it but to convey the impression that it is and must remain to Europeans a land of mystery. The student who wishes to investigate this phase of Kipling's work should read "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The City of the Dreadful Night," "The Man Who Would be King," "William the Conqueror," and "Kim." The first is hair-raising enough to satisfy the most fastidious boy; the second is the hottest story ever written, there being in it not one breath of air; the third shows how the European who lives in India lives on a powder magazine; "Kim" is a wonderful tale about an Irish orphan boy cast adrift among Oriental mysteries; and "William the Conqueror" is the story of a man with a halo of dust, a strong man who did his duty in time of pestilence and famine by acting as nurse to a troop of orphan Indian children.

Kipling, indeed, is preëminently the king of all writers about and for children. In 1894 and 1895 he published the first and second "Jungle Books." These caused even severe critics of his previous work to admit that he is a writer of inspired genius. "Just-So Stories" 1902 added to his fame in this branch of letters and to the joy of childhood.

In 1896 he put forth a new volume of poems entitled "The Seven Seas." Among them were several pieces in which he undertook to do for the British sailor what he had previously done for his brother Tommy Atkins. "The Liner She's a Lady," "Mulholland's Contract," and "The Mary Gloster" all showed him vividly and powerfully; but none of these was equal to "McAndrew's Hymn." In this he sang the song of steam in a fashion which is as good in its way as Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night." He has since created in three short prose stories—"The Bonds of Discipline," "Their Lawful Occasions," and "Steam Tactics"—two British sailors who are as entertaining as Mulvaney. These are Emanuel Pycroft, second-class petty-officer, and Mr. Hinchcliffe, engineer. Their adventures afloat and ashore are excruciatingly funny.

From the British sailor to the British Empire is an easy step. In "The Seven Seas," two great poems—"The Song of the Banjo" and "The 'Eathen"—deal with this theme. It is the main subject of "The Five Nations," another book of poems, published 1903.

"The Feet of the Young Men" and "The Explorer" are perhaps the best things in this volume. They are like trumpet-calls. "Traffics and Discoveries," 1904, contains "A Sahib's War," "Private Copper," and "The Army of a Dream," all short stories on this subject. His most influential imperialistic utterances, however, have been four editorials in verse—"The Truce of the Bear," 1898, a warning against Russian designs in India; "The Islanders," 1902, in which he exhorted his countrymen to be prepared for war; "The White Man's Burden," 1899, a message to the United States; and "The Recessional," 1897,



The Houses of Parliament
As they appear to-day from the Thames

a solemn warning on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Their influence for good or evil has been so pronounced that Kipling has been called a greater political power than any member of Parliament.

As a literary artist, however, he has done better work in the field of mechanics than in that of politics. One critic says that his ships and his engines are more human than his men and women. "The Day's Work," 1898, deals largely with this theme, previously unknown to literature, and deals with it so well that it is almost his best book.

To him a boiler affords, indeed, almost the same degree of inspiration that Wordsworth found in a daffodil or a sunset. "The Bridge Builders," "'007," "The Ship that Found Herself," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," and "Bread upon the Waters" are not merely good stories; they strike a new note. In "Traffics and Discoveries" there is more in the same vein—"Their Lawful Occasions," which deals with torpedo boats; "Steam Tactics," the theme of which is the perversity of steam automobiles; and "Wireless." "With the Night Mail," which is in "Actions and Reactions," dips far as human eye can see into the future of aërial navigation.

It must not be inferred, however, that Kipling is insensible to spiritual things. In some of his stories he has reached heights and depths unattained by any of his contemporaries. For subtlety, for fineness, for insight into the soul of man, it would be hard, in contemporary literature if in any, to match "William the Conqueror," "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," "An Habitation Enforced," and "The Brushwood Boy." In these the themes are love, loyalty, courage, and those everlasting mysteries that make and mould men and women for better or for worse.

His greatest work, however, has yet to be considered. In 1906 and 1910 he published two volumes of stories dealing with English history. These were called "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies." Nothing like them had been printed before. They were inventions just as surely as the telephone and the phonograph were inventions. In them Dan and Una, a very modern boy and girl living on a farm in Kent, meet on various occasions with Puck, who introduces to them a number of people who once lived in England and whose influence was such that it survives in the England of to-day. Never before was there such history teaching. The spirits of the past rise under the magician's wand and tell their tales. Prehistoric cave man, Roman centurion, Saxon priest, Norman soldier, mediæval architect, Elizabethan sailor, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the Duke of Wellington live again for us. "Puck of Pook's Hill" also contains, in "The Road to Rimini," a Roman counterpart of "Tipperary"; and "Rewards and Fairies," "If," perhaps the greatest of all Kipling's poems. The two books, indeed, are priceless. They enrich the world.

Since 1910 Kipling has published a child's history of England, written in collaboration with C. R. L. Fletcher, 1911; "The Harbor Watch" (a play) 1913; "The New Army in Training" 1915; and "The Fringes of the Fleet" 1916.

Contemporaries are poor judges of the probable duration of current literary fame, but it is hard to believe that posterity will not cherish "Mandalay," "If," "Mulvaney," "The Jungle Books," and "Puck of Pook's Hill."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. When you think of poetry and machinery why does Kipling come to your mind?
2. Name five different classes of Kipling stories.
3. What was the occasion of the publication of "The White Man Burden"?
4. What truth does the "Recessional" convey?
5. In what book does Private Mulvaney appear?
6. Which story of Kipling's do you like best? Why?
7. What is meant by "imperialism"?
8. Compare Carlyle's "Gospel of Work" with Kipling's; which is the more optimistic?
9. Name two great books on school life.
10. What is meant when it is said that Kipling has been the greatest political power in England?

Suggested Readings.—Almost everyone knows Kipling. If you do not, read "Captain Courageous," "The Light that Failed," and "Soldiers Three" of his prose; and "The Recessional," "The Feet of the Young Men," "The Mary Gloster," and "McAndrew's Hymn" of his poetry.

FINAL QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW

1. Name in the order of their greatness the ten most eminent English writers.
2. Have the great English writers been liberal or conservative in politics?
3. Have they come from the cottage, the middle class, or the nobility?
4. What proportion of them have been college graduates?
5. Make a list of those who are Cambridge men and a list of those who are Oxford men. Which list is more imposing? Is there any underlying reason for this phenomenon?
6. Name in the order of their merit the greatest writers of Greece, Rome, Spain, Italy, France, Germany, England, and America. Copious discussion should precede and follow the completion of this exercise.
7. Is the literature of to-day more or less vigorous and excellent than that of the following periods: (a) 1360-1400; (b) 1560-1616; (c) 1630-1688; (d) 1700-1744; (e) 1744-1780; (f) 1786-1832; (g) 1837-1892?
8. Will future excel past English literature?
9. Will future American excel future English literature?
10. What, in your opinion, is the chief advantage to be derived from the study of English literature by American boys and girls?

APPENDIX

ENGLISH HISTORY IN STORIES, NOVELS, AND PLAYS

Period	Character	Title and Description	Author
Prehistoric.....	Story	Wieland's Sword	Kipling
Prehistoric.....	Story	The Knife and the Naked Chalk	Kipling
Prehistoric.....	Play	King Lear	Shakespeare
Prehistoric.....	Play	Cymbeline	Shakespeare
Roman Period, 383-388			
A. D.....	Story	A Centurion of the Thirtieth	Kipling
Roman Period, 383-388			
A. D.....	Story	On the Wall	Kipling
Roman Period, 383-388			
A. D.....	Story	The White Hats	Kipling
Saxon Period, 650.....	Story	The Conversion of St. Wilfrid	Kipling
Saxon Period, 800.....	Novel	The Thrall of Leif the Lucky	Liljencrantz
Edmund Ironside, 1016..	Novel	The Ward of King Canute	Liljencrantz
Edward the Confessor...	Novel	Hereward the Wake	Kingsley
William the Conqueror, 1066-1087.....	Story	Young Men at the Manor	Kipling
William the Conqueror, 1066-1087.....	Play	Harold	Tennyson
William the Conqueror, 1066-1087.....	Novel	Harold	Lytton
William Rufus, 1087-1100.....	Story	The Joyous Venture	Kipling
William Rufus, 1087-1100.....	Novel	Count Robert of Paris	Scott
Henry I, 1100-1135.....	Story	The Tree of Justice	Kipling
Henry I, 1100-1135.....	Story	Old Men at Pevensey	Kipling
Stephen, 1135-1154.....	Novel	The Betrothed	Scott
Henry II, 1154-1189....	Play	Beket	Tennyson
Richard I, 1189-1199....	Novel	Richard Yea and Nay	Hewlett
Richard I, 1189-1199....	Novel	Ivanhoe	Scott
John, 1199-1216.....	Play	King John	Shakespeare
John, 1199-1216.....	Story	The Treasure and the Law	Kipling
John, 1199-1216.....	Story	Rebecca and Rowena	Thackeray
John, 1199-1216.....	Story	The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood	Pyle
Henry III, 1216-1273...	Novel	Forest Days	G. P. R. James
Edward I, 1273-1307....			
Edward II, 1307-1327...	Play	Edward II	Marlowe
Edward III, 1307-1377..	Juvenile	St. George for England	Henty
Richard II, 1377-1399...	Play	Richard II	Shakespeare
Richard II, 1377-1399...	Novel	The White Company	Doyle
Henry IV, 1399-1413....	Plays (2)	Henry IV, pts. 1 and 2	Shakespeare

Period	Character	Title and Description	Author
Henry V, 1413-1422....	Play	Henry V	Shakespeare
Henry VI, 1422-1471....	Plays (3)	Henry VI, pts. 1, 2, and 3	Shakespeare
	Novel	The Last of the Barons	Lytton
	Novel	The Black Arrow	Stevenson
Edward IV, 1471-1484..			
Edward V, 1483.....			
Richard III, 1483-1485..	Play	Richard III	Shakespeare
Henry VII, 1485-1509...	Story	Hal o' the Draft	Kipling
Henry VII, 1485-1509...	Story	The Wrong Thing	Kipling
Henry VIII, 1509-1547..	Play	Henry VIII	Shakespeare
Henry VIII, 1509-1547..	Novel	When Knighthood Was in Flower	Major
Edward VI, 1547-1553..	Fantasy	Prince and Pauper	Mark Twain
Mary, 1553-1559.....	Play	Queen Mary	Tennyson
Elizabeth, 1559-1603...	Story	Gloriana	Kipling
	Story	Simple Simon	Kipling
	Novel	Kenilworth	Scott
	Novel	Westward Ho!	Kingsley
James I, 1603-1625.....	Novel	Fortunes of Nigel	Scott
	Novel	Judith Shakespeare	Black
Charles I, 1625-1649....	Story	A Doctor of Medicine	Kipling
	Novel	Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell	Manning
	Dialogue	Conversation between Mr. John Milton and Mr. Abraham Cowley touching the Great Civil War	Macaulay
	Novel	Twenty Years After	Dumas
Commonwealth, 1649-1660.....	Novel	Woodstock	Scott
Charles II, 1660-1685...	Novel	Deborah's Diary	Manning
	Novel	Peveril of the Peak	Scott
James II, 1685-1688....	Novel	Lorna Doone	Blackmore
	Novel	Micah Clarke	Doyle
William and Mary, 1688-1702.....	Novel	Shrewsbury	Weyman
	Novel	Snarleyow	Marryat
	Novel	Robinson Crusoe	Defoe
Anne, 1702-1714.....	Novel	Henry Esmond	Thackeray
	Novel	Devereux	Lytton
George I, 1714-1727....	Novel	Rob Roy	Scott
George II, 1727-1760...	Novel	Monsieur Beaucaire	Tarkington
	Novel	Waverley	Scott
	Novel	Treasure Island	Stevenson
George III, 1760-1820..	Novel	Barry Lyndon	Thackeray
	Novel	The Jessamy Bride	Moore, F. F.
	Novel	The Deemster	Hall Caine
	Novel	The Virginians	Thackeray
	Novel	Richard Carvel	Churchill
	Novel	Hugh Wynne	S. Weir Mitchell
	Novel	Janice Meredith	Paul Leicester Ford

APPENDIX

Period	Character	Title and Description	Author
George III, 1760-1820...	Novel	Barnaby Rudge	Dickens
	Novel	Adam Bede	G. Eliot
	Story	Brother Square-Toes	Kipling
	Story	A Priest in Spite of Himself	Kipling
	Novel	Silas Marner	G. Eliot
	Novel	Midshipman Easy	Marryat
	Novel	Charles O'Malley	Lever
	Novel	St. Ives	Stevenson
	Story	Marklake Witches	Kipling

EPILOGUE

SINCE the last words of the last chapter were written, great events have occurred. Russia has become a republic. The United States has taken its place side by side with Russia, Great Britain, France, and Italy in that world struggle for government of the people, by the people, and for the people which began among the Anglo-Saxons before the landing at Ebbsfleet. These events mean that English ideals, and hence English speech and English literature, in years to come will be more powerful than in the past. They mean that Byron's lines,

"For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

are still alive. They mean that Wordsworth saw clearly when he wrote:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

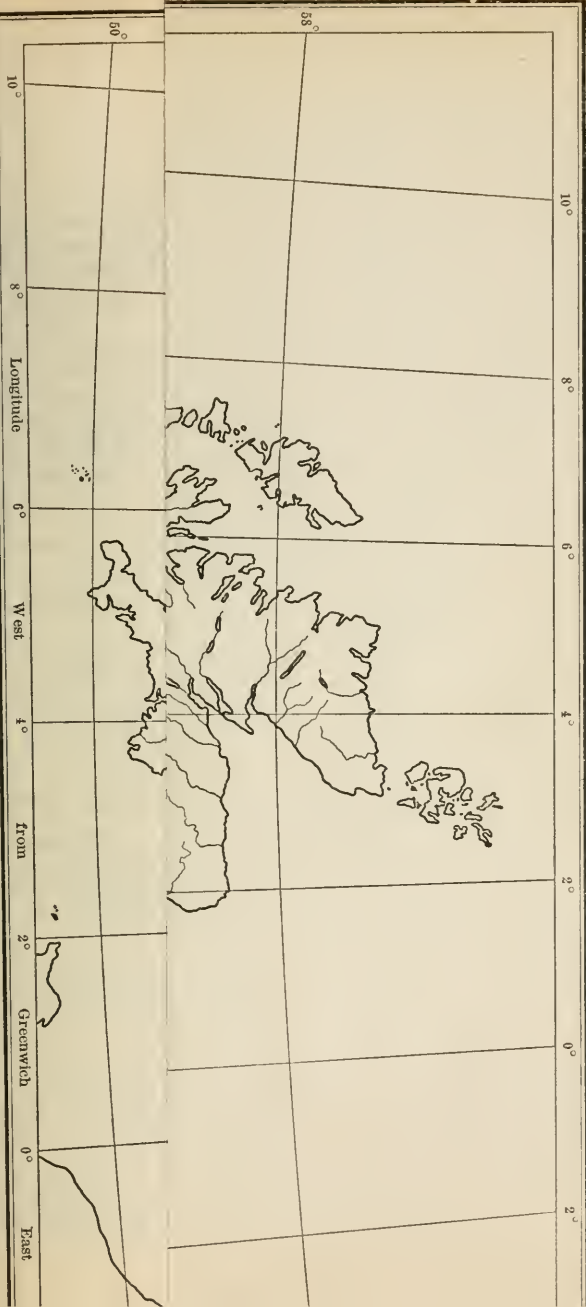
They invest with fresh significance the words of Shelley:

"But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at."

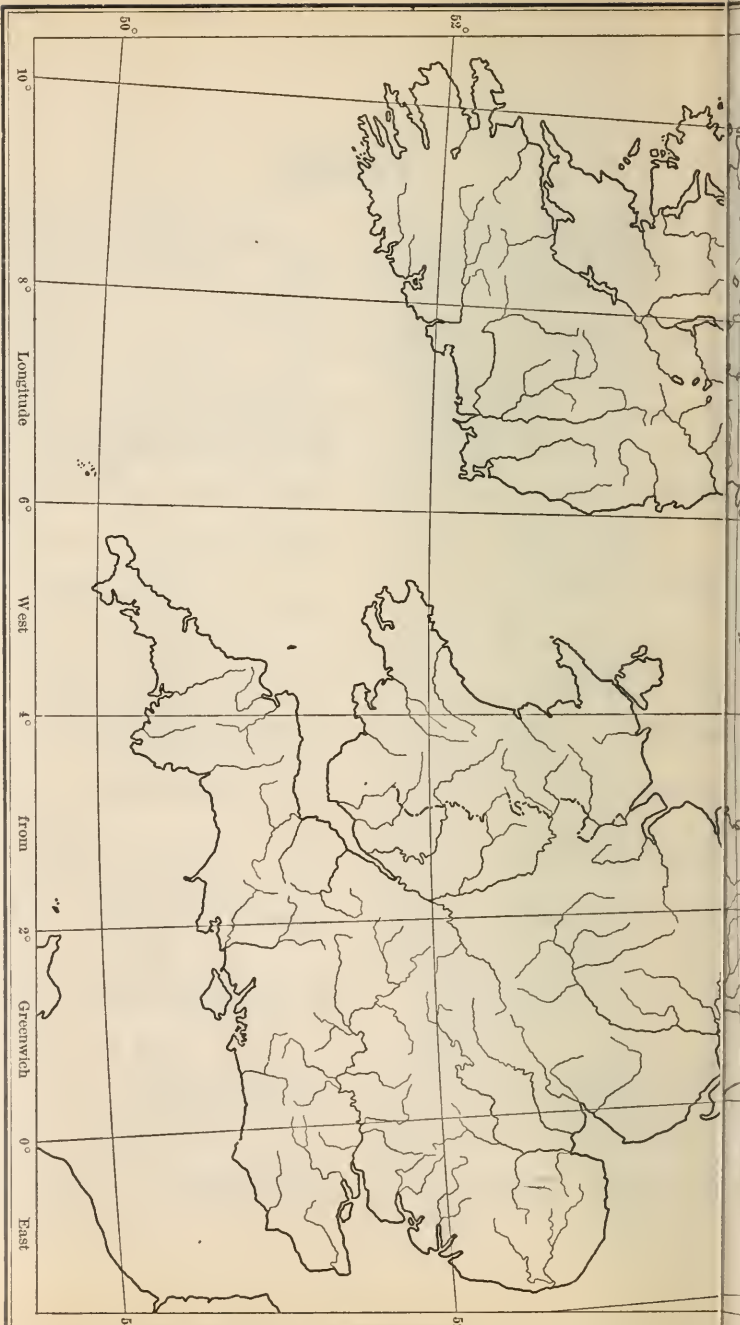
And, above everything else, they mean, as the inspired peasant sang, that "man to man, the world o'er, shall brithers be, for a' that." As Tennyson says,

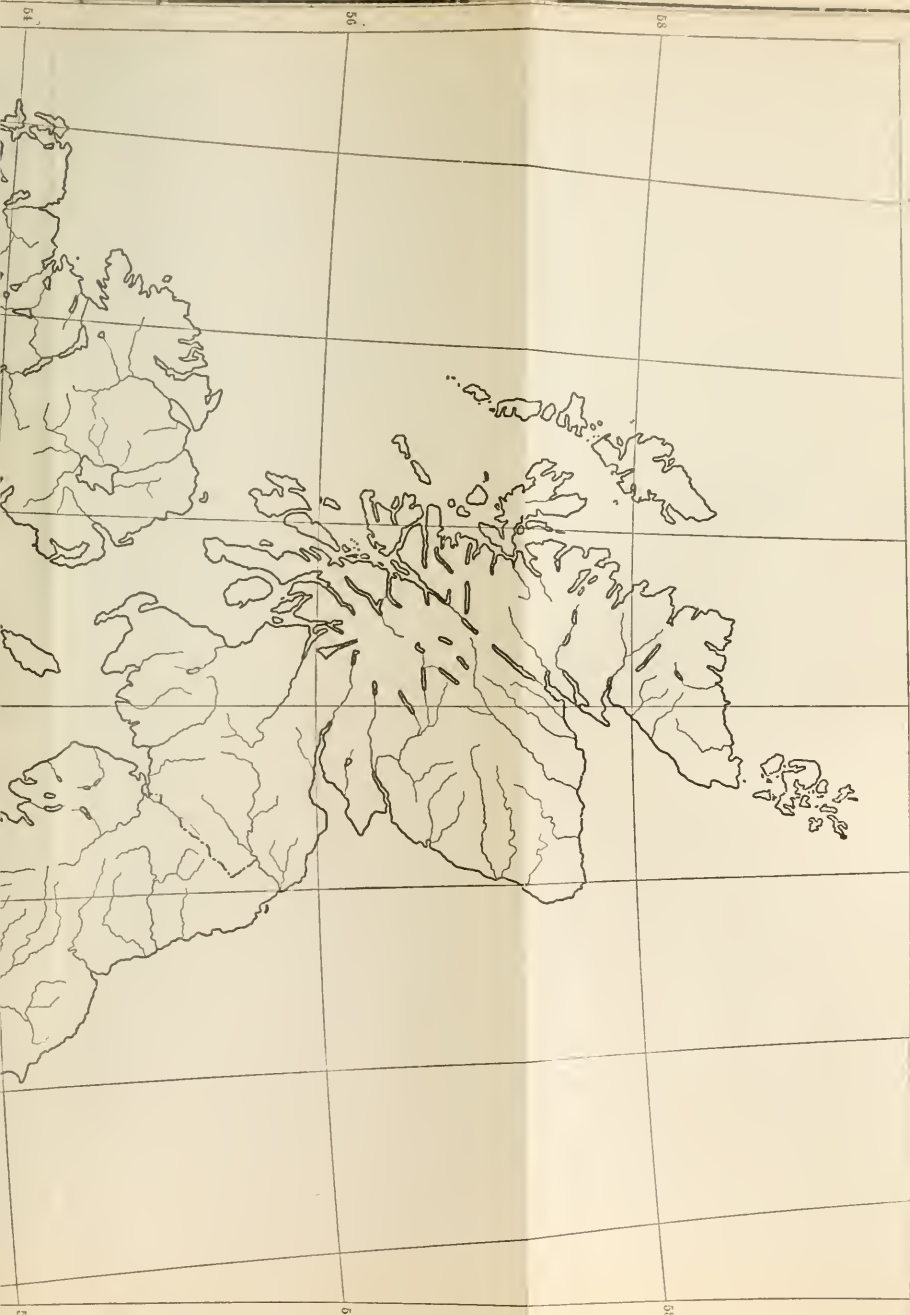
"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The maxim, "From God the king, from the king the law," is supplanted by the essentially nobler, more truly philosophical, and altogether English and Saxon maxim, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."



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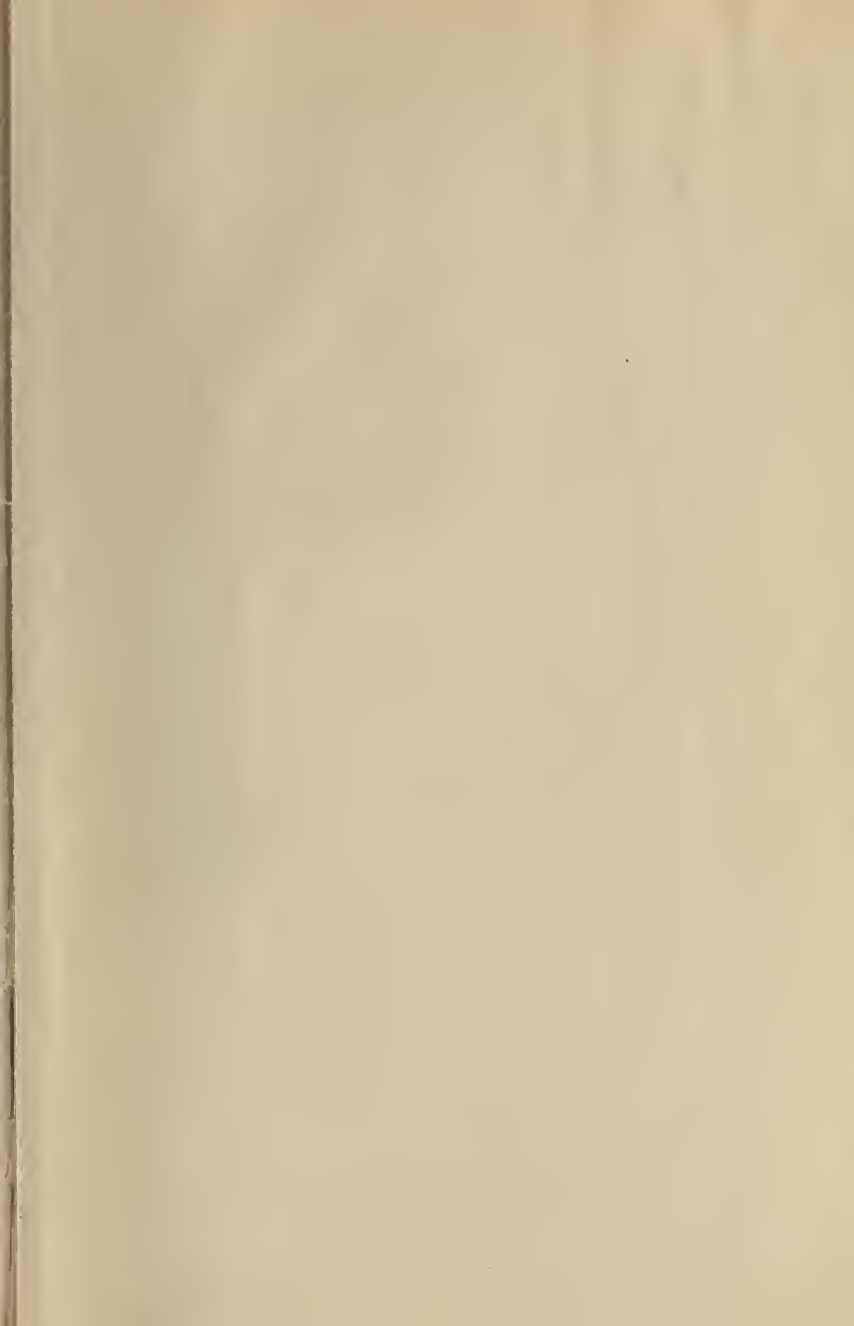
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